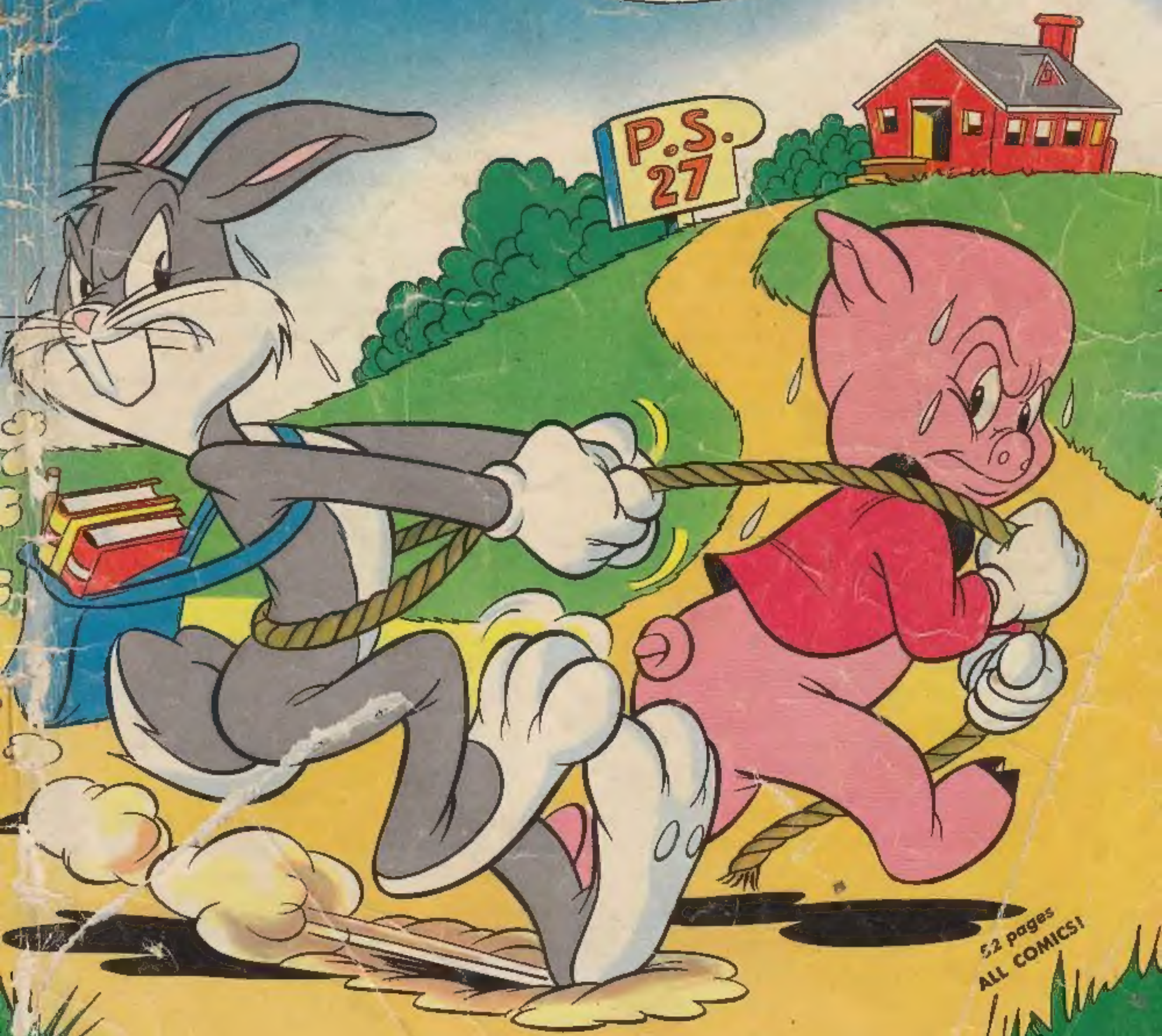


DELL COMICS
OCTOBER
10¢

LOONEY TUNES

comics

MERRIE MELODIES



52 pages
ALL COMICS!

PETUNIA PLAYS DETECTIVE



It was Halloween evening. Porky Pig, dressed in a pirate's costume and wearing a black mask, was hurrying to get to Petunia Pig's masquerade party ahead of the rest so he could help her.

Rounding a corner, Porky collided with a tall figure. "Excuse m-me," he apologized.

"Bless my soul!" the figure exclaimed. "If it isn't Captain Kidd! When did you quit the Spanish Main?"

Porky giggled as he recognized the speaker; he was Officer Riley. "I'm g-going to a masquerade party at P-Petunia's house," he said.

The big policeman chuckled. "Aha! I know that voice. You wouldn't be Porky Pig, would you?"

"Oh d-dear," said Porky disappointedly. "You g-guessed."

Officer Riley patted the top of Porky's black pirate's hat. "It's my business to see through disguises, lad. But you'll be foolin' the others an' no mistake." He started away. "I'd best be gettin' along. I'll never nab Gloomy Gil unless I keep lookin' for him."

"Who's G-Gloomy Gil?" asked Porky.

Officer Riley paused. "A slick second-story worker—burglar, that is," he explained. "Pulled a big jewel robbery at the De Peke house an hour ago. Got away with five thousand in jewels. There is a reward for him that I could use."

"Then I hope YOU c-catch him," Porky called back as he hurried on.

On Petunia's porch was a grinning jack-o'-lantern in which a lighted candle flickered. There were more lighted lanterns inside the house, as well as other decorations such as black paper cats, silhouettes of witches and tall orange candles. Except for the candlelight, the rooms were dark.

"G-Gosh," said Porky. "It's sure s-spooky looking."

Petunia smiled; she looked very pretty in a Martha Washington costume. "That's the way it should be on Halloween," she said, leading the way to the kitchen where she put Porky to work spreading bread for sandwiches. Porky had just finished telling her about Gloomy Gil and the jewel robbery when a hoarse voice came from the hall doorway. "Stick 'em up!"

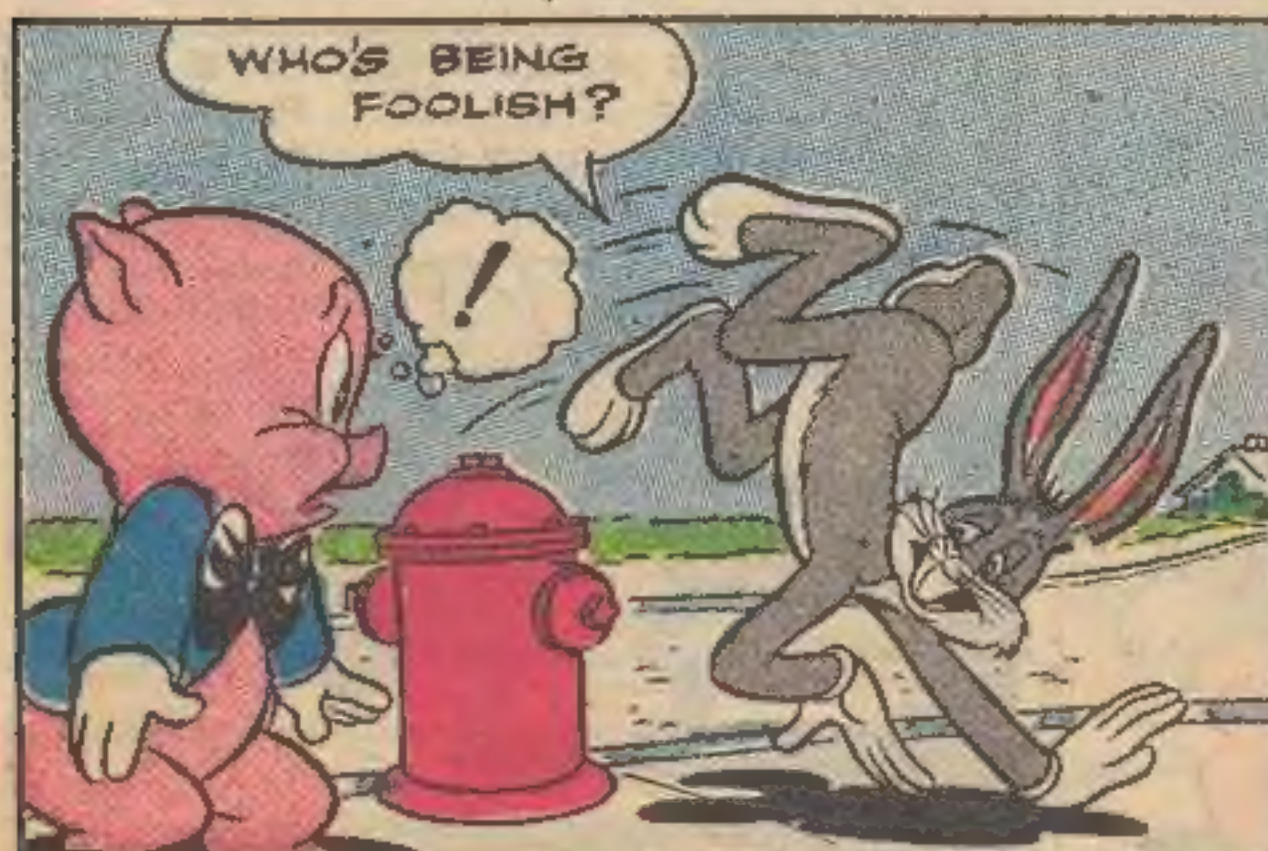
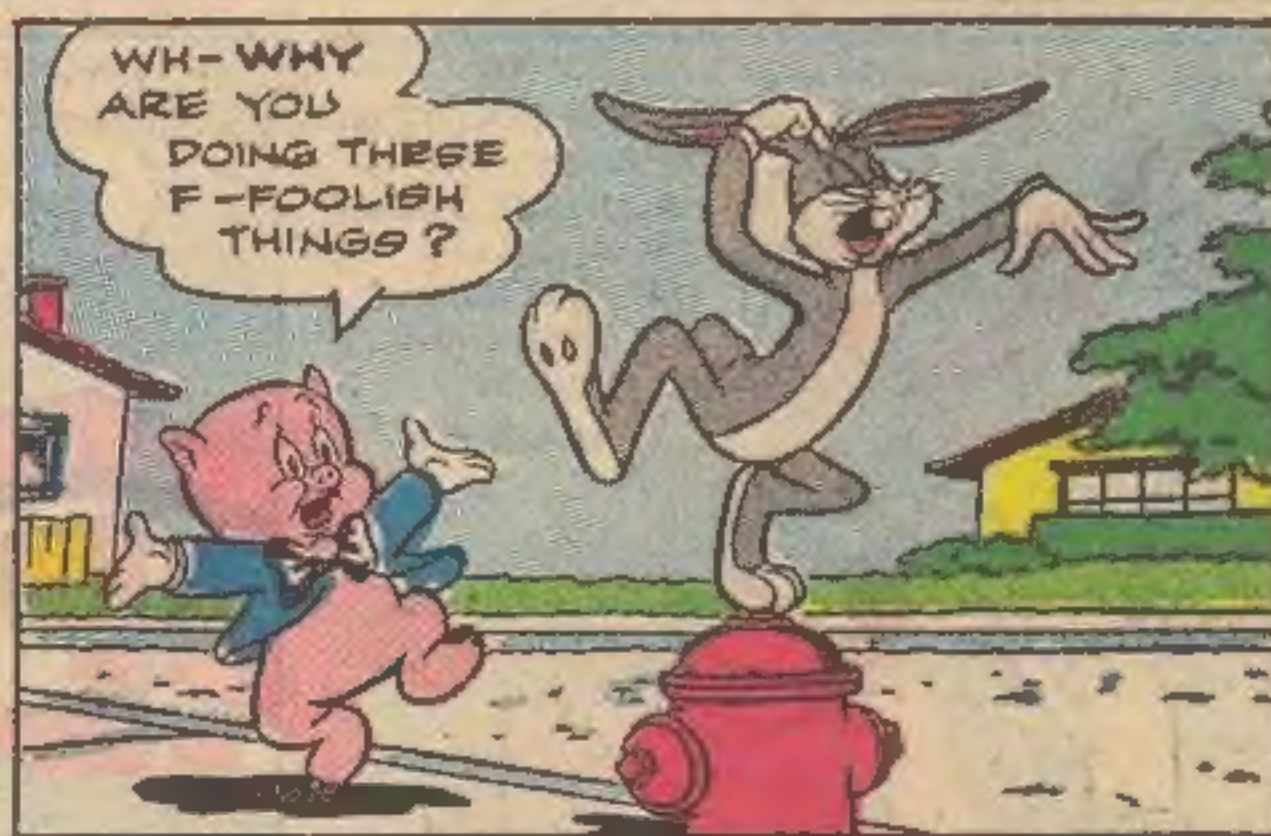
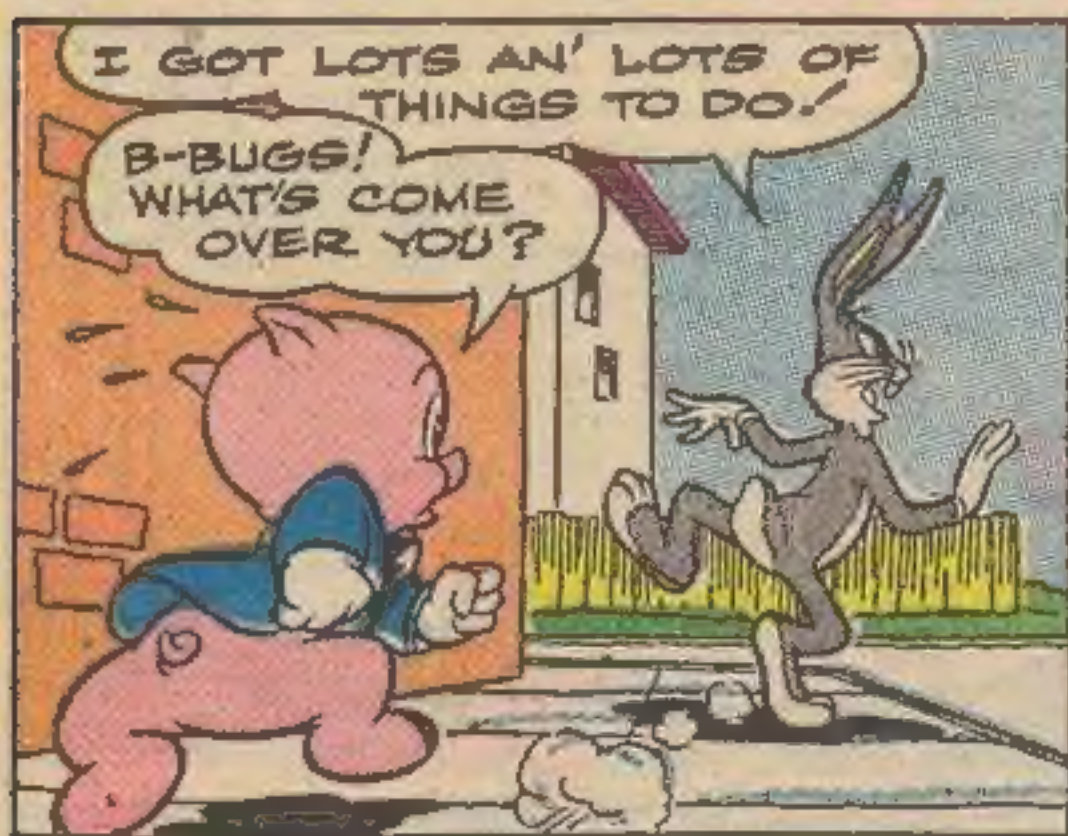
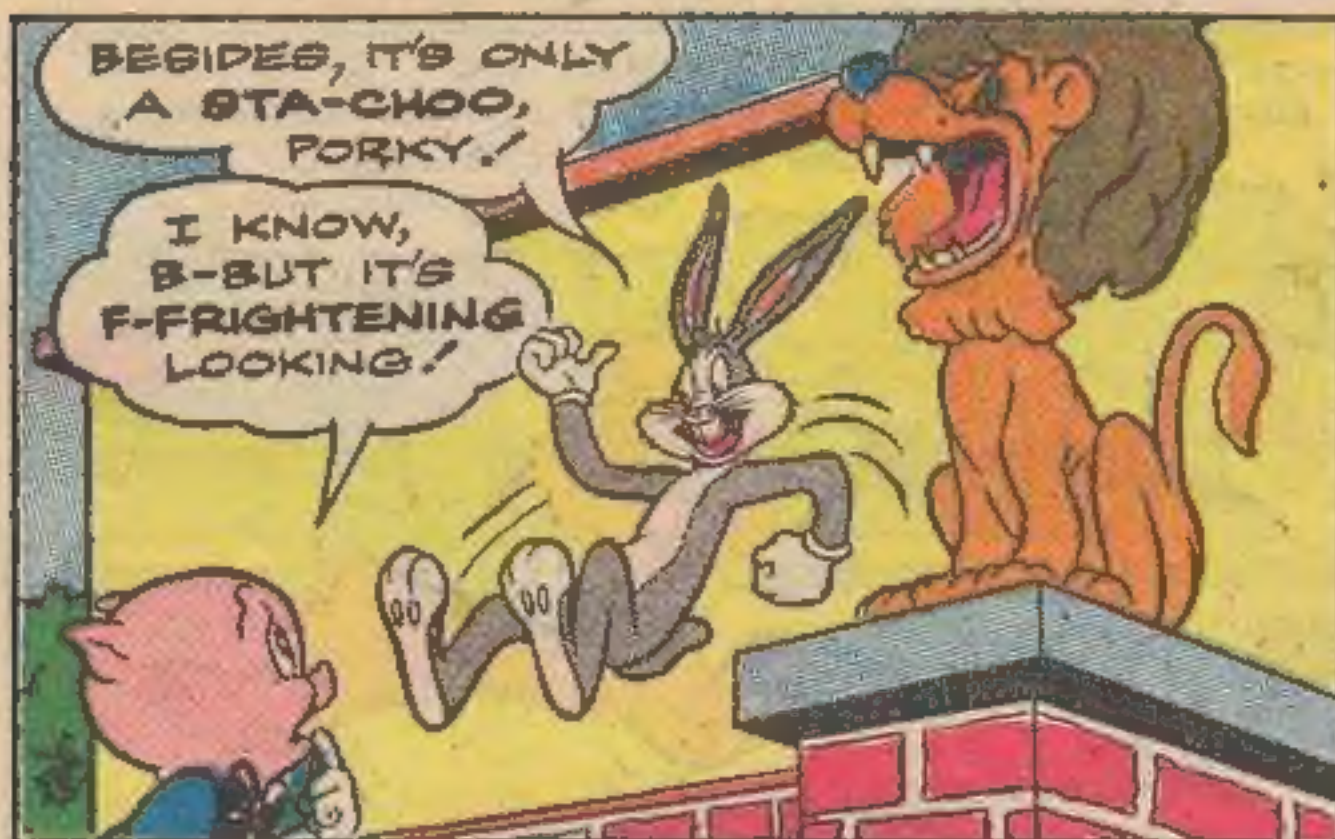
Porky gasped. "G-Gloomy Gil!" he exclaimed, before he looked toward the door. When he did, he knew he was mistaken. The person in the doorway could not possibly be the jewel thief. He was very short and chubby and wore cowboy clothes. Over his face was a bandana handkerchief mask and in one hand he held a big shiny gun.

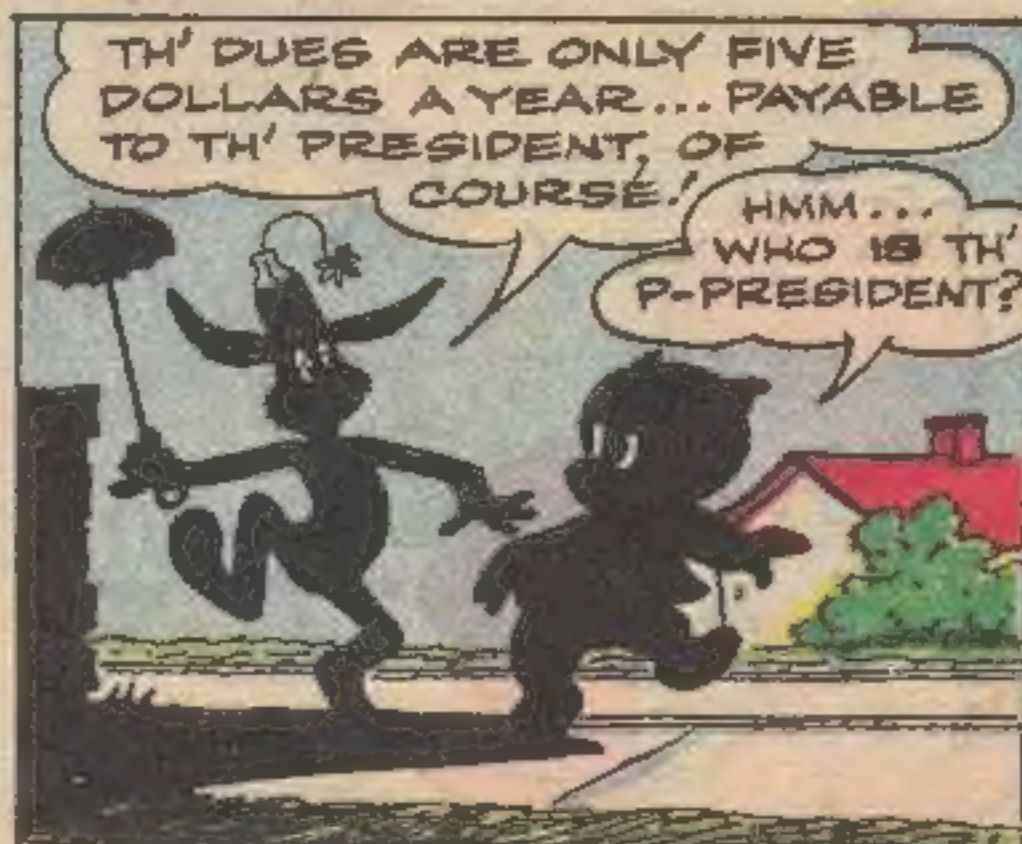
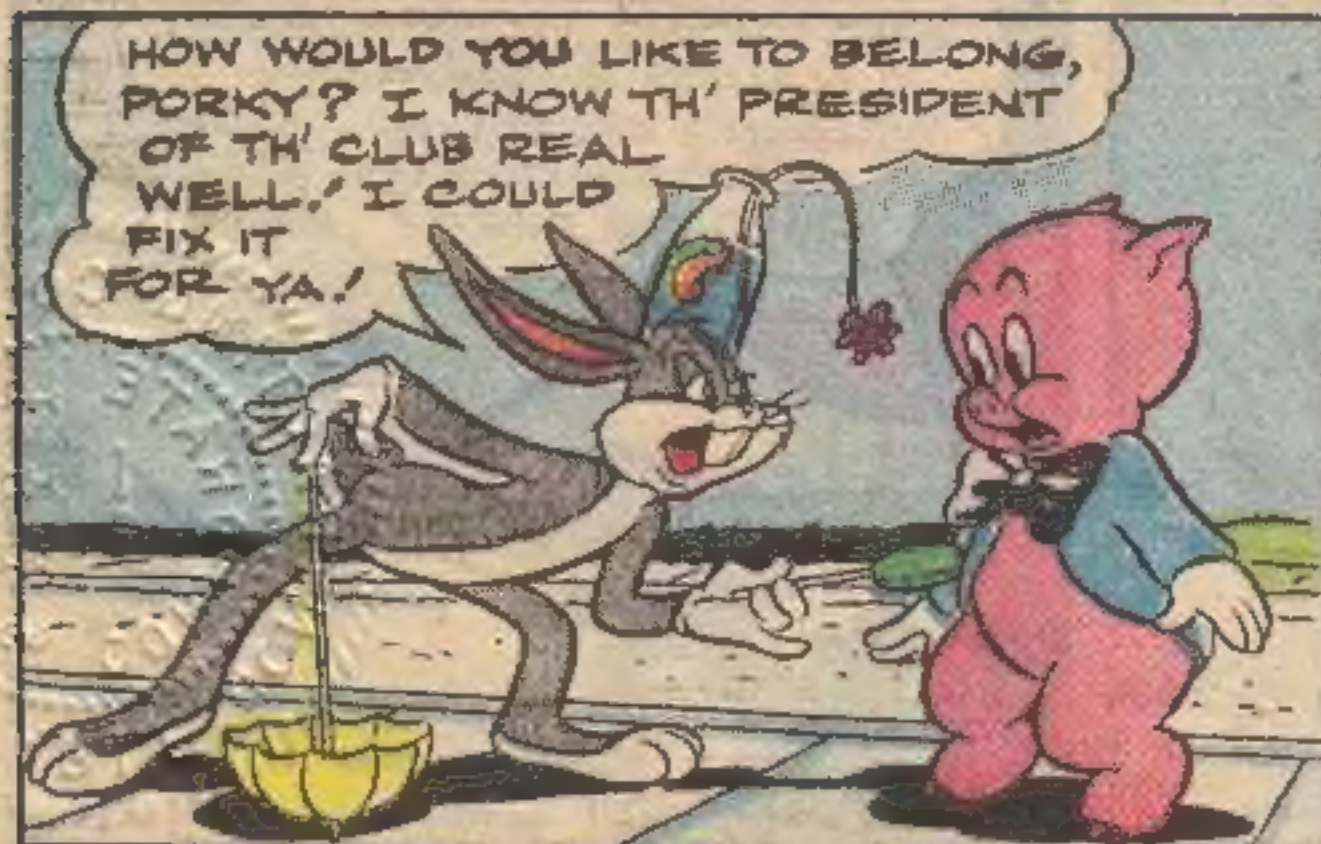
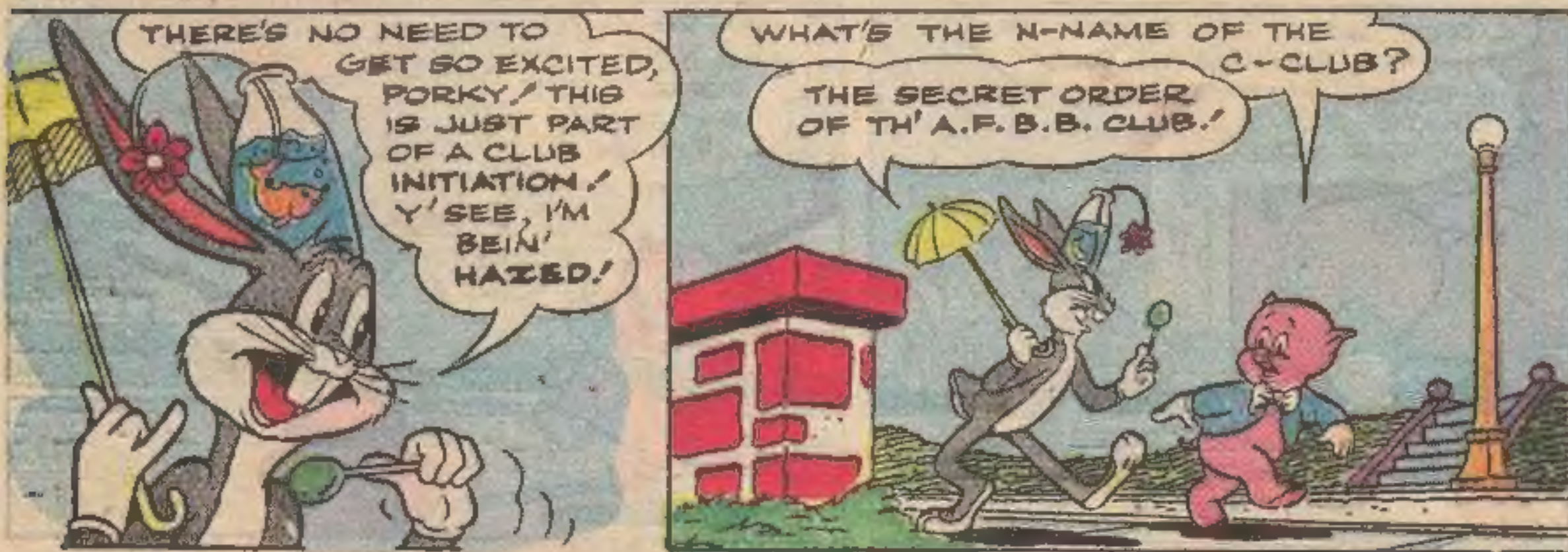
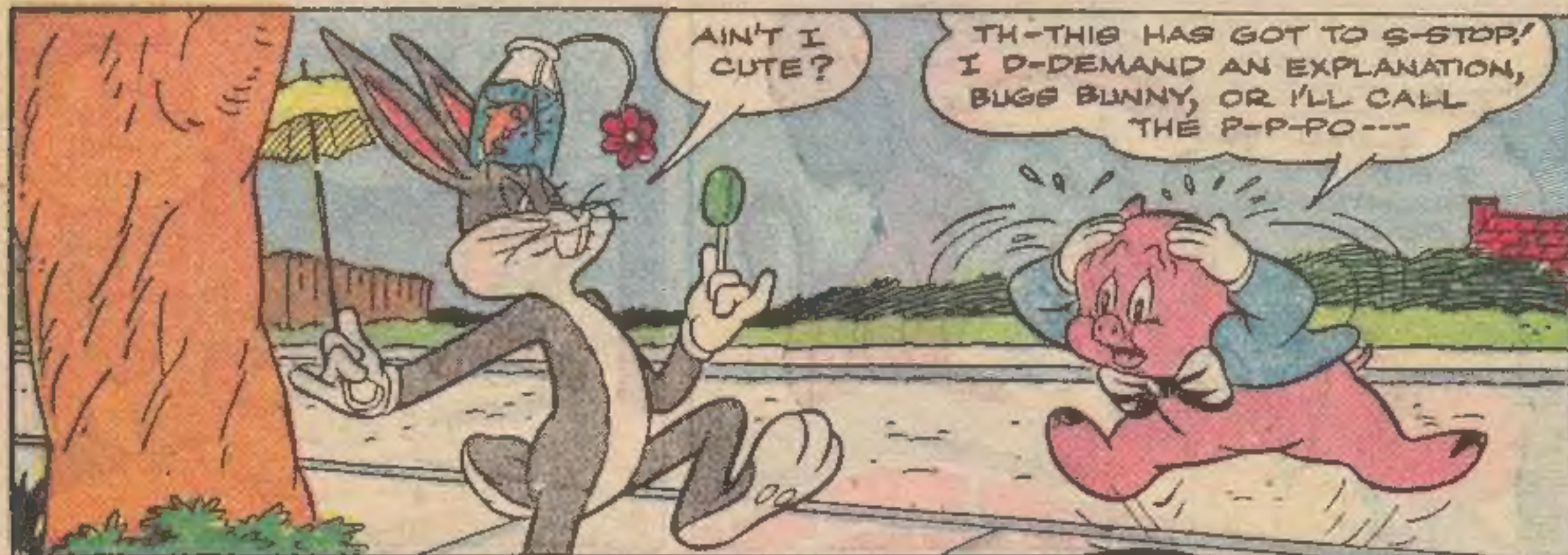
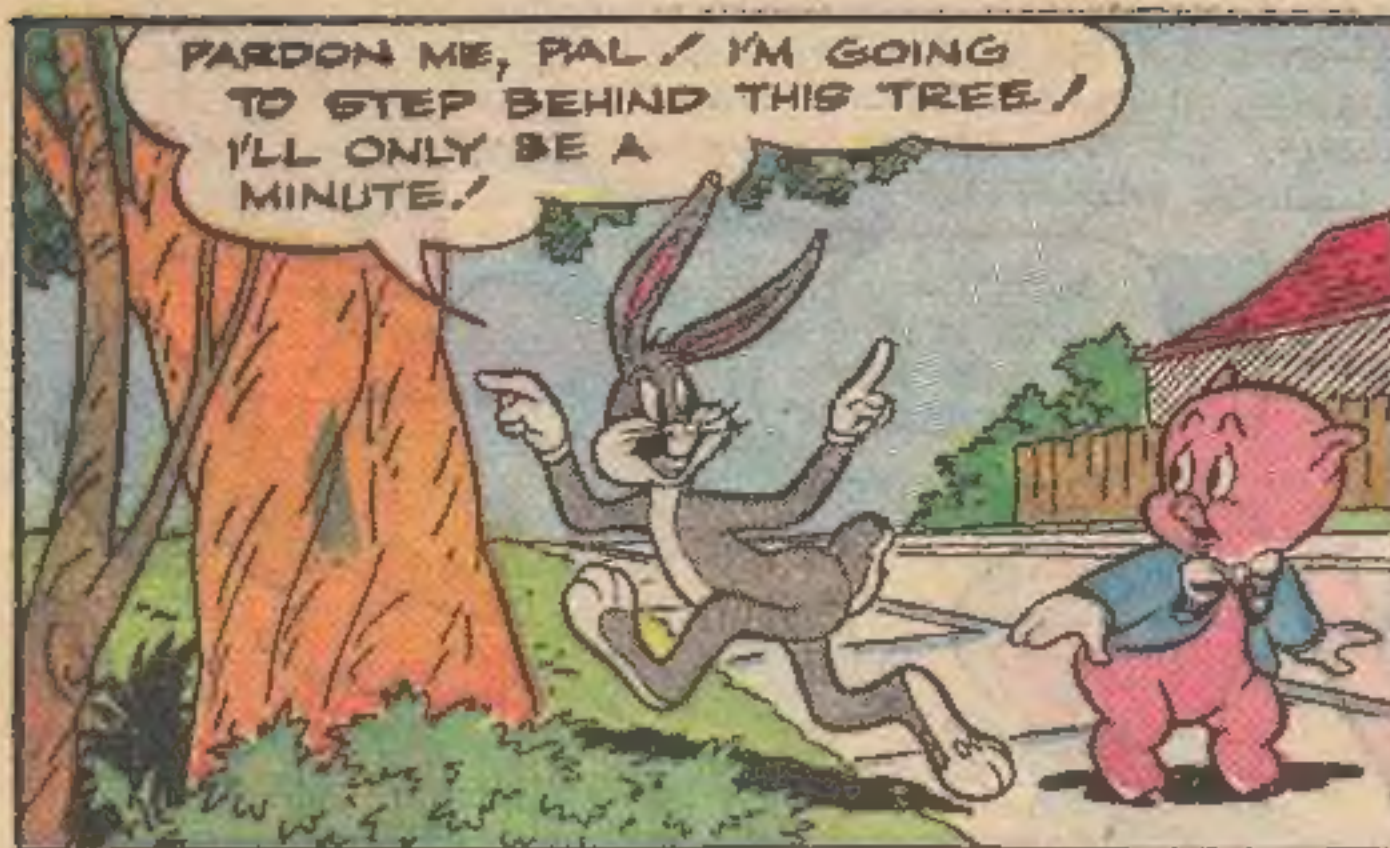
"It's Black Bart, the highwayman!" cried Petunia pretending to be scared.

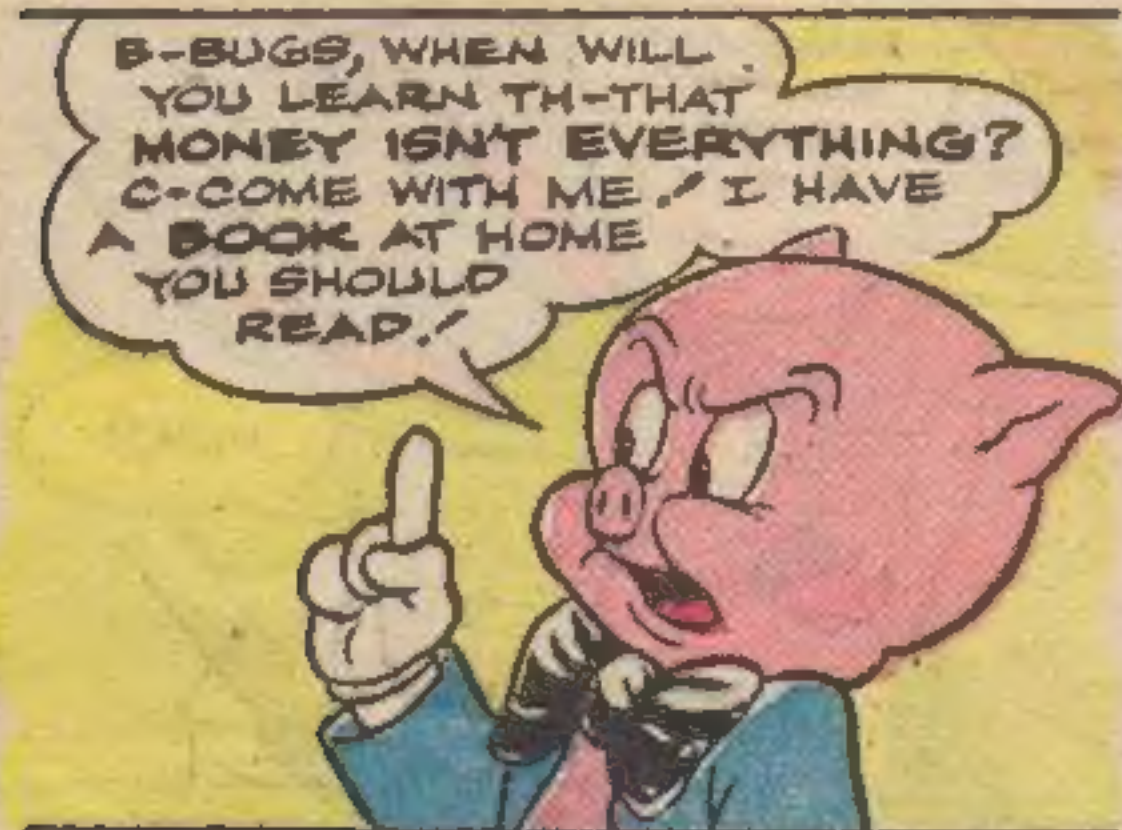
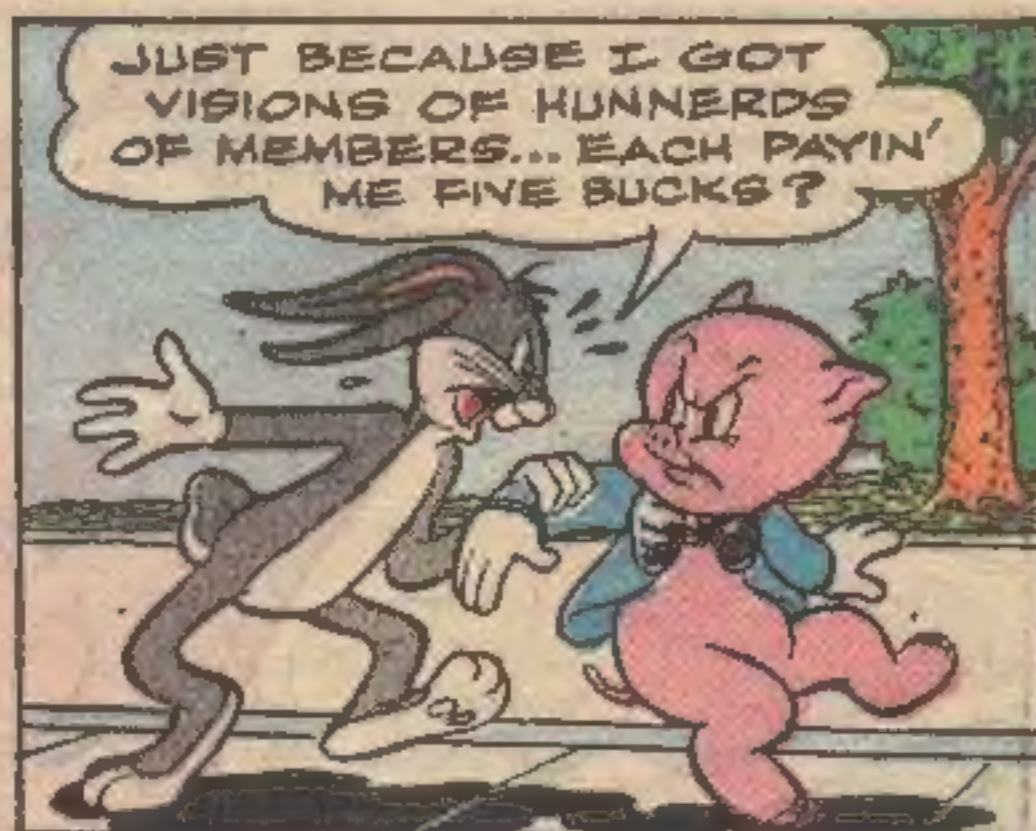
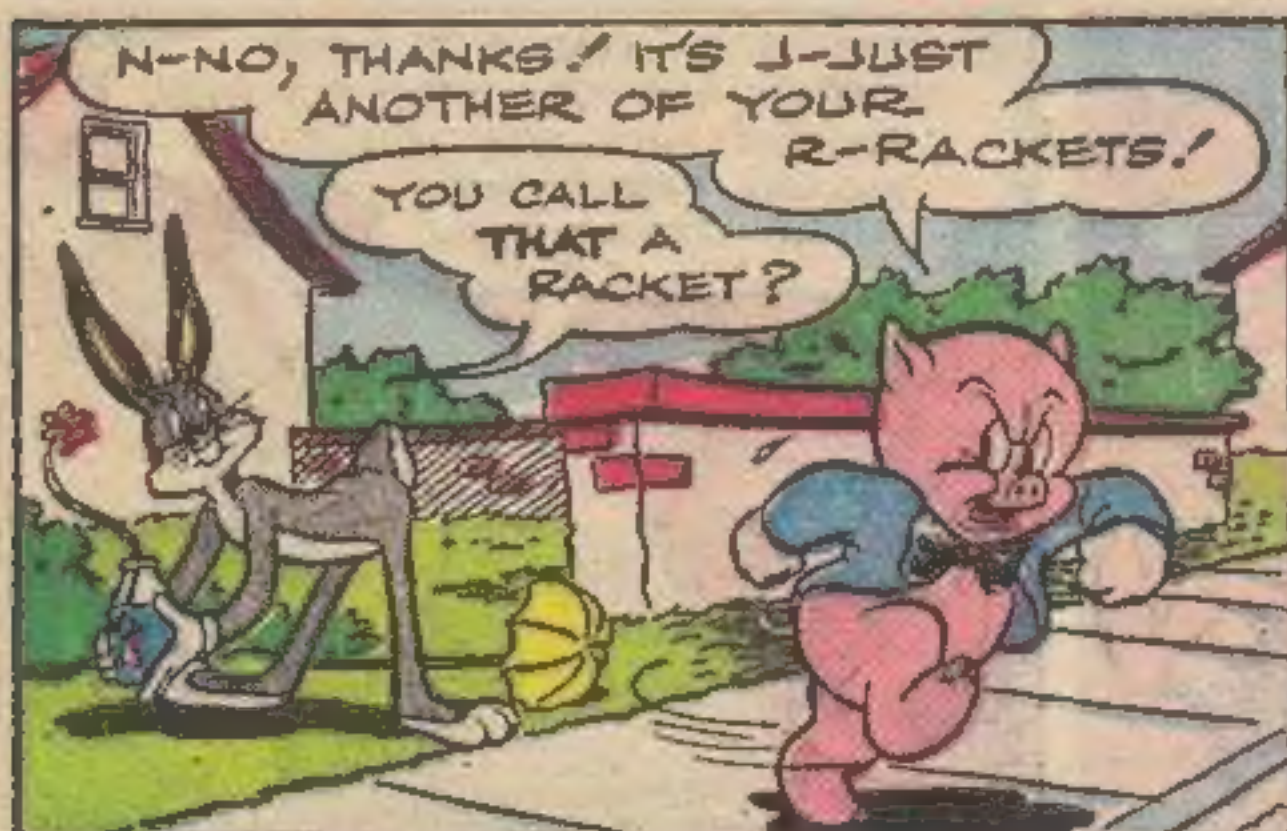
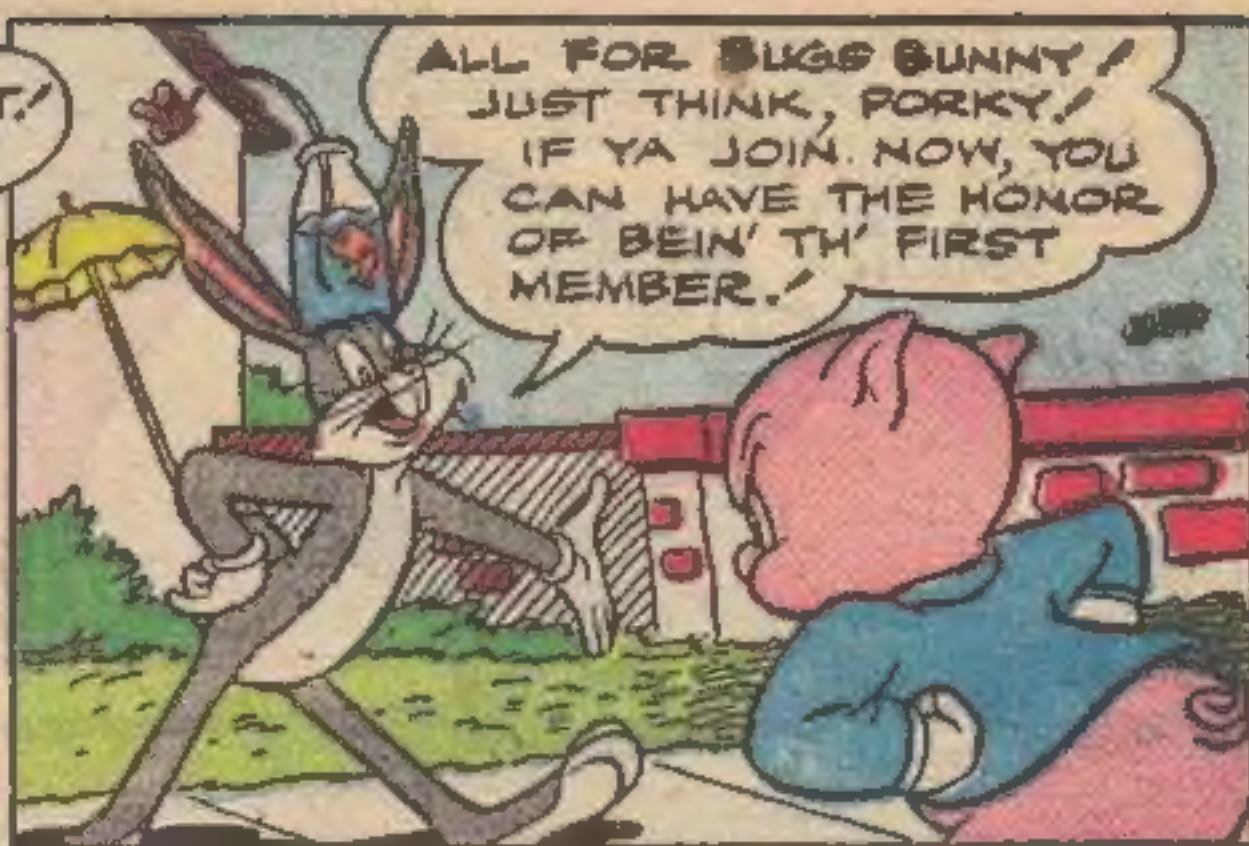
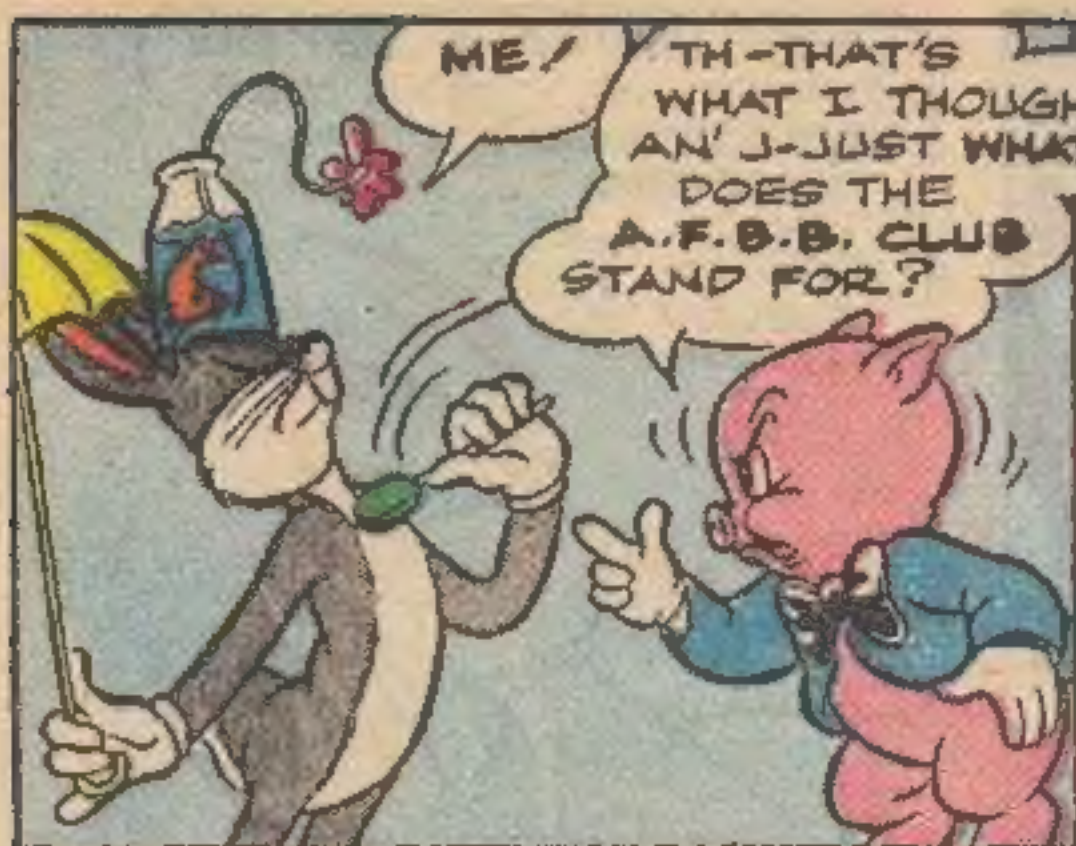
Porky pretended to be scared, too. "D-Don't shoot, mister! I'll give you my b-best treasure map!"

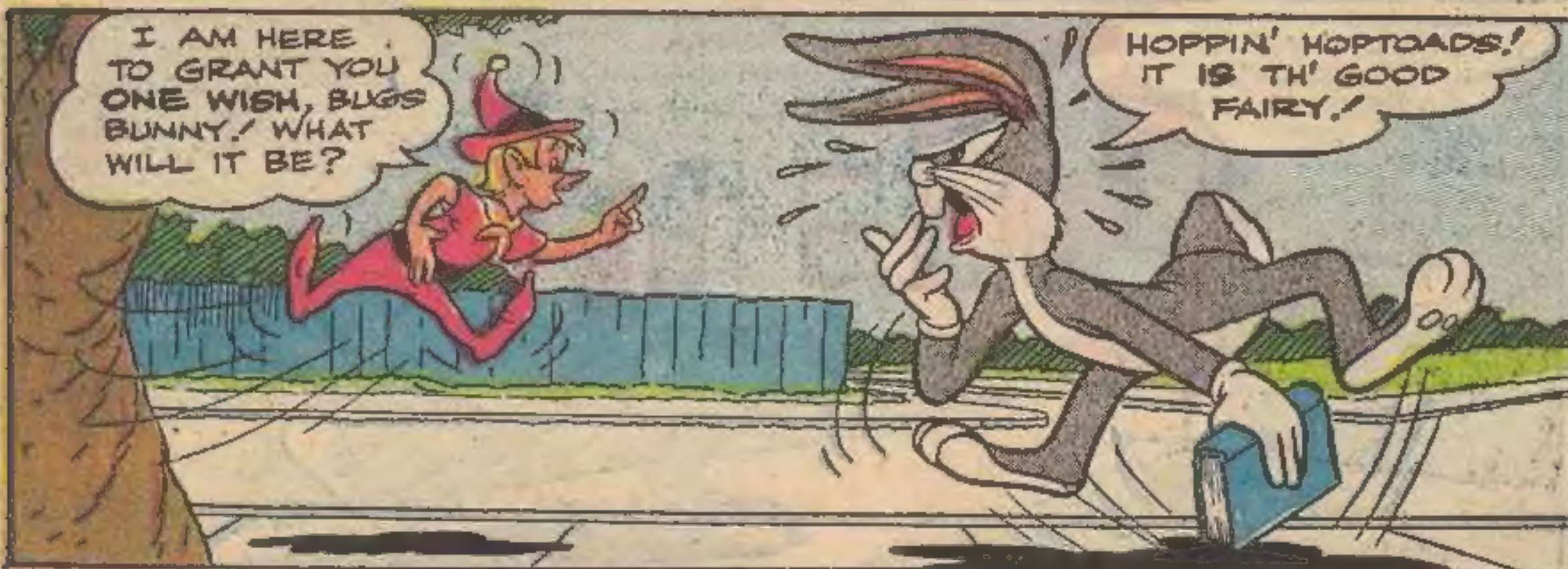
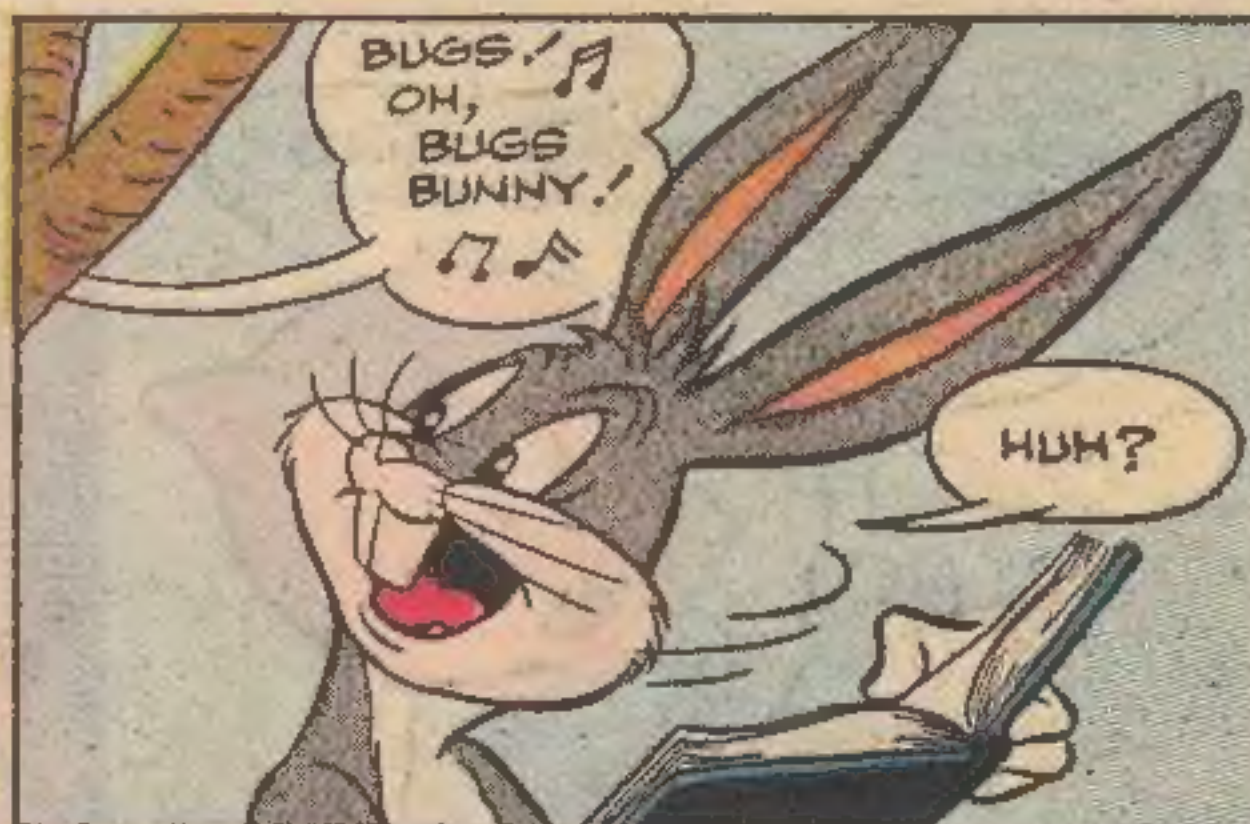
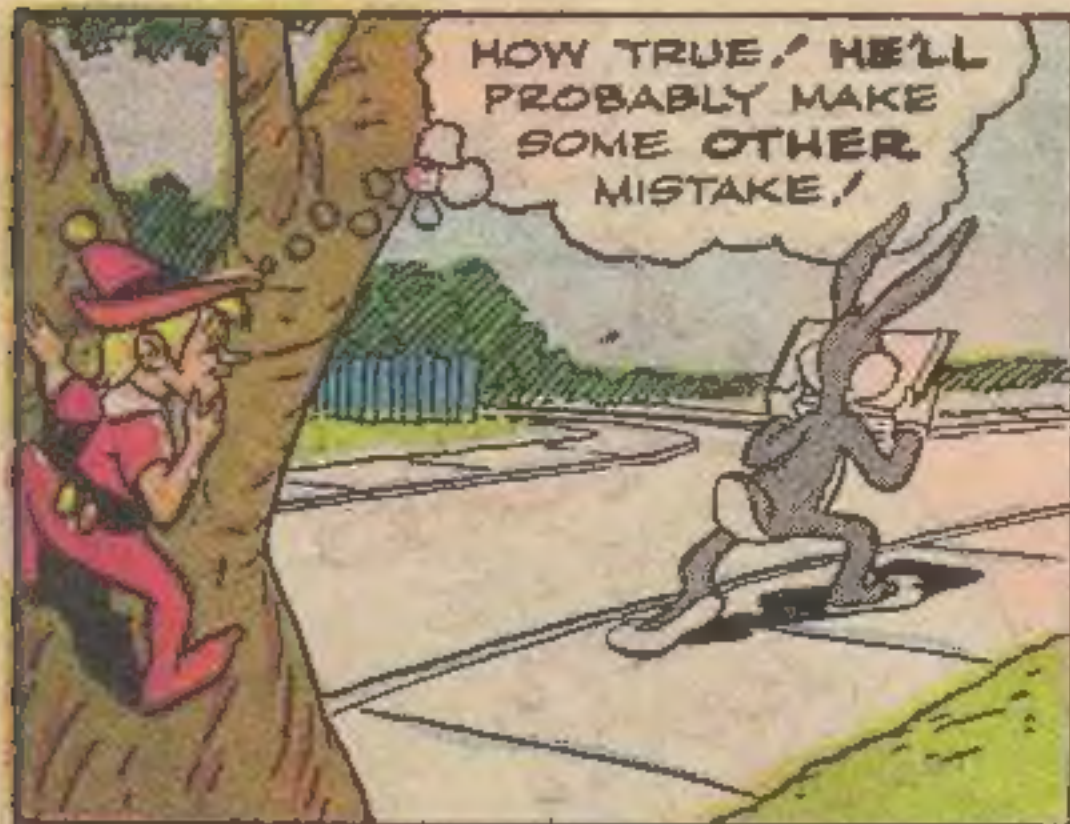
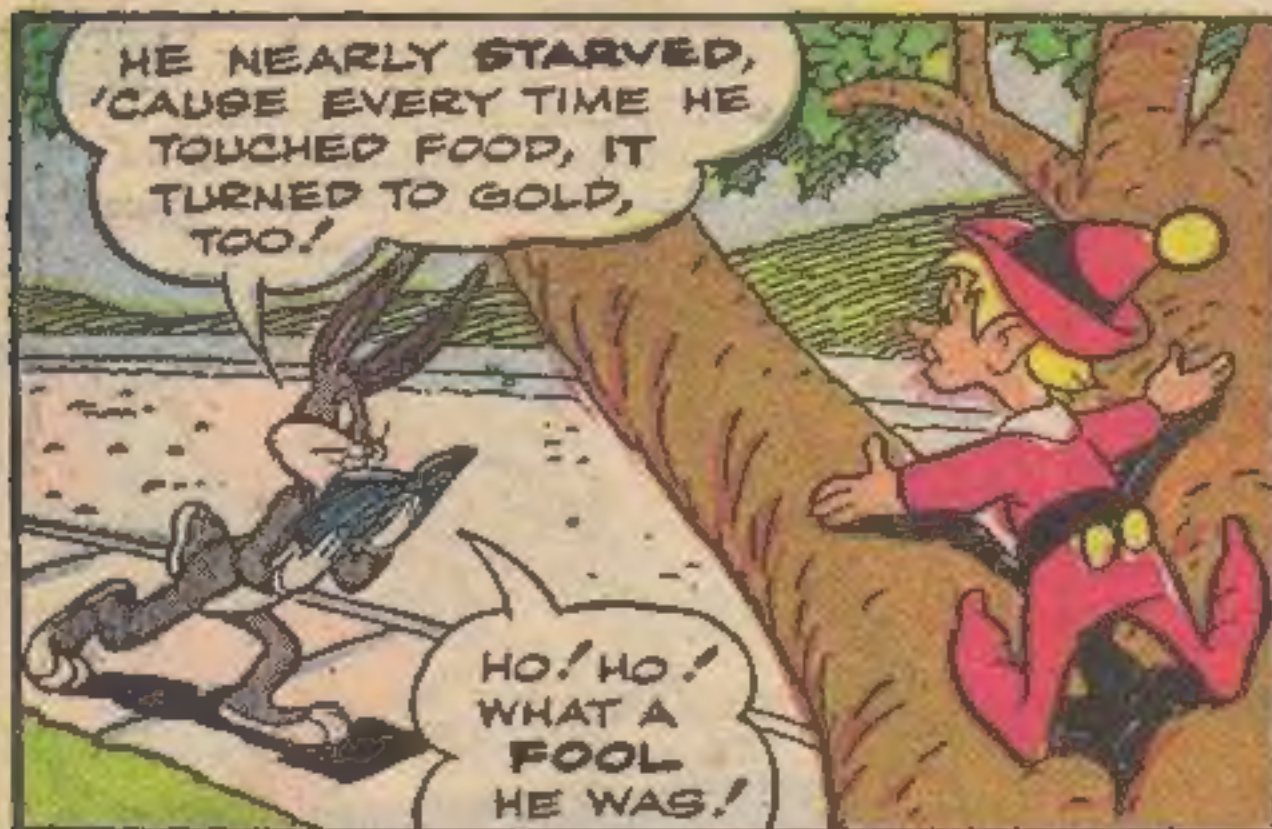
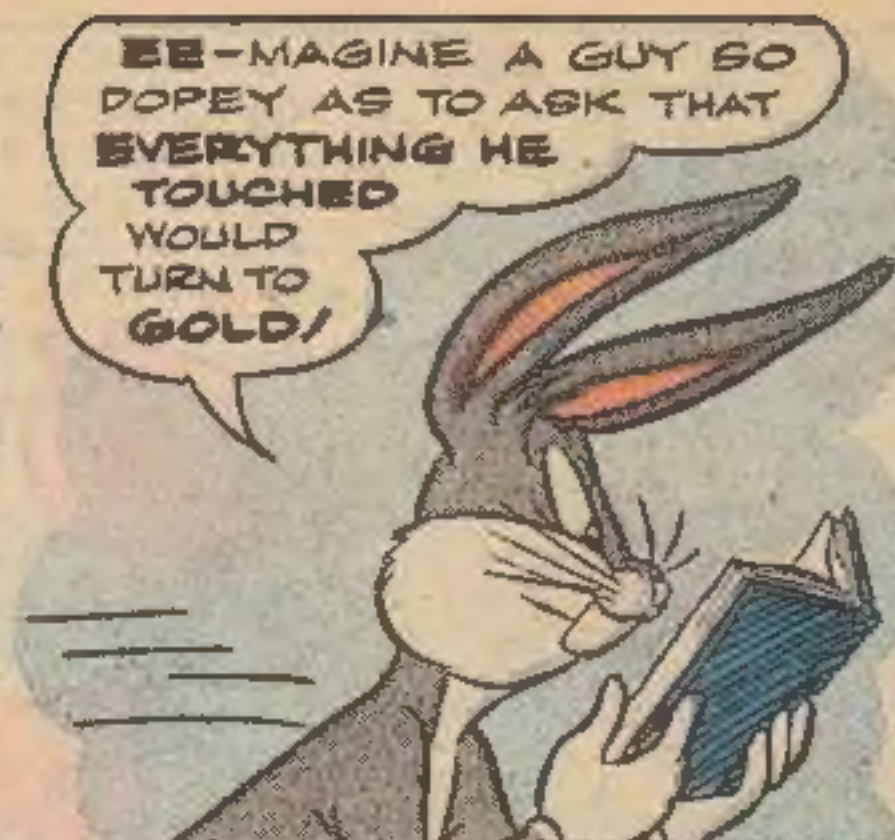
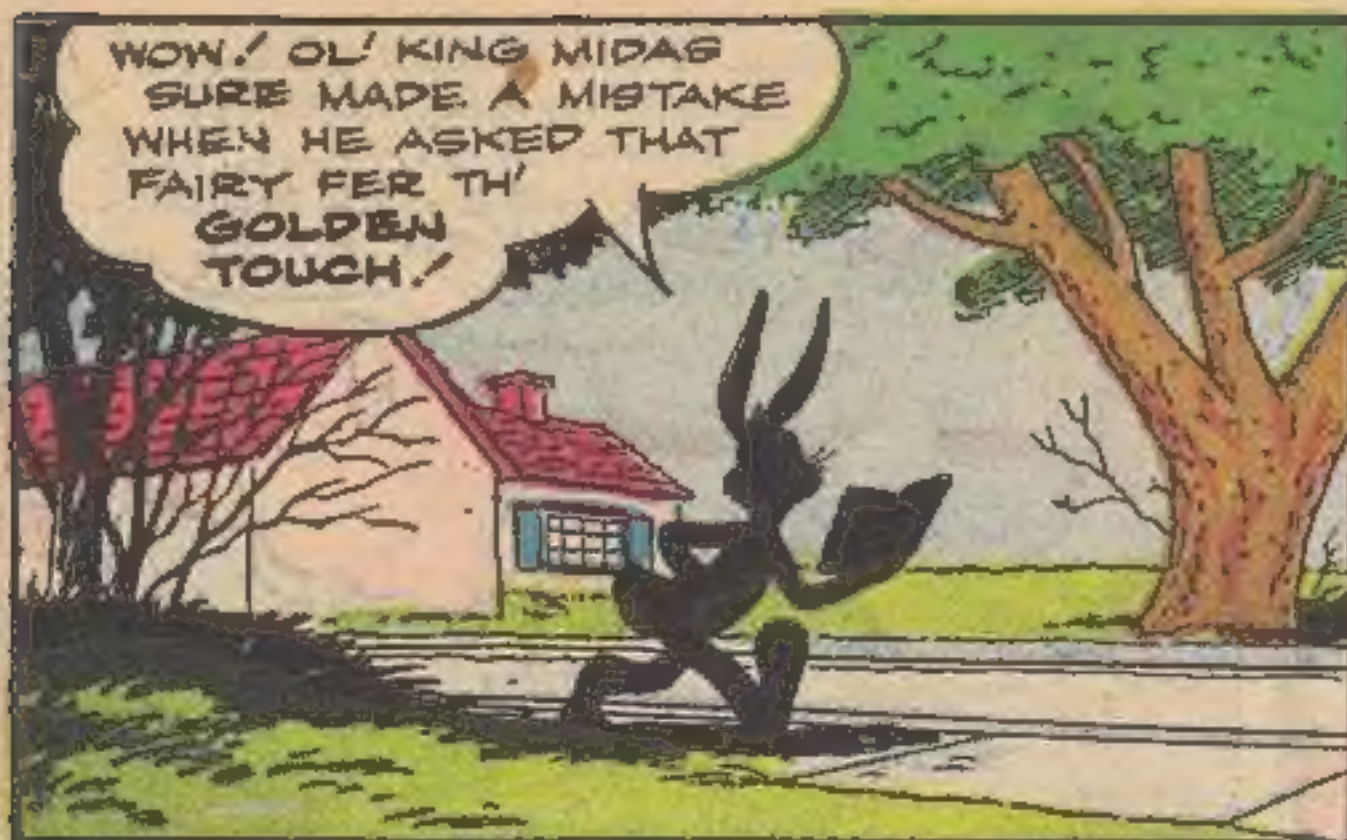
"Ho-ho!" laughed Black Bart. He pushed down his mask and revealed the round red-cheeked face of Petunia's

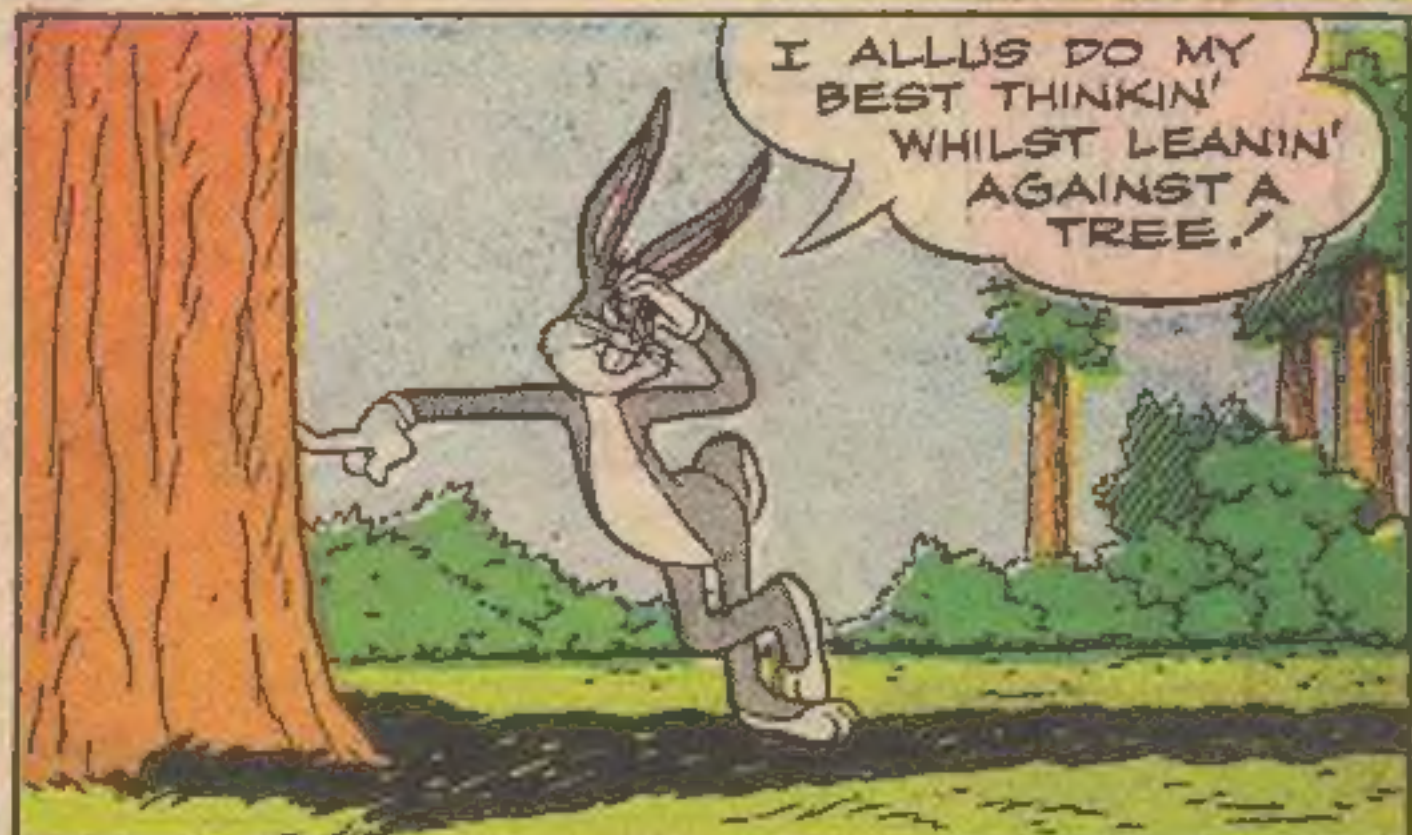
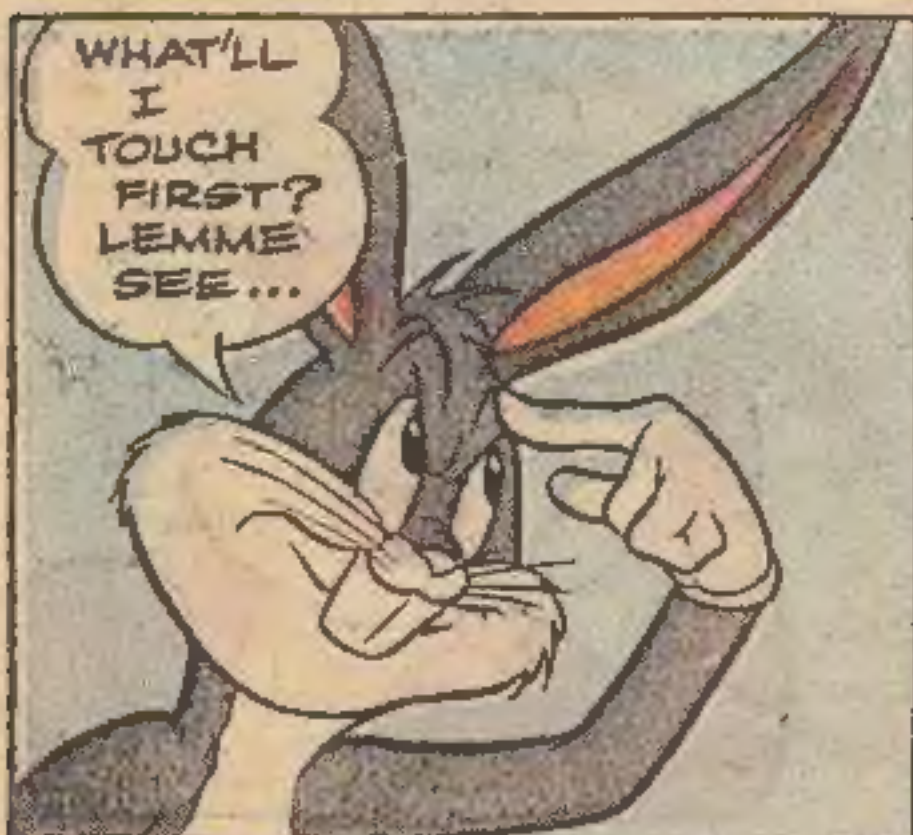
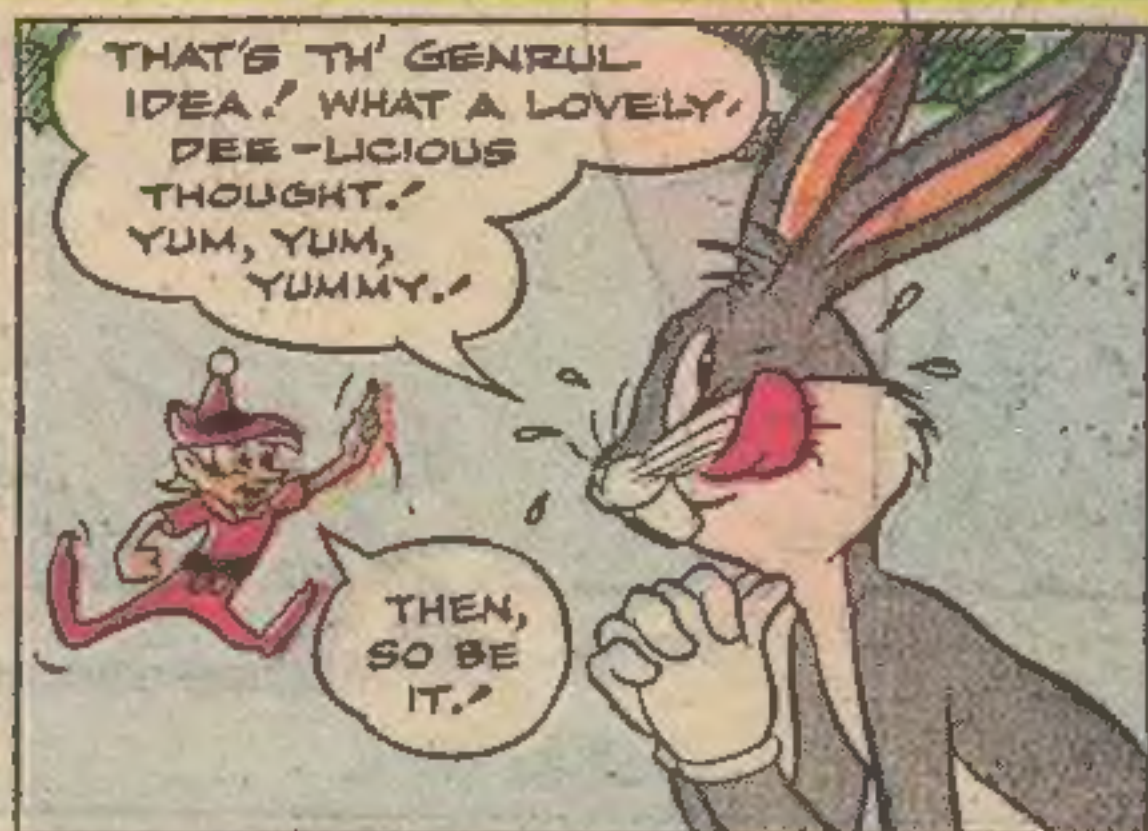
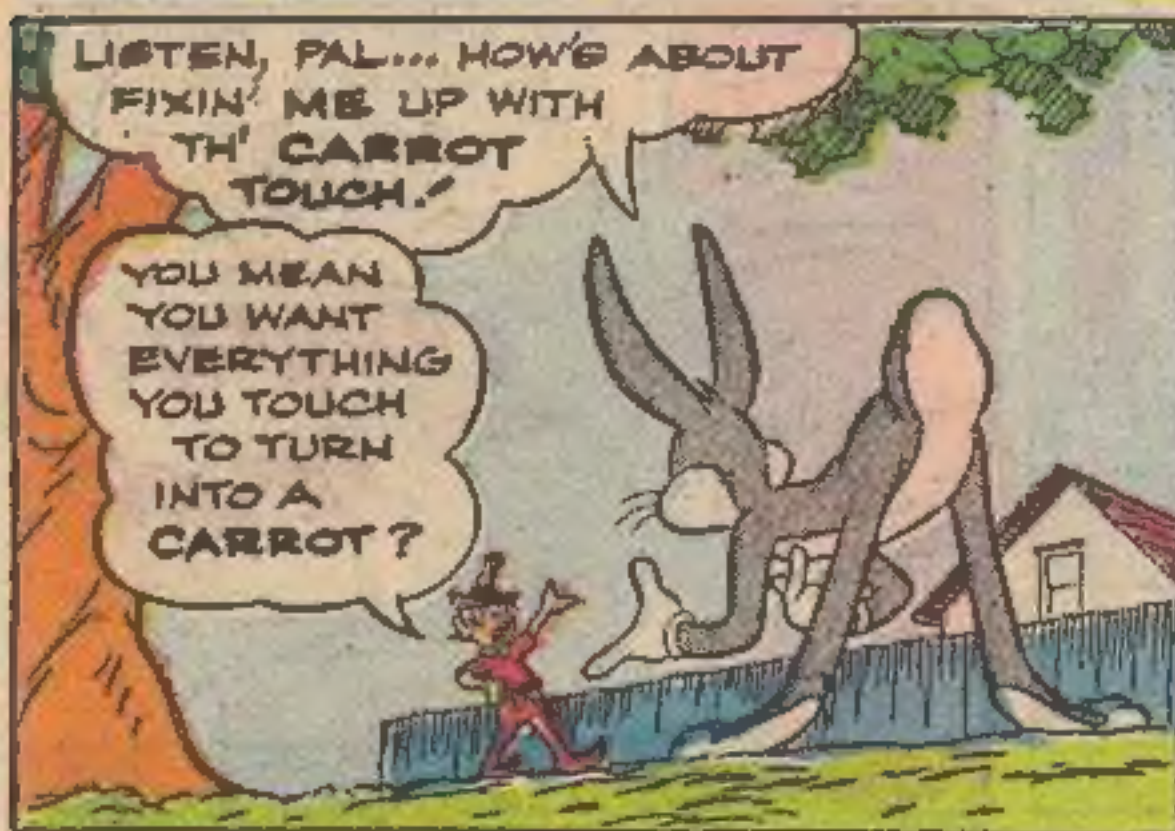
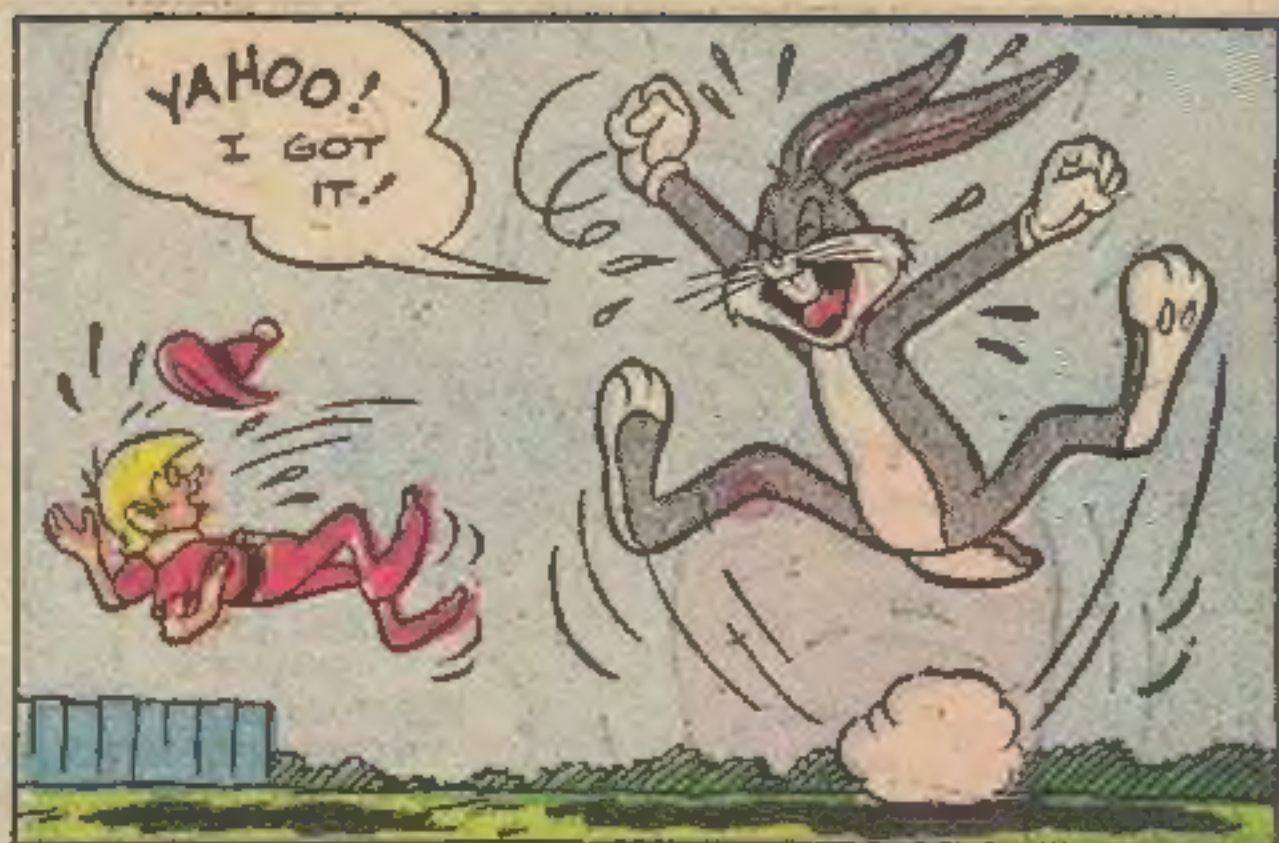
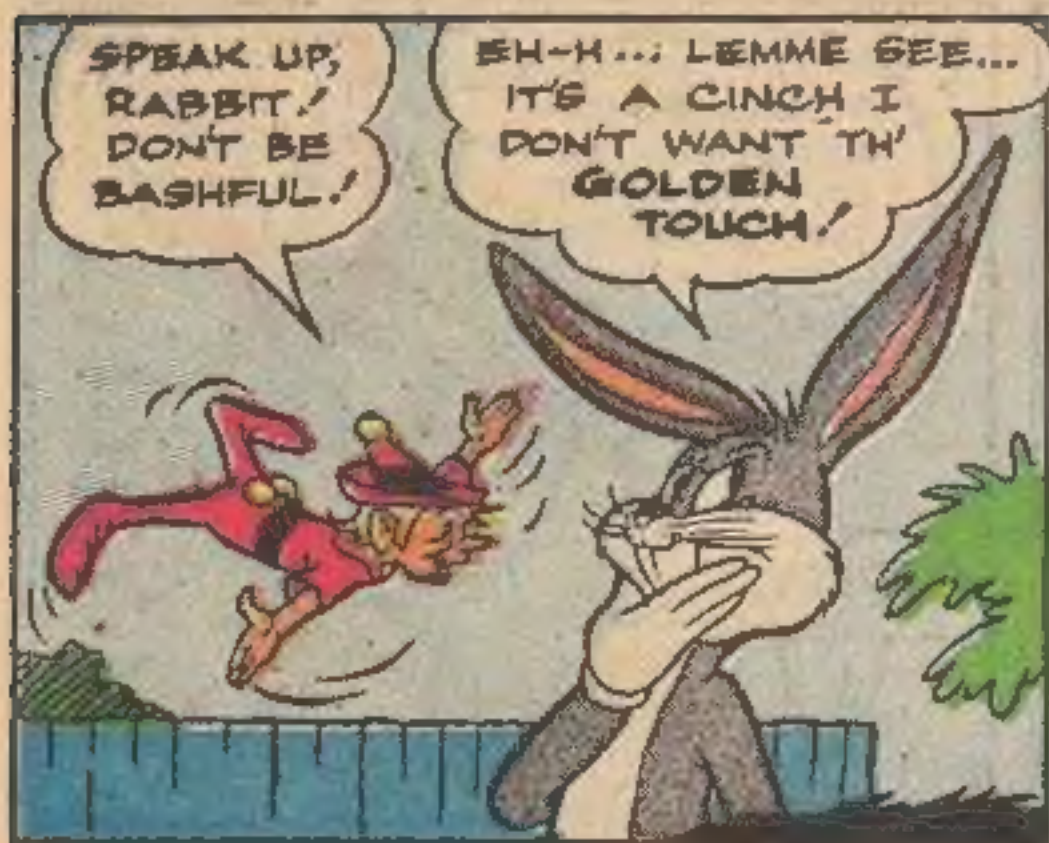
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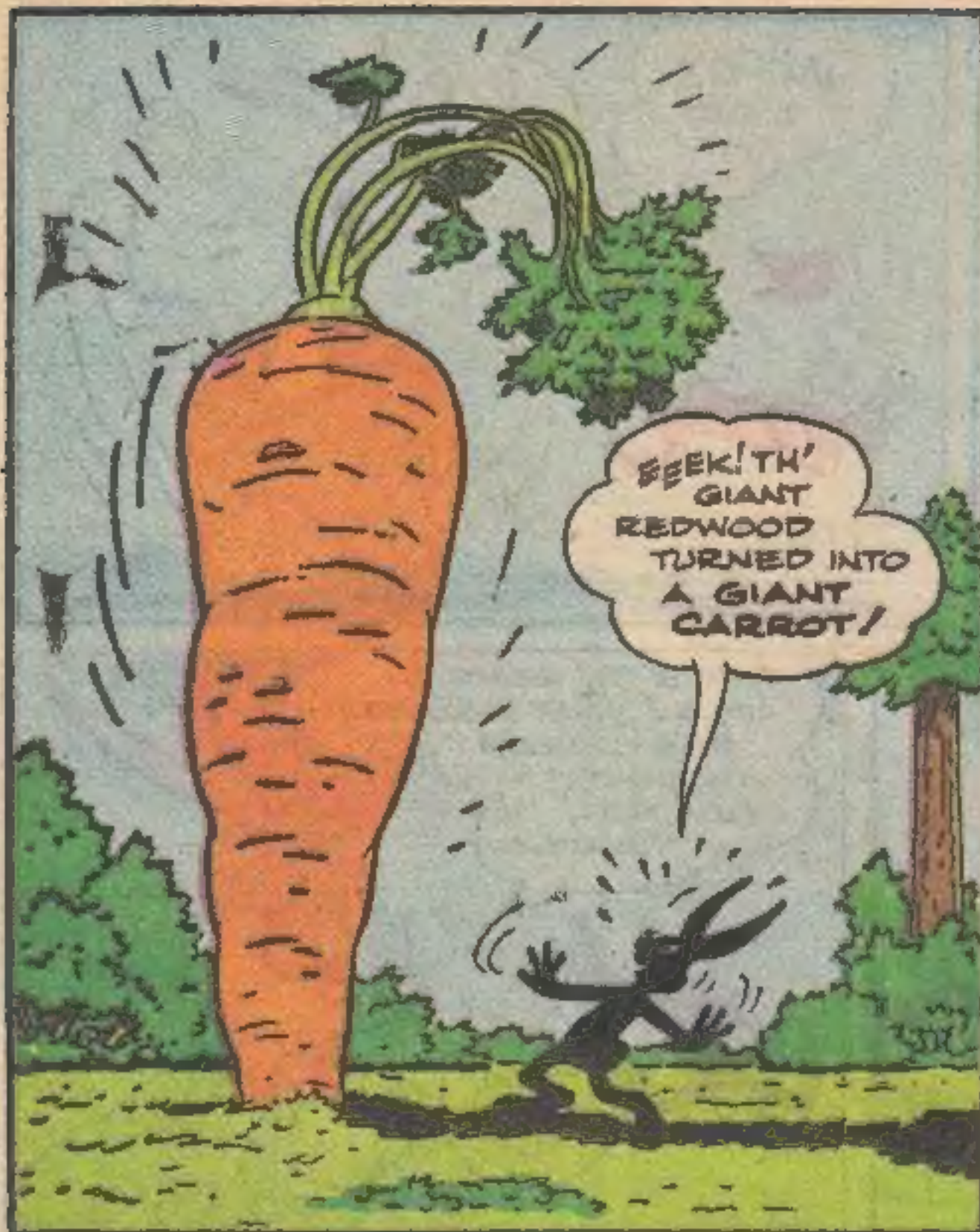


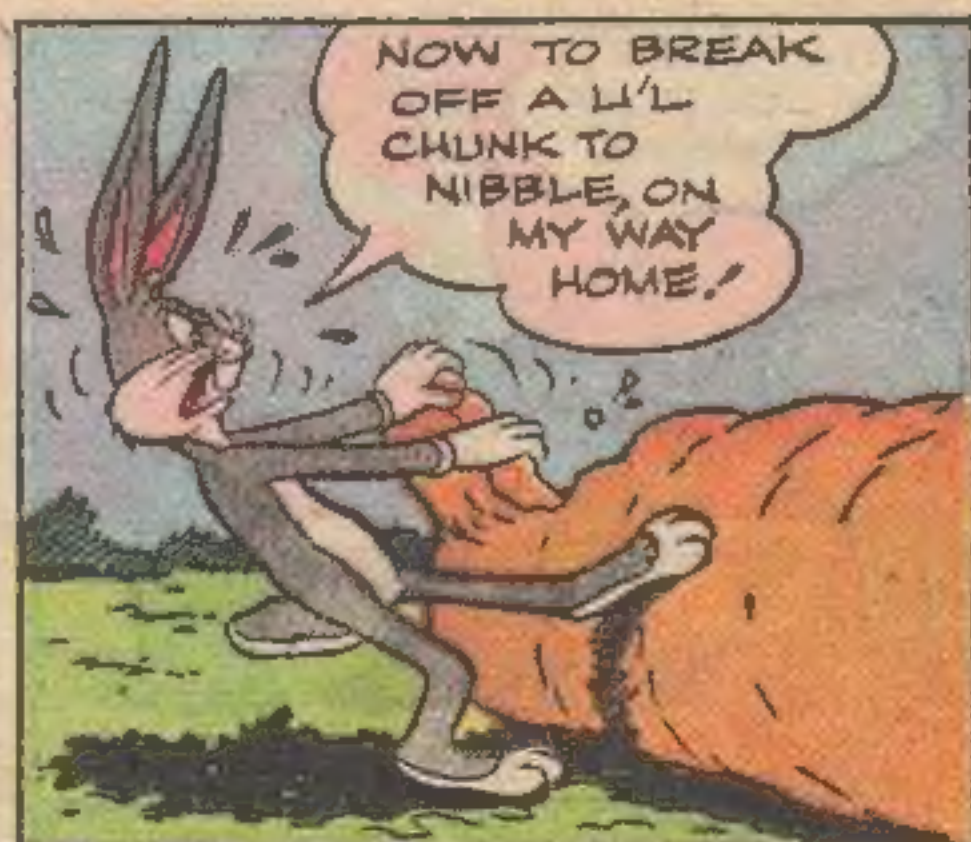
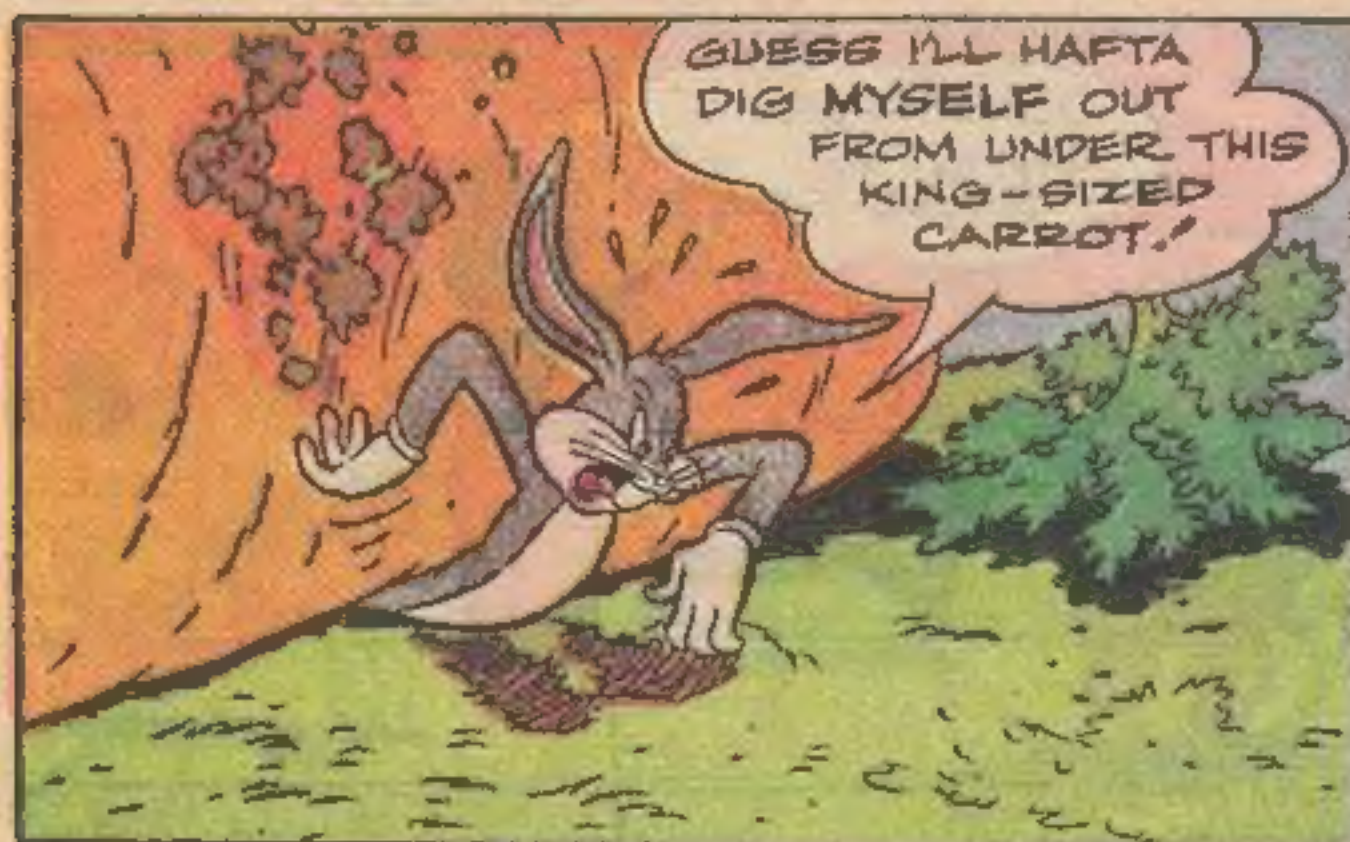
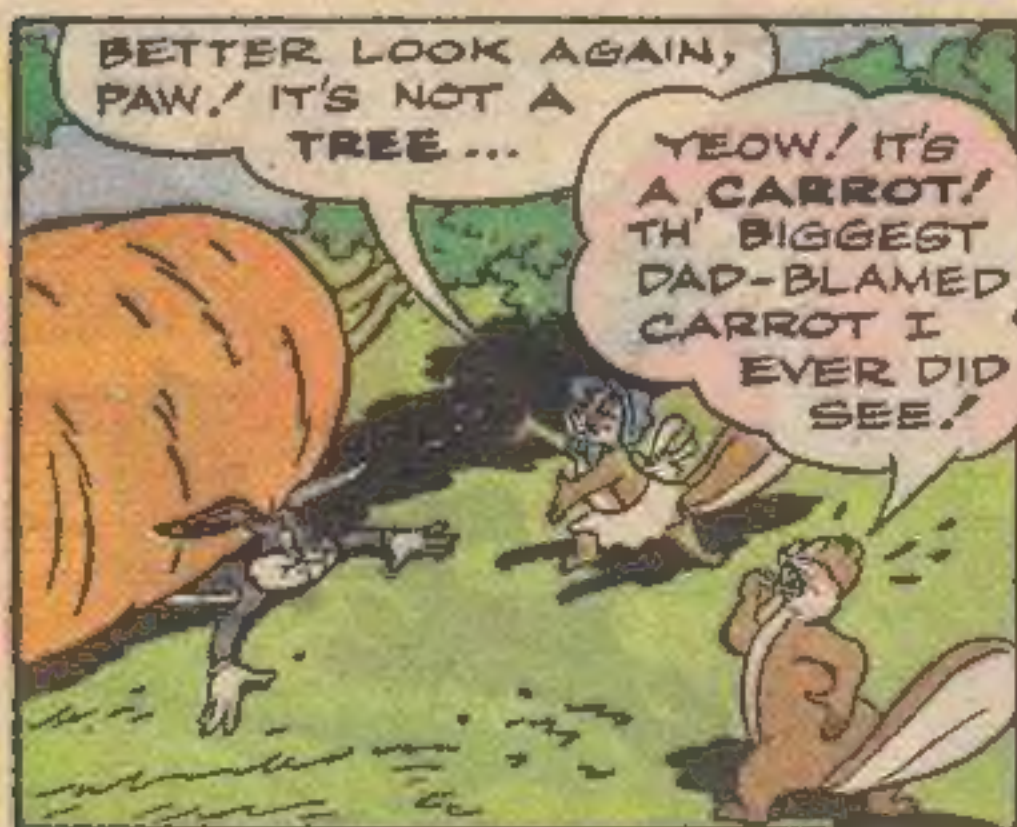
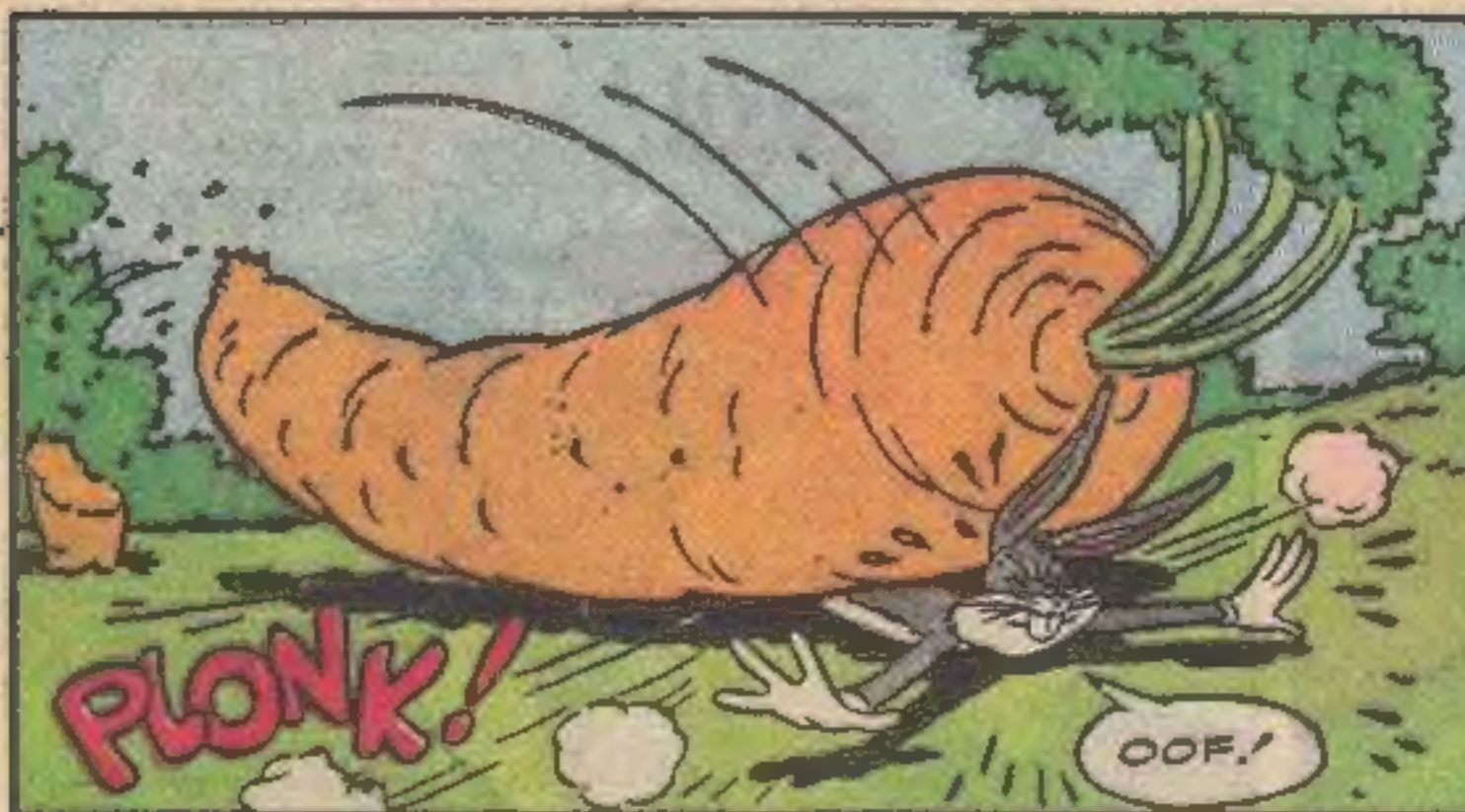


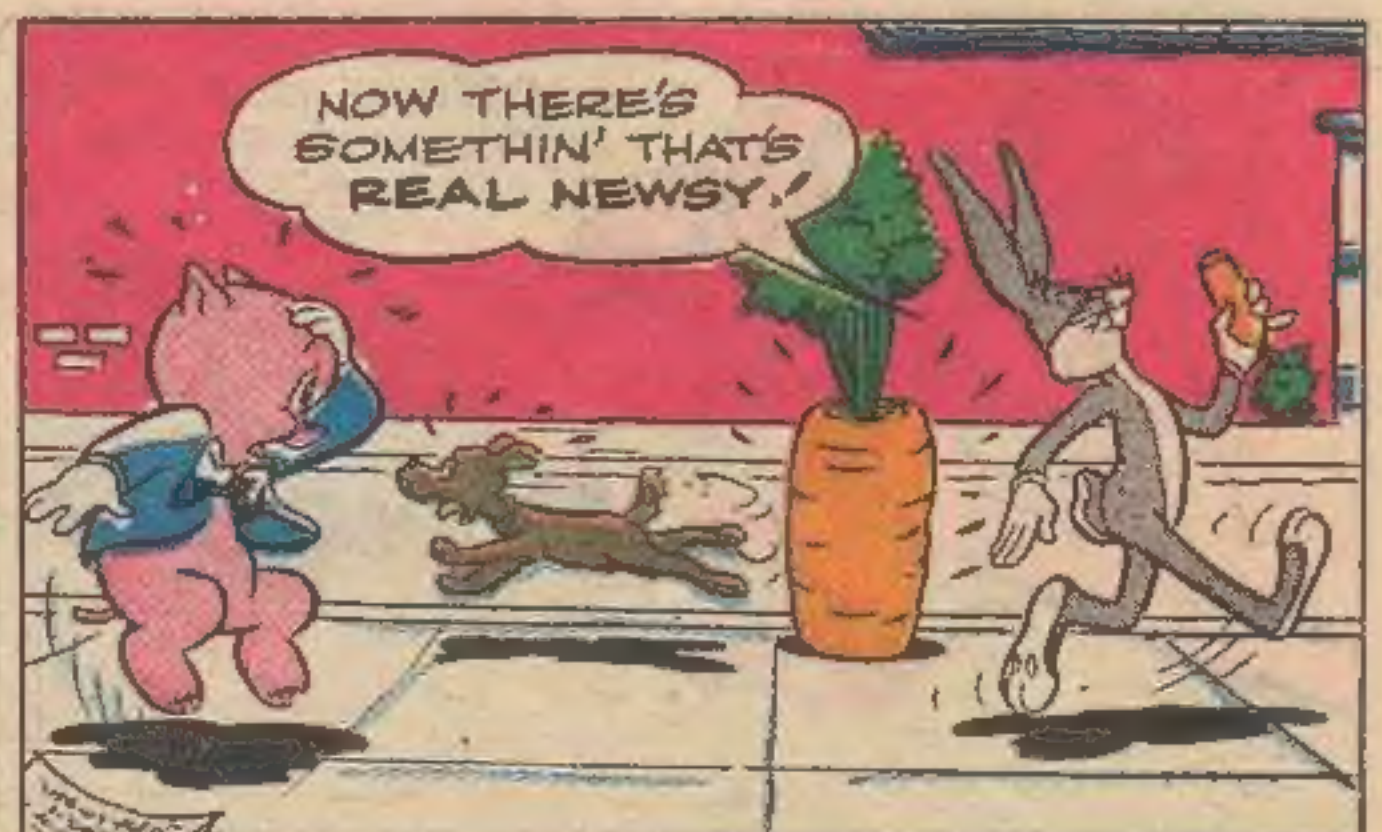
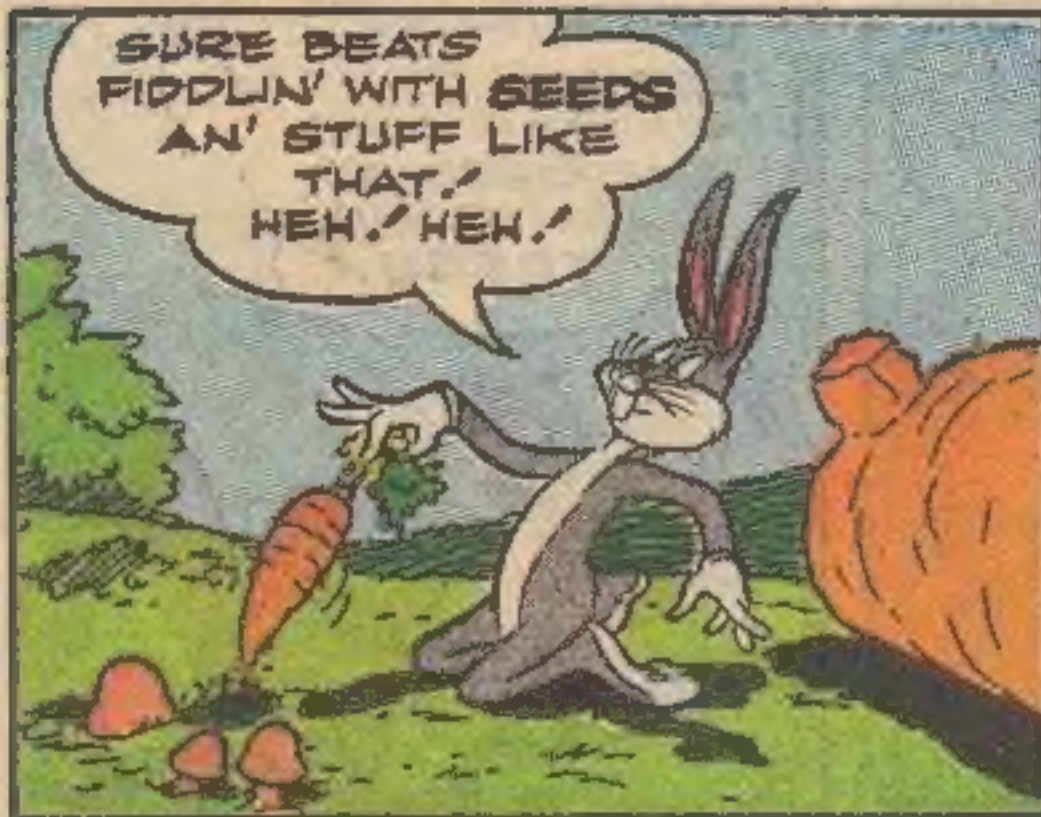
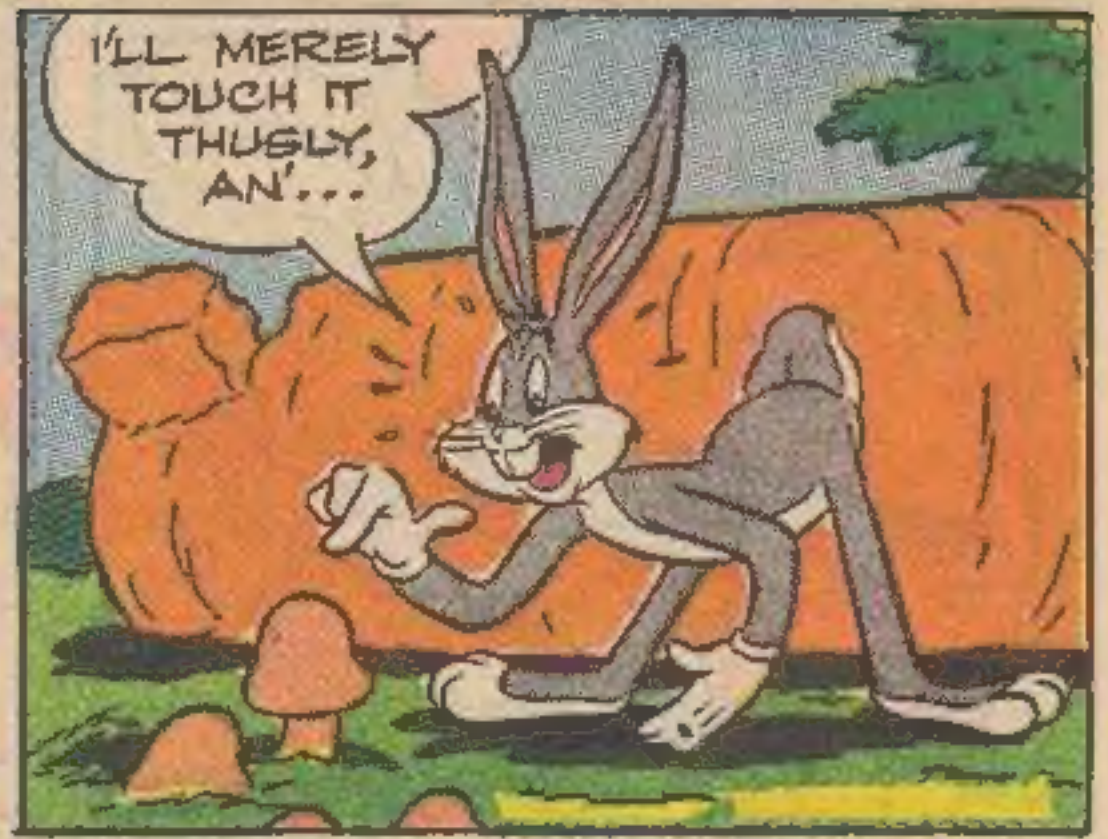
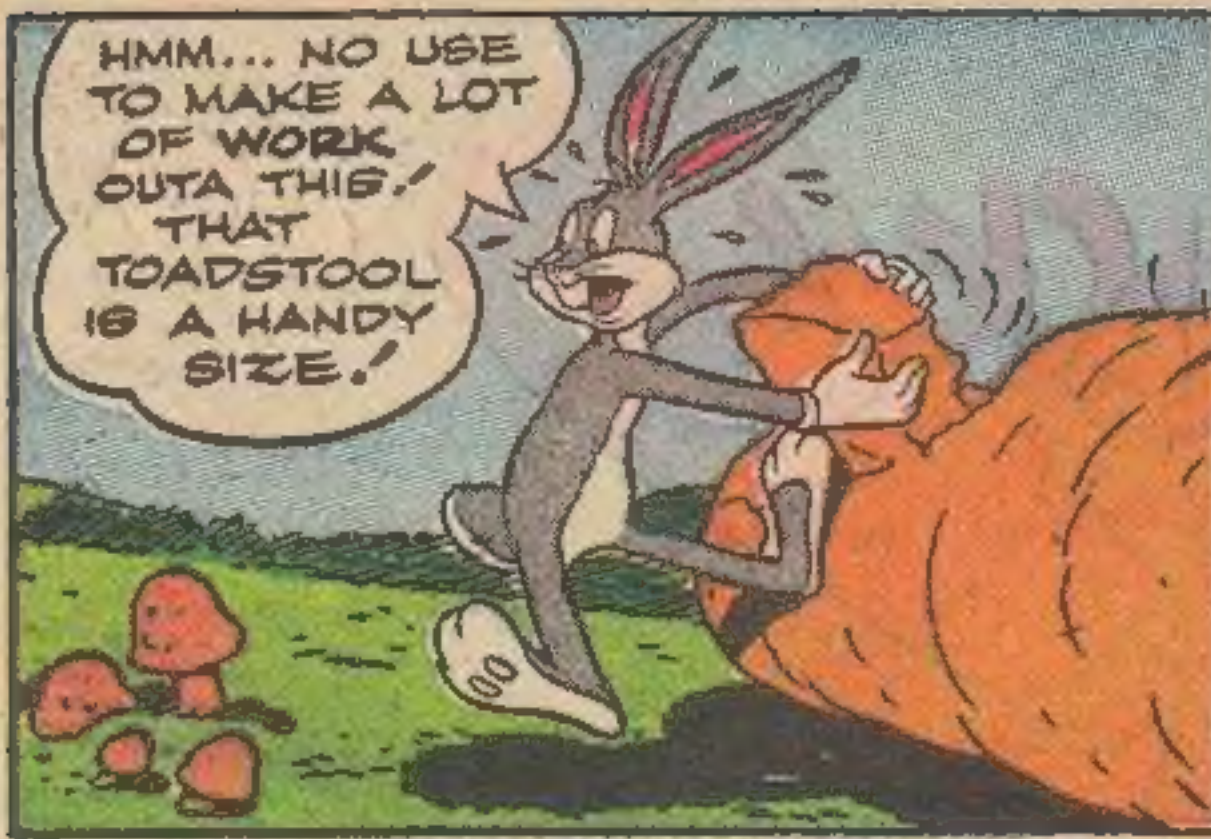


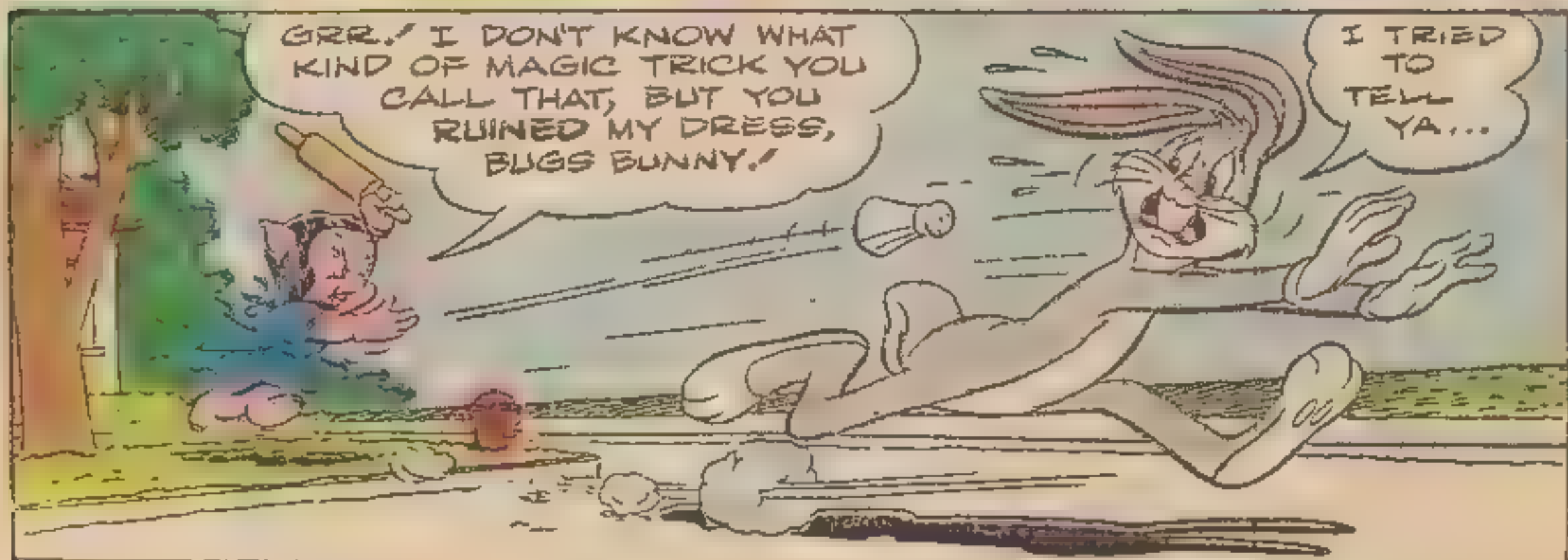
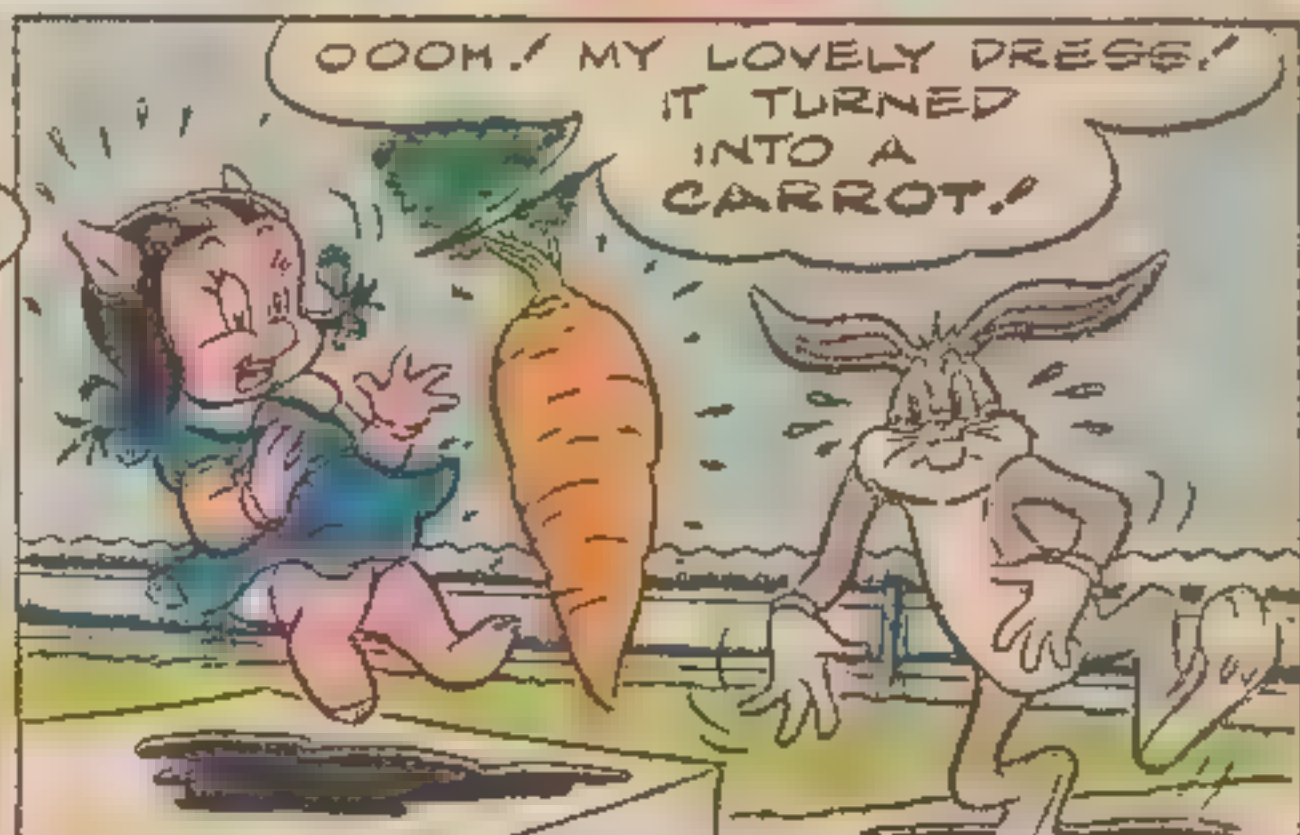
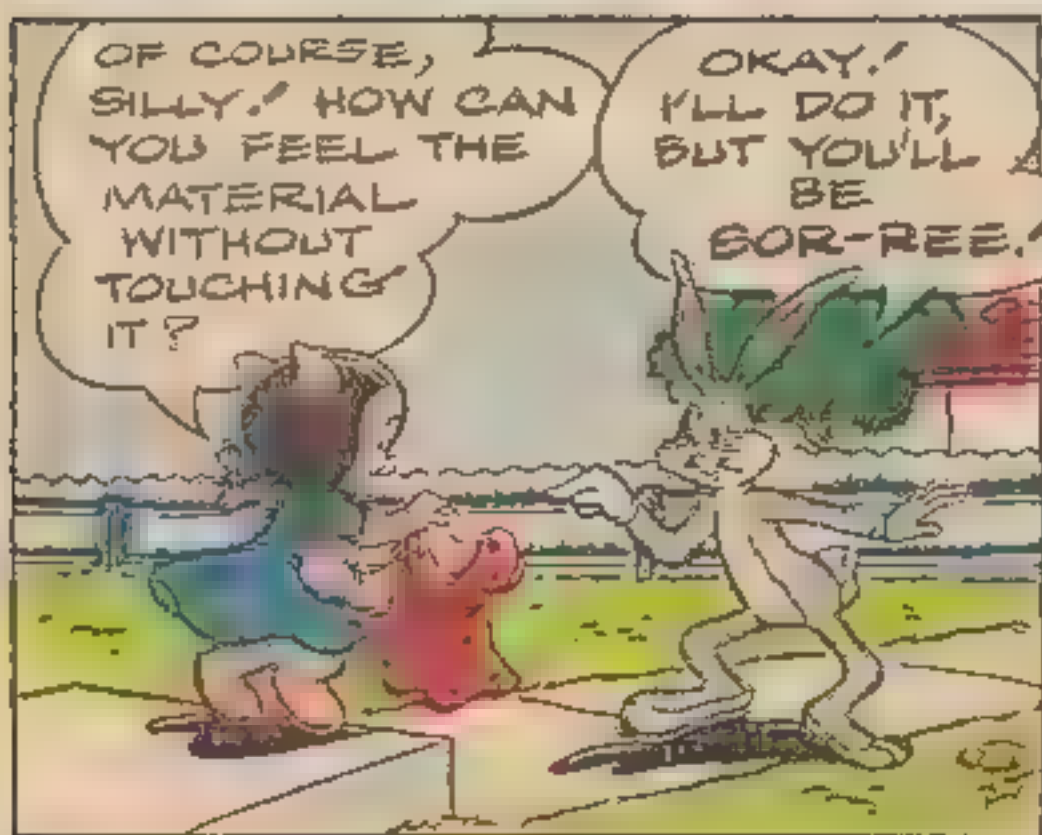
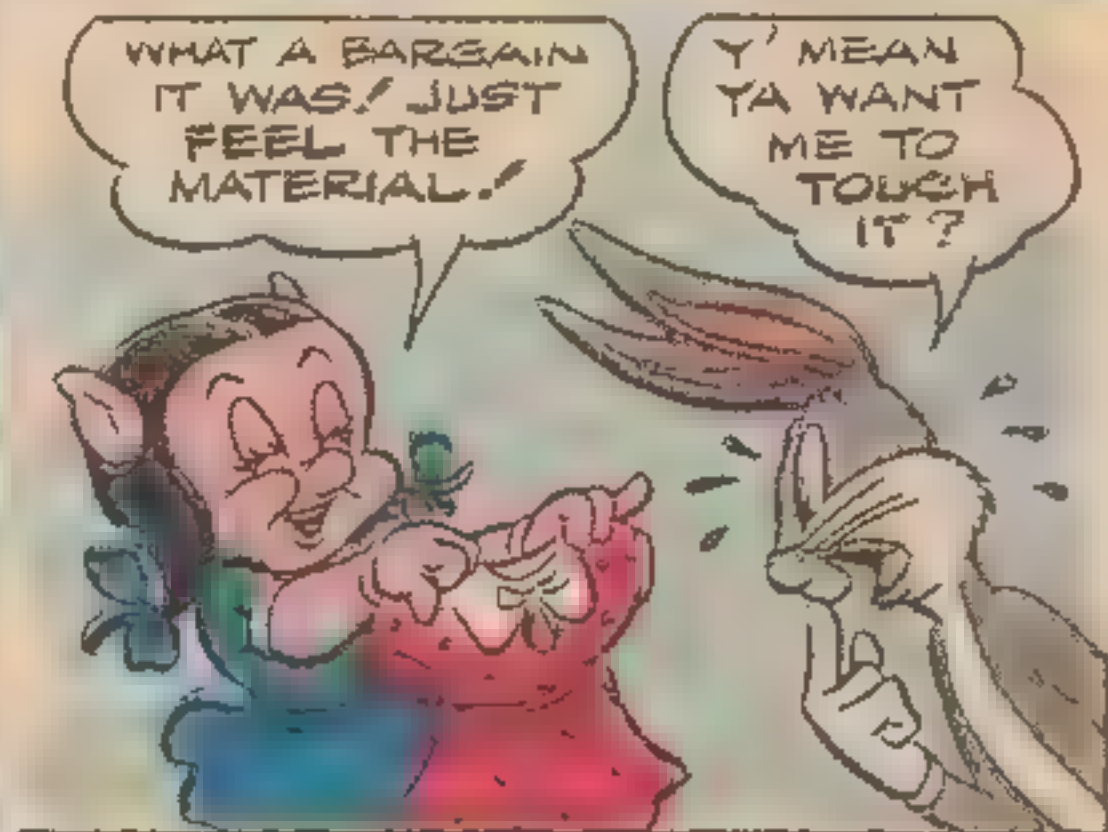
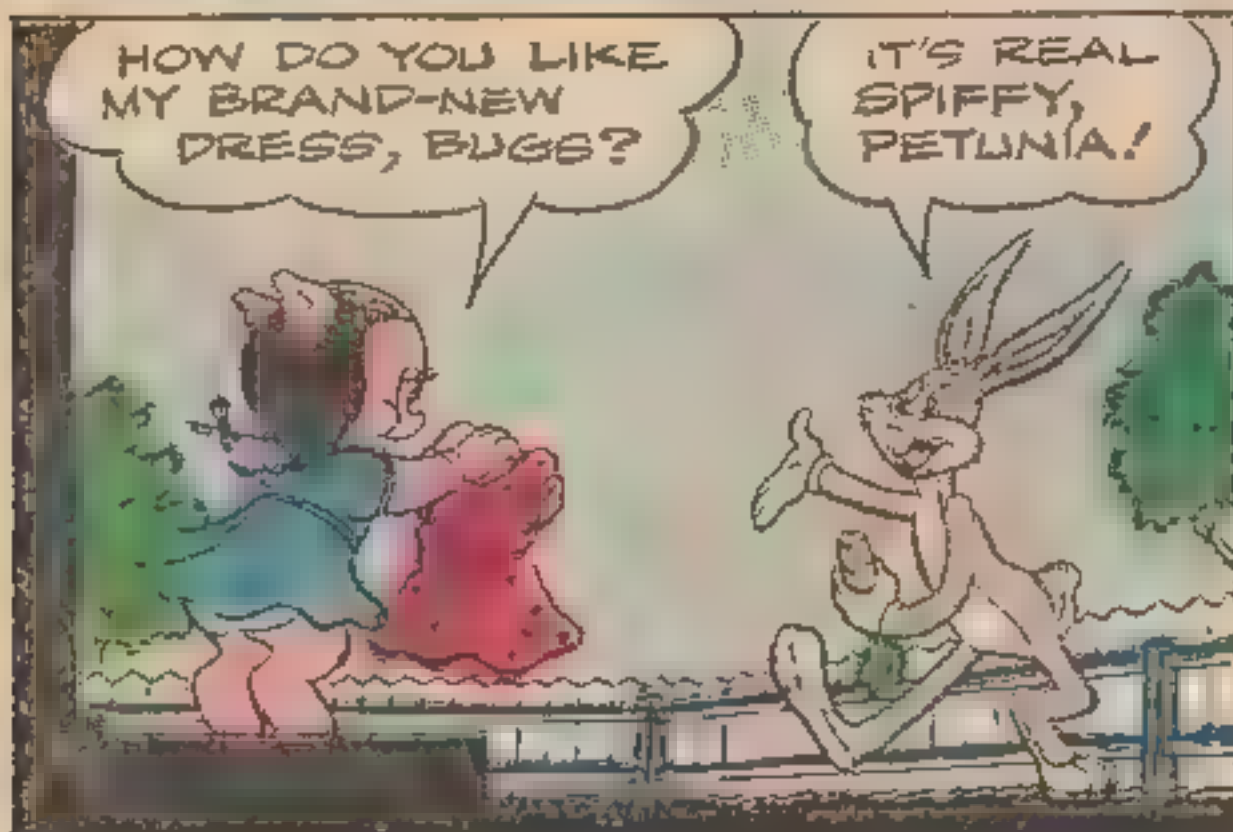
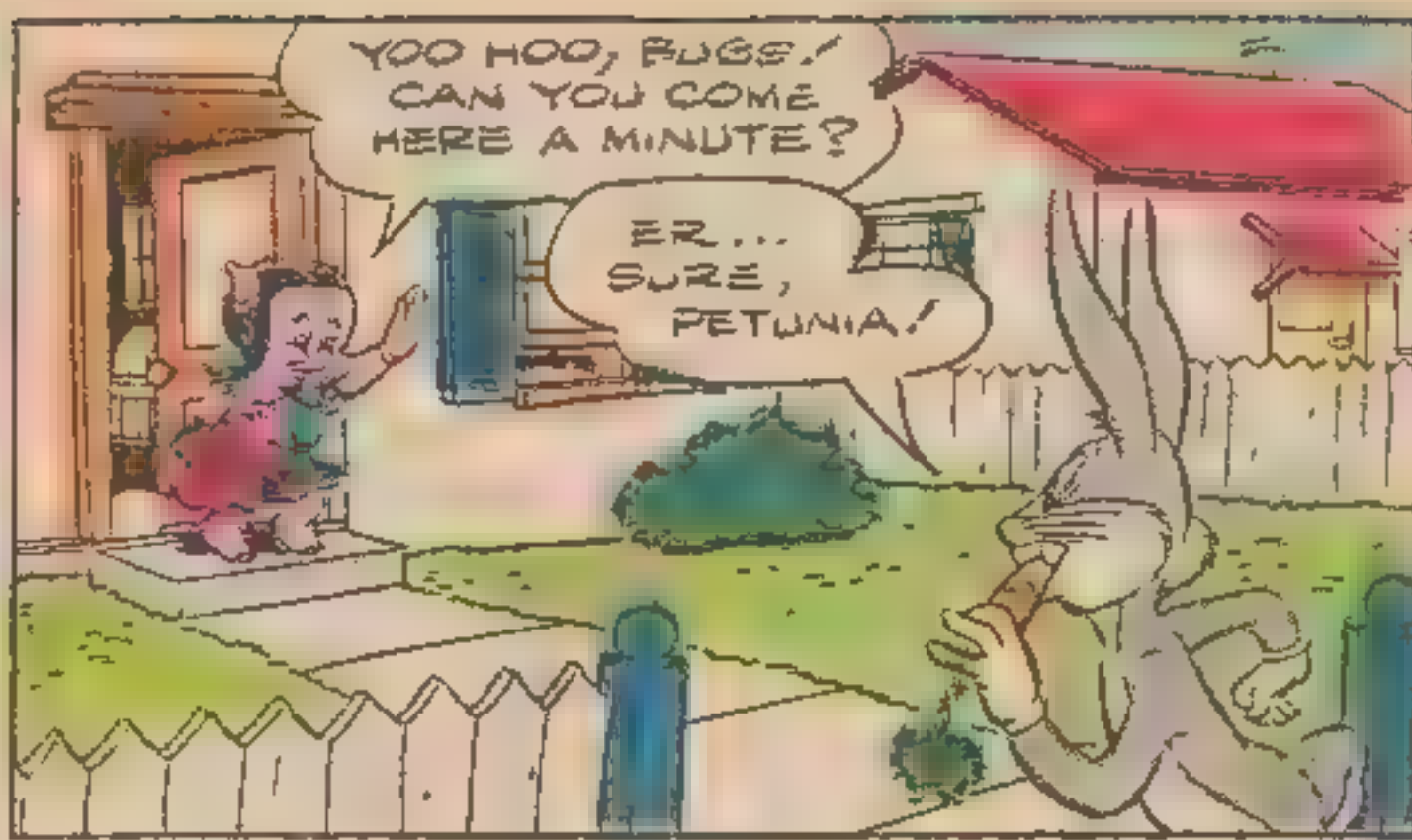
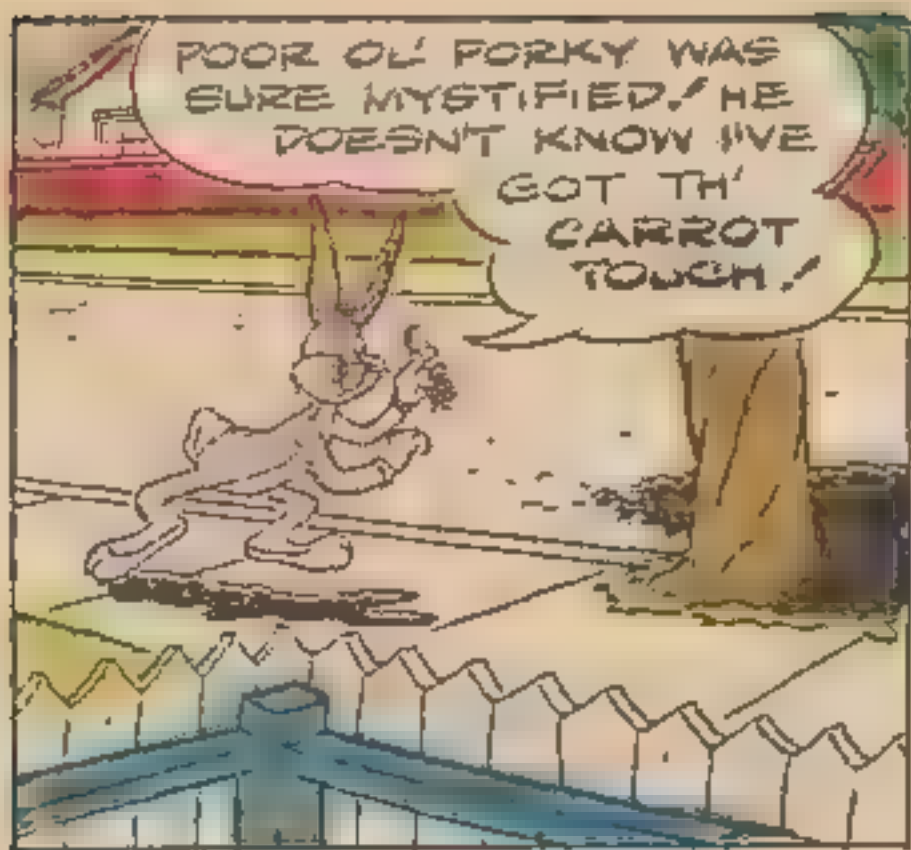


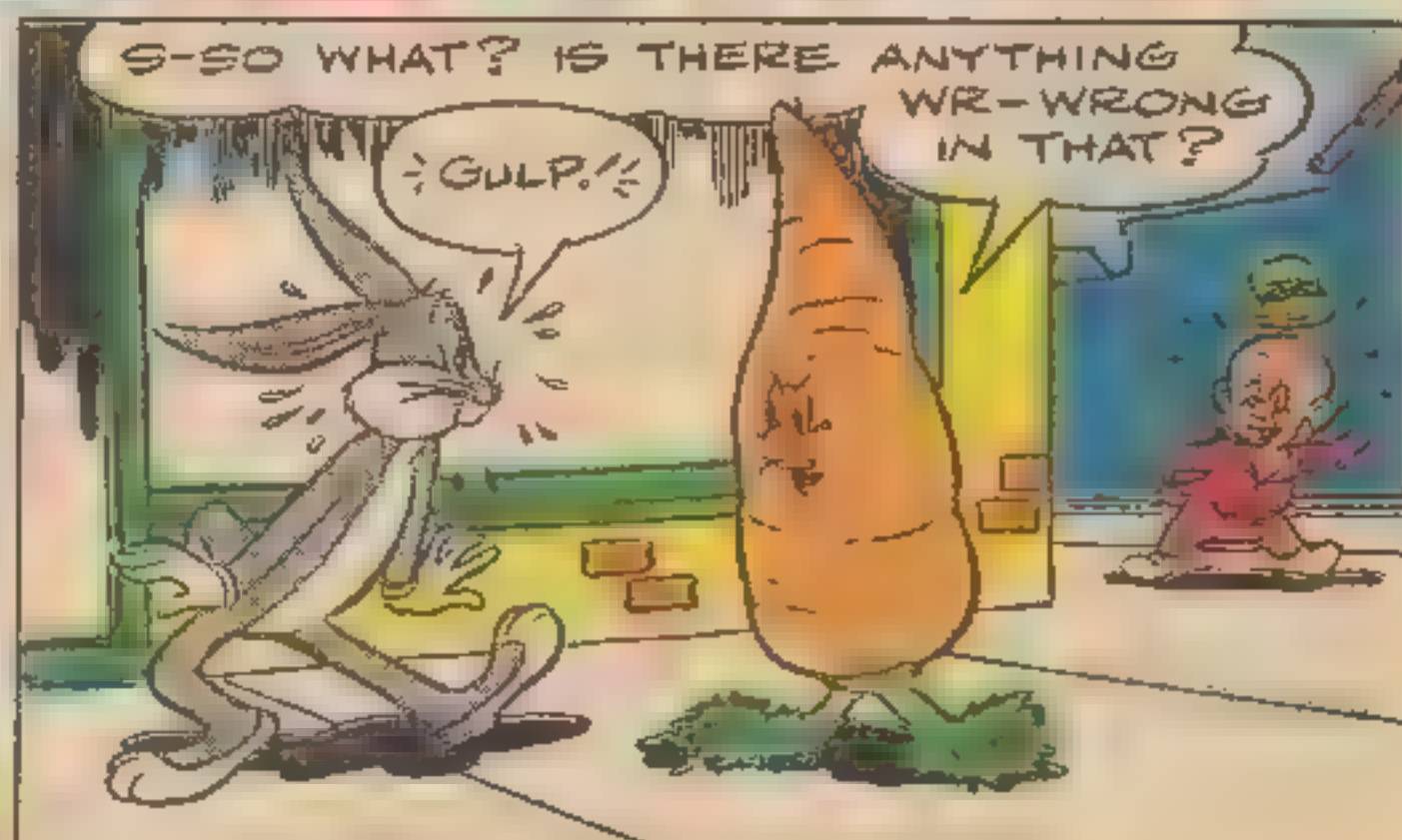
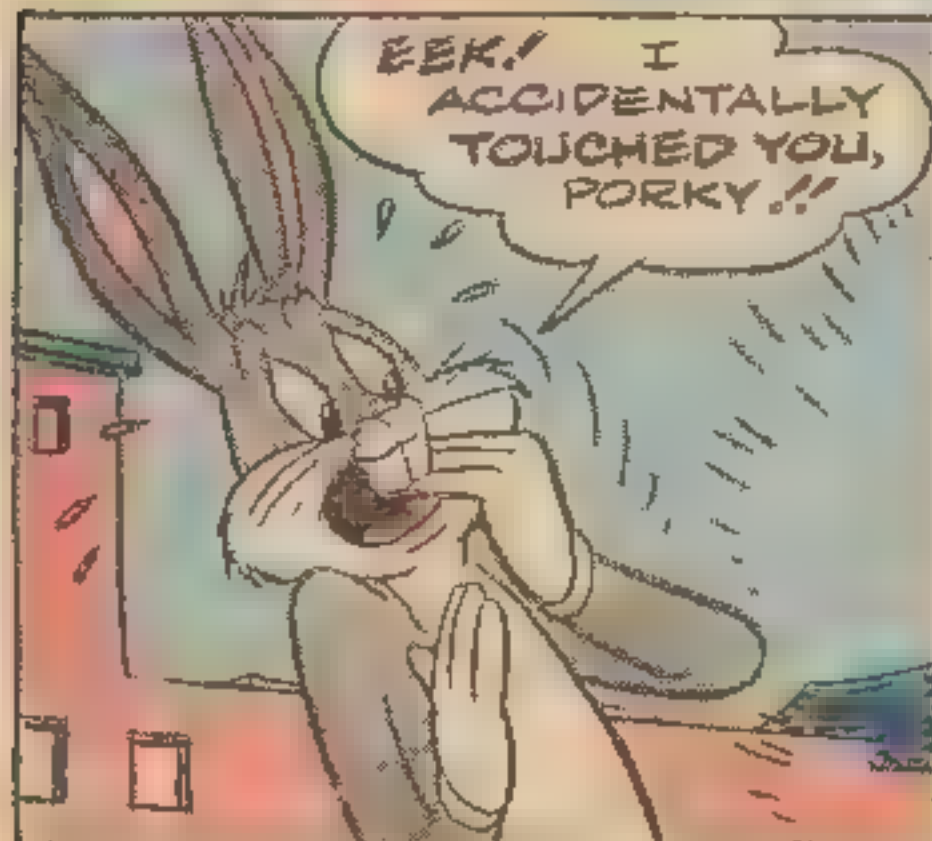
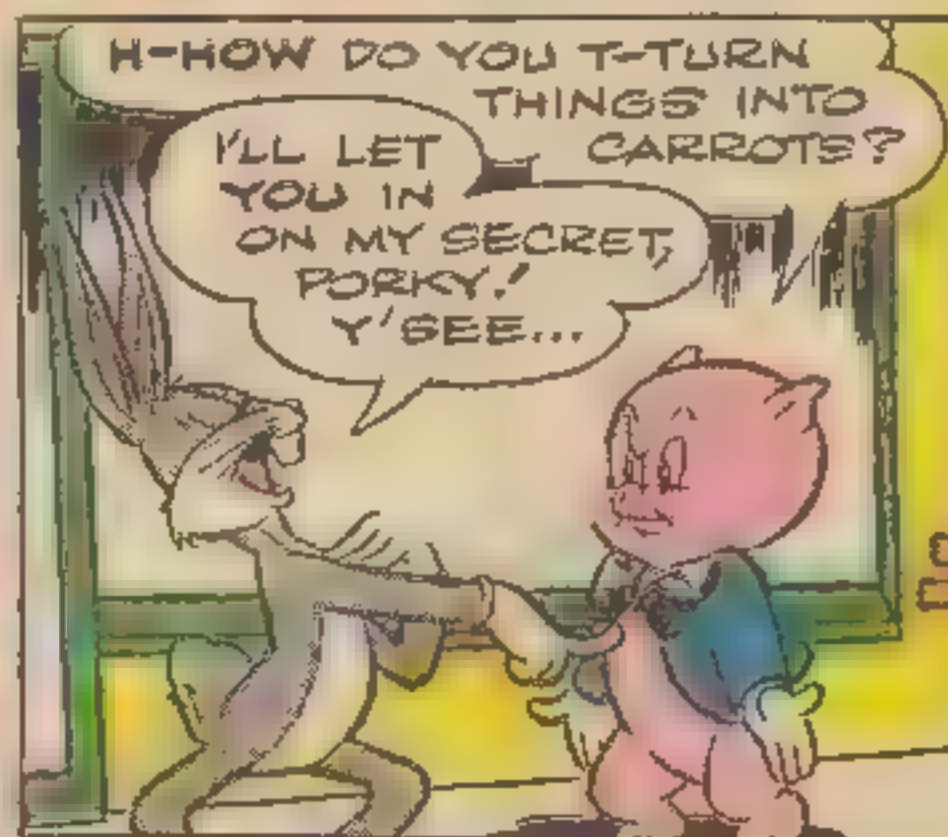
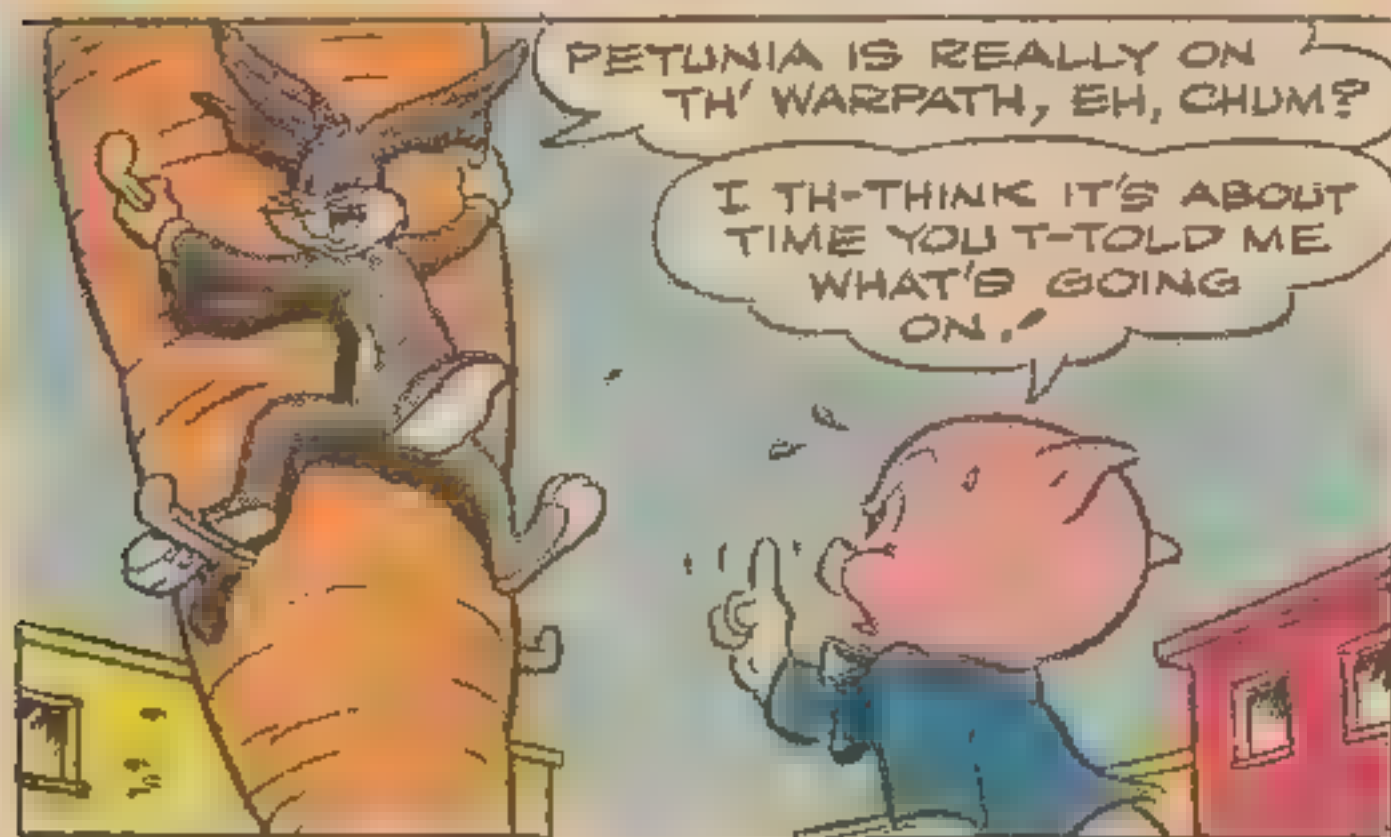
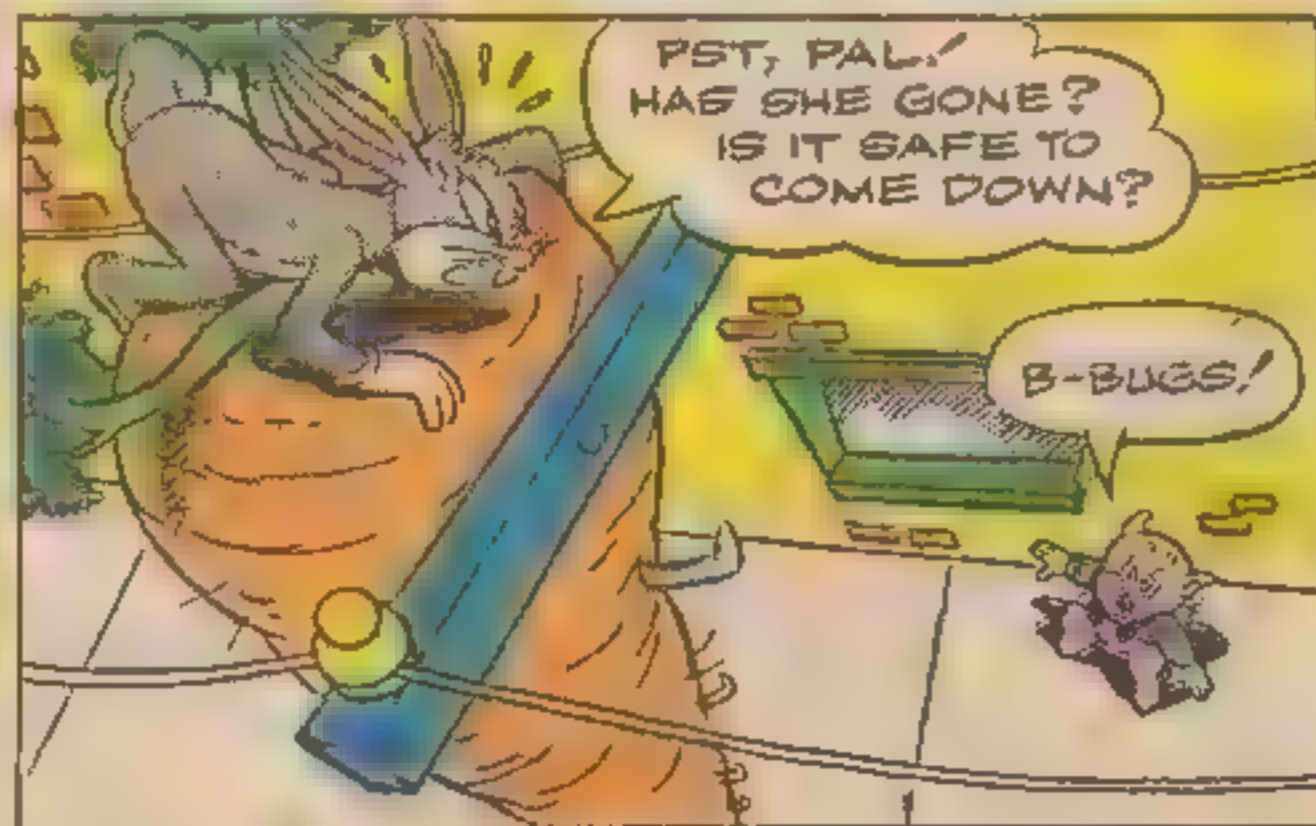
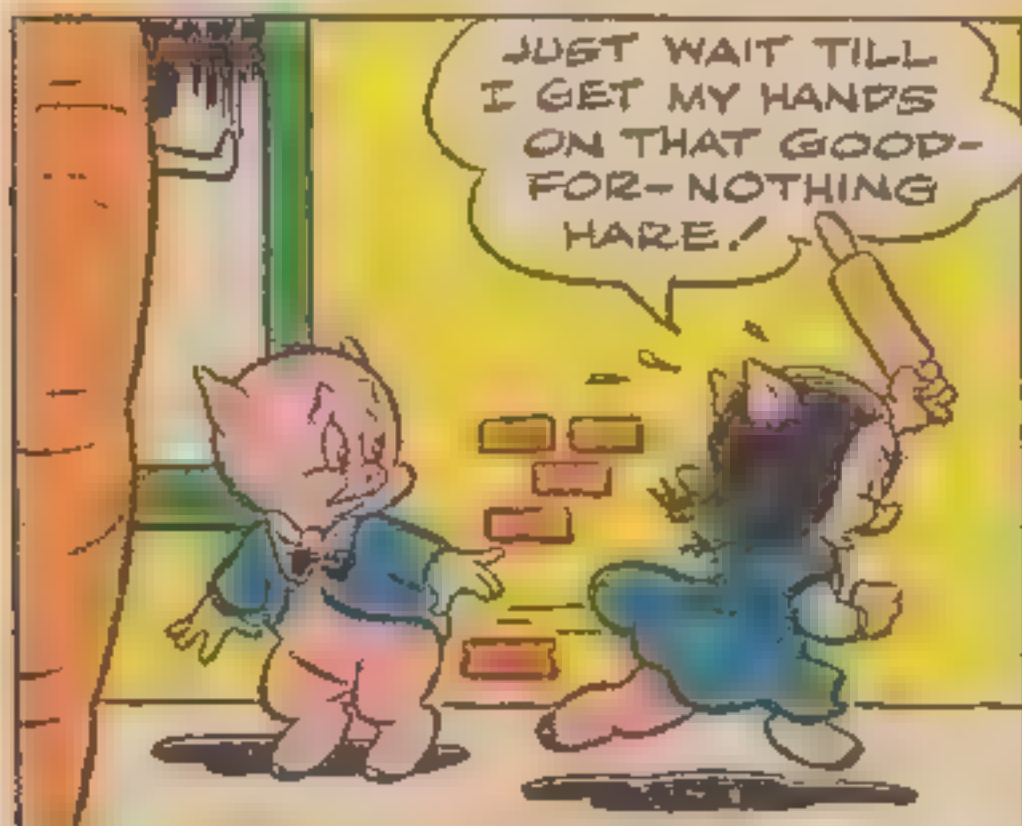
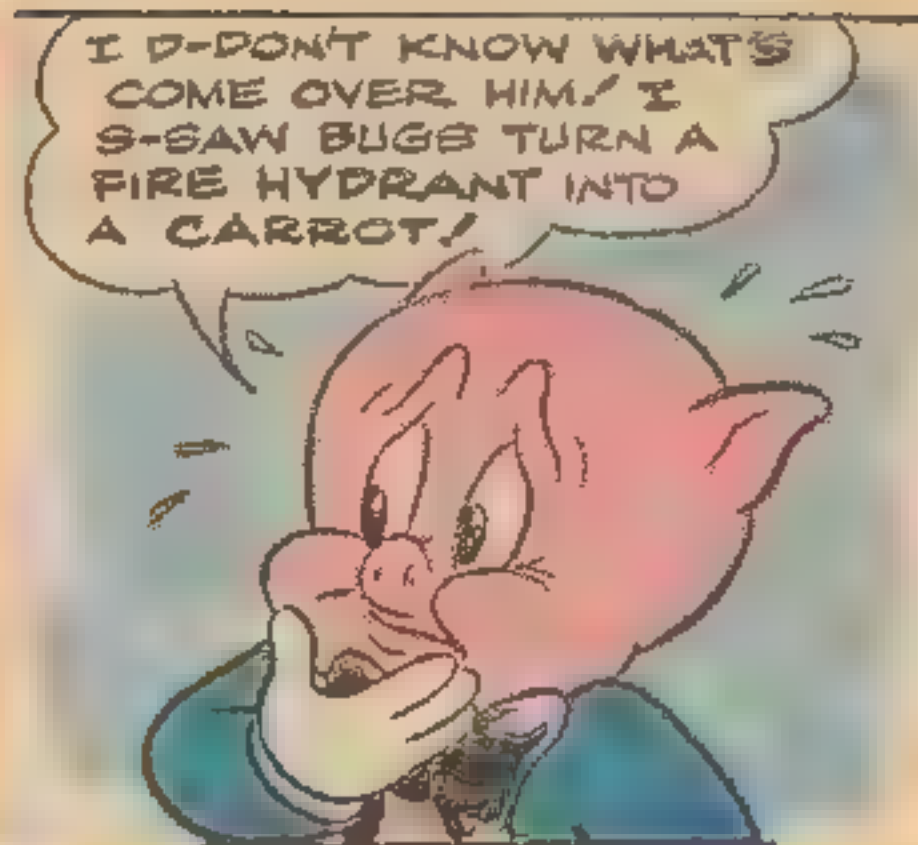
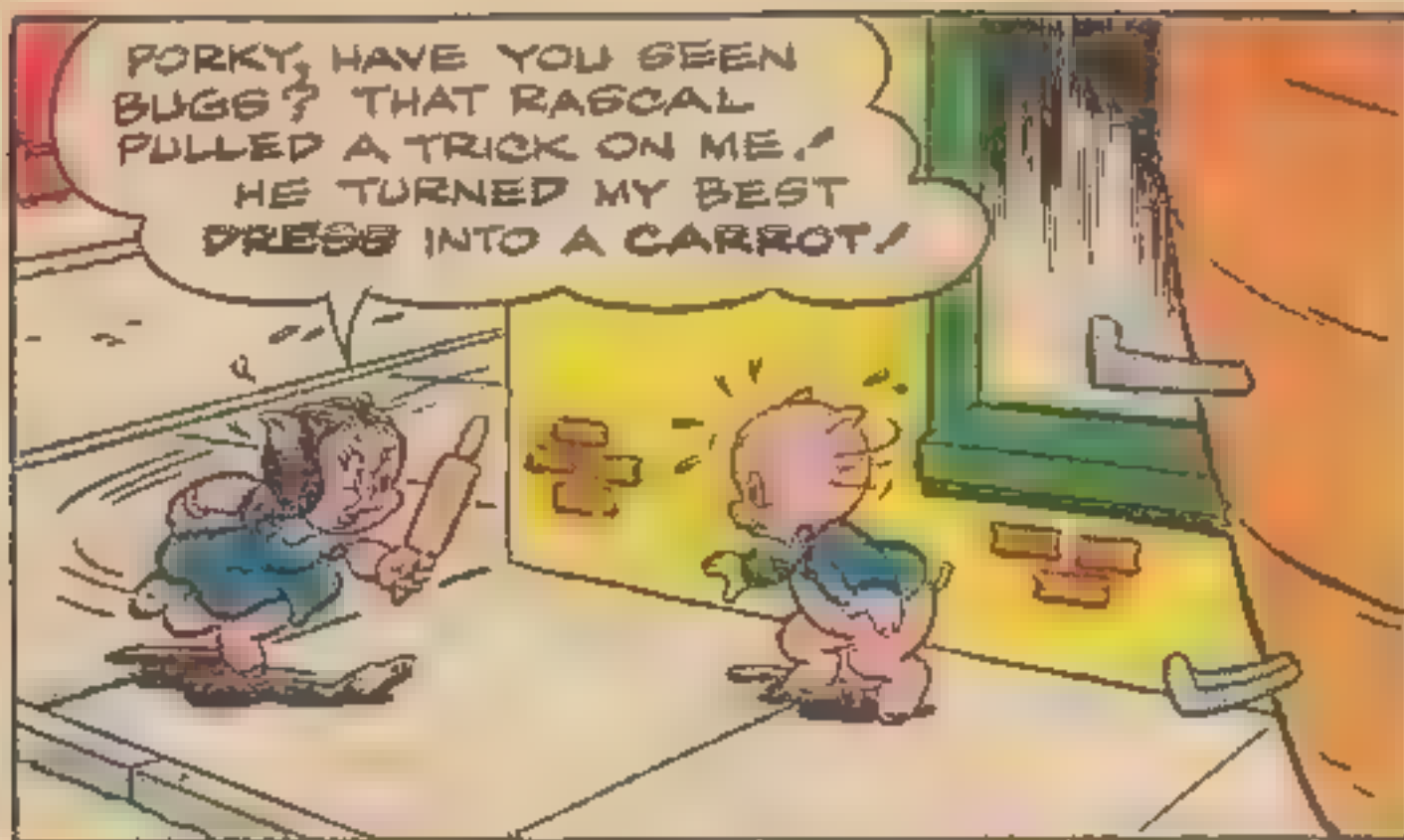


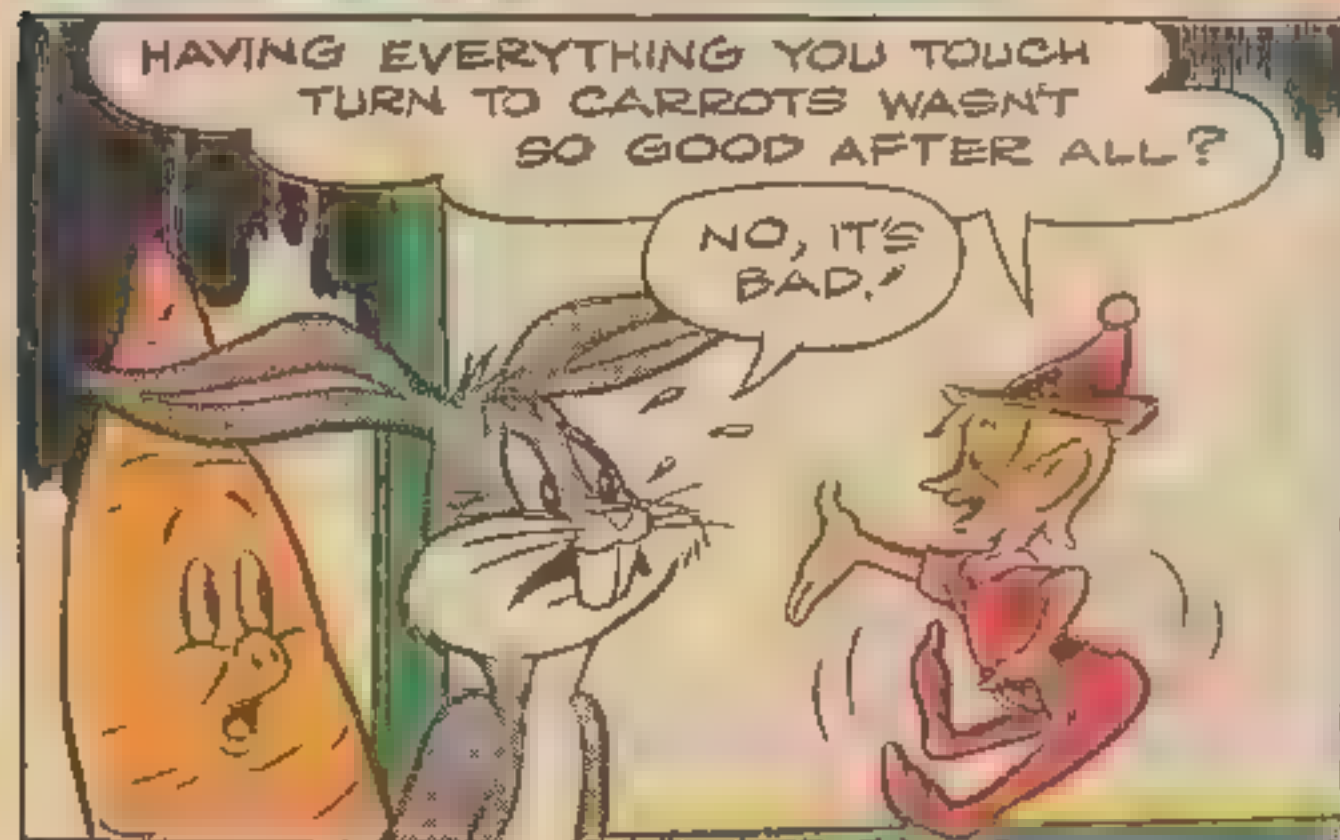
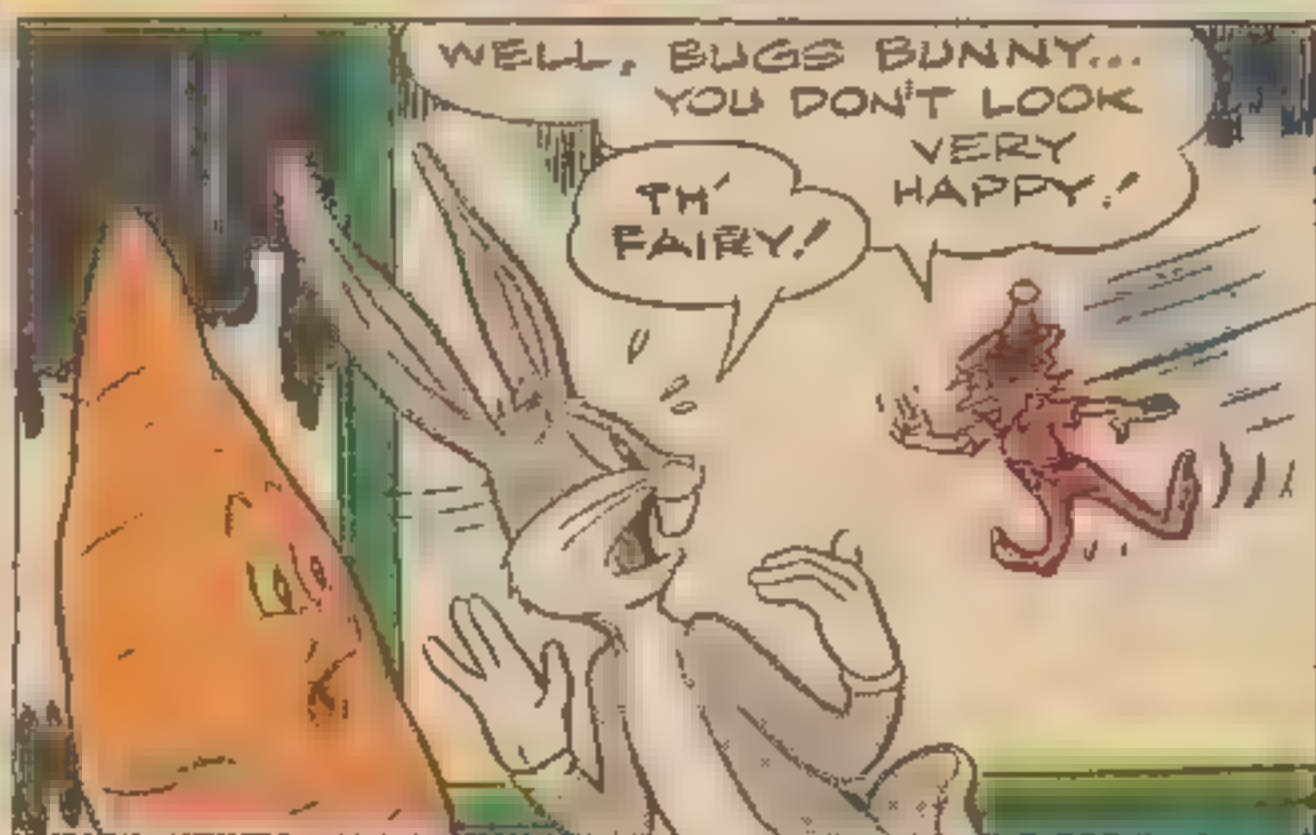
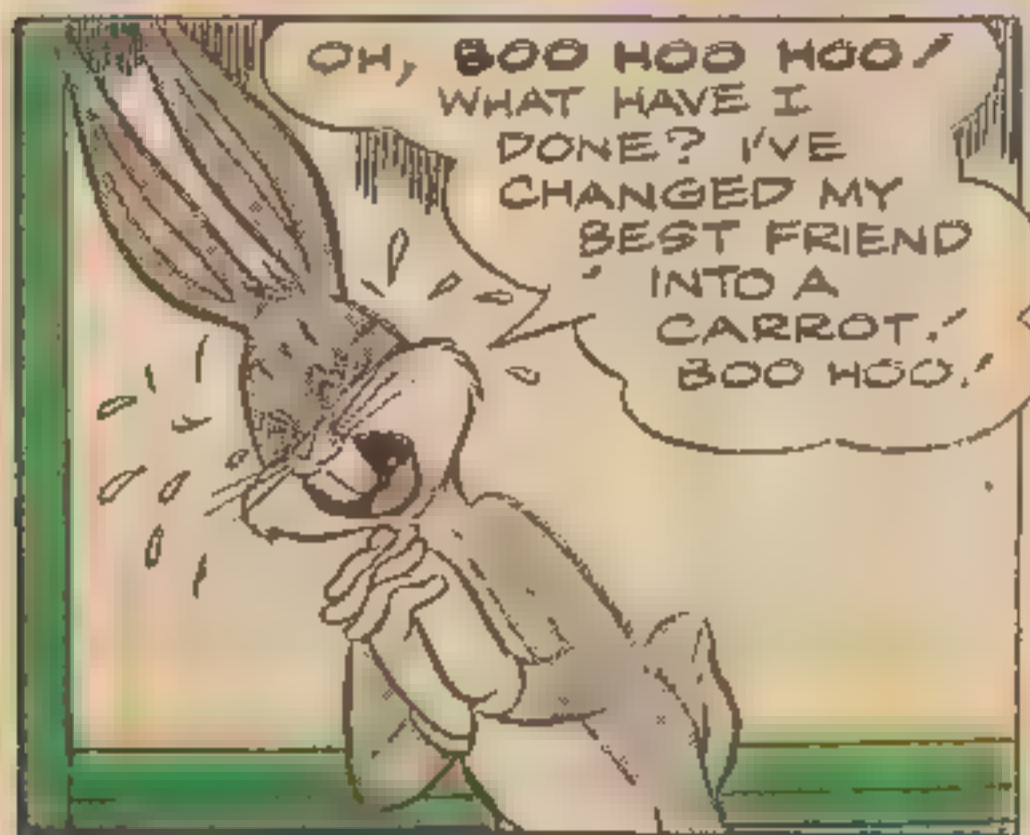
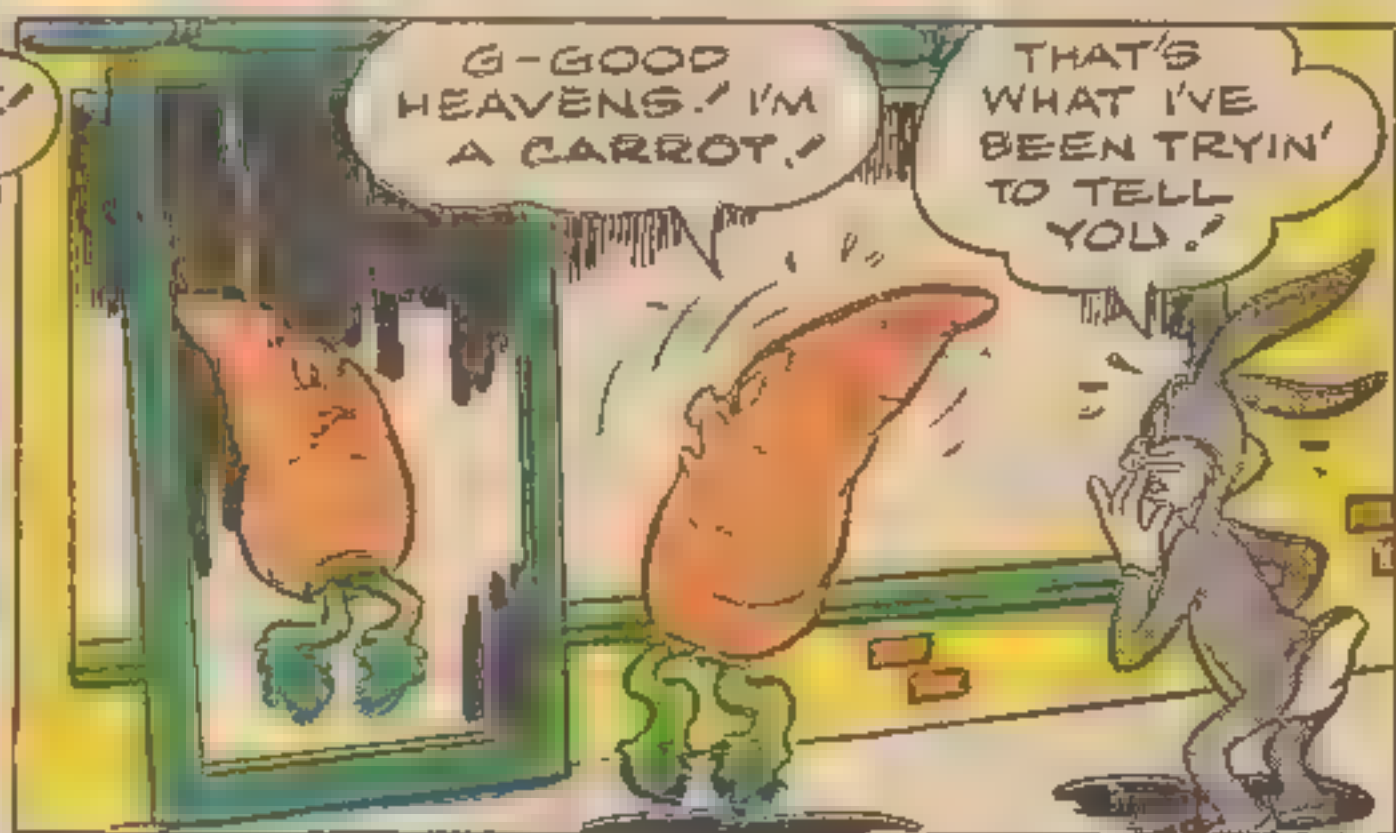
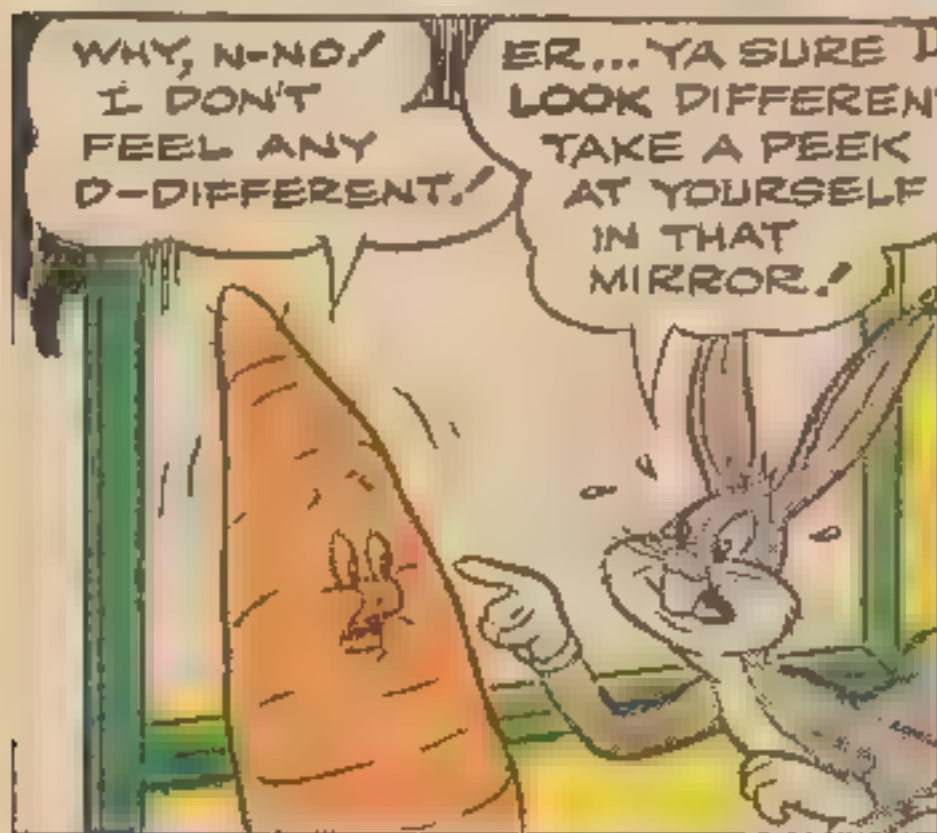
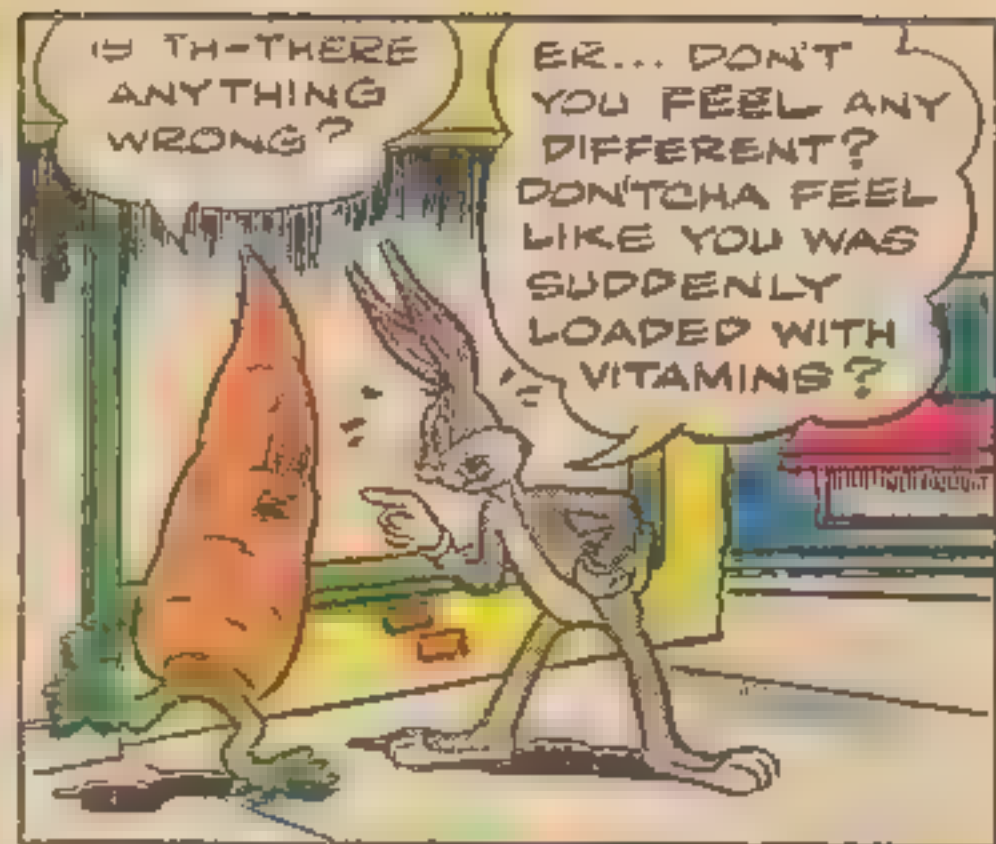
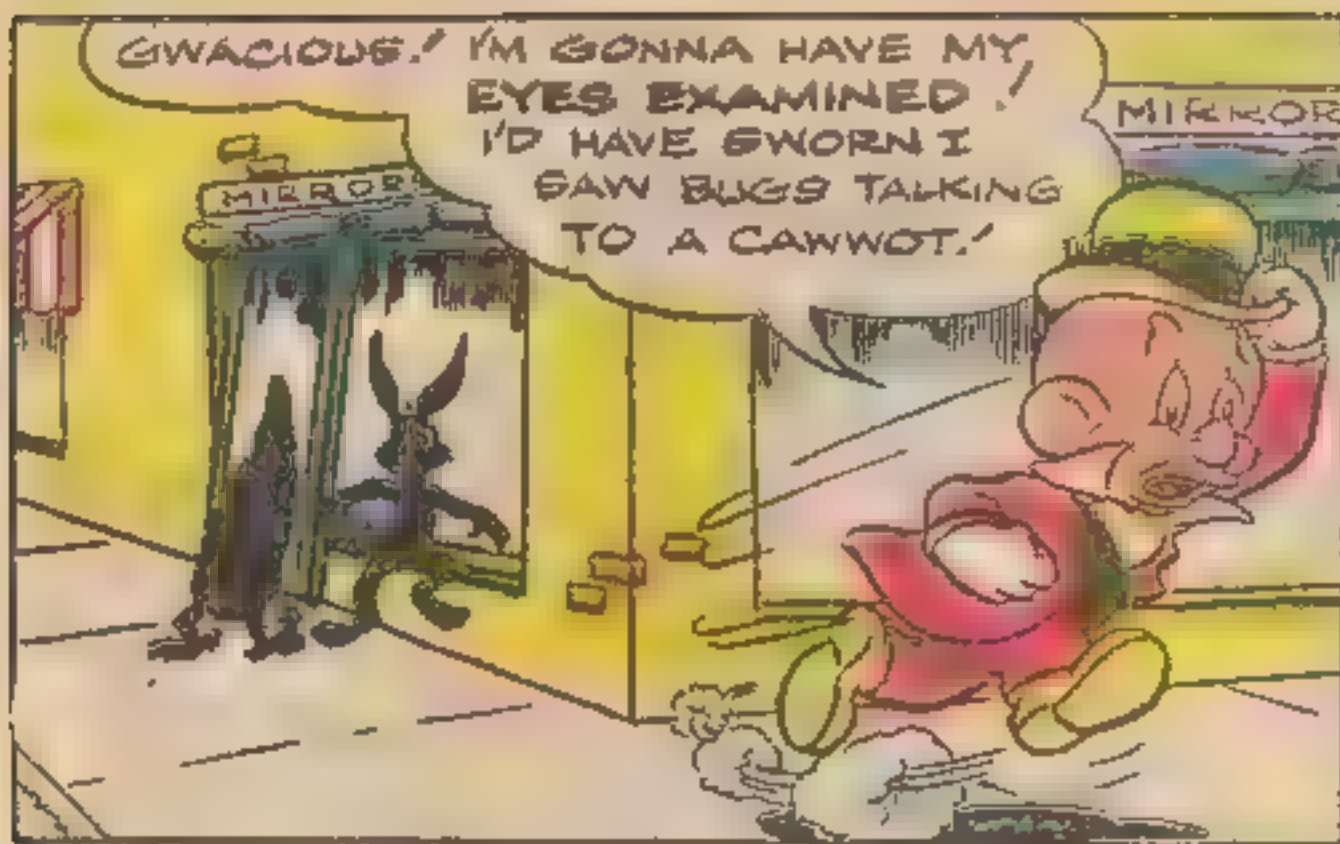


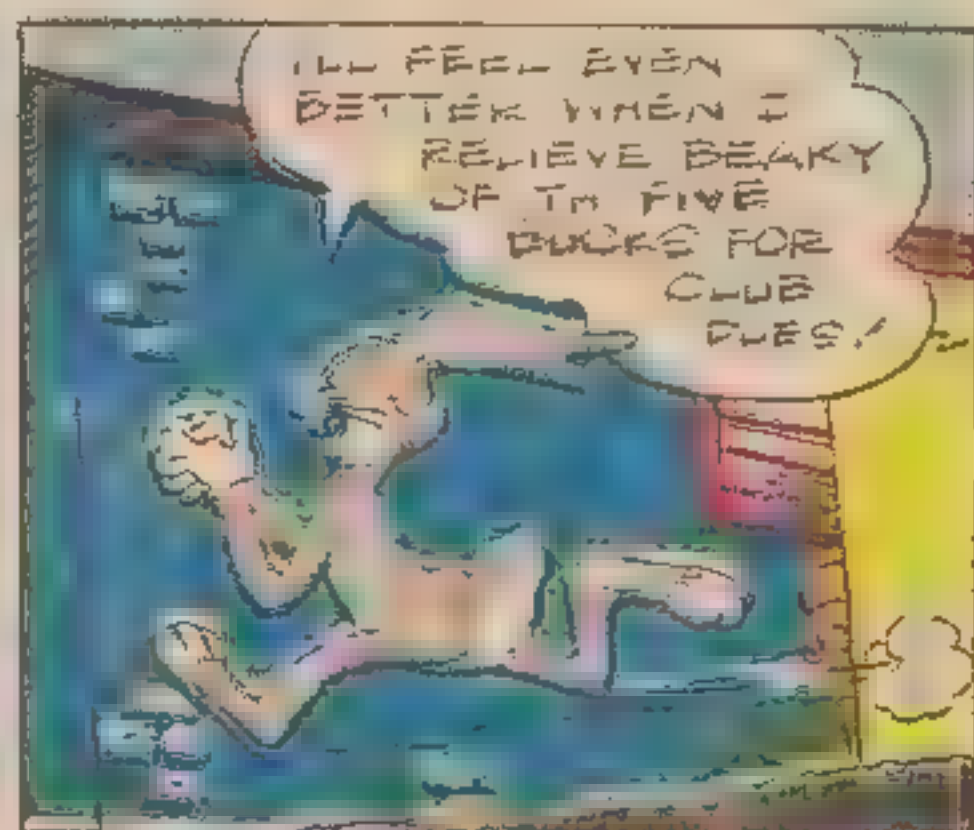
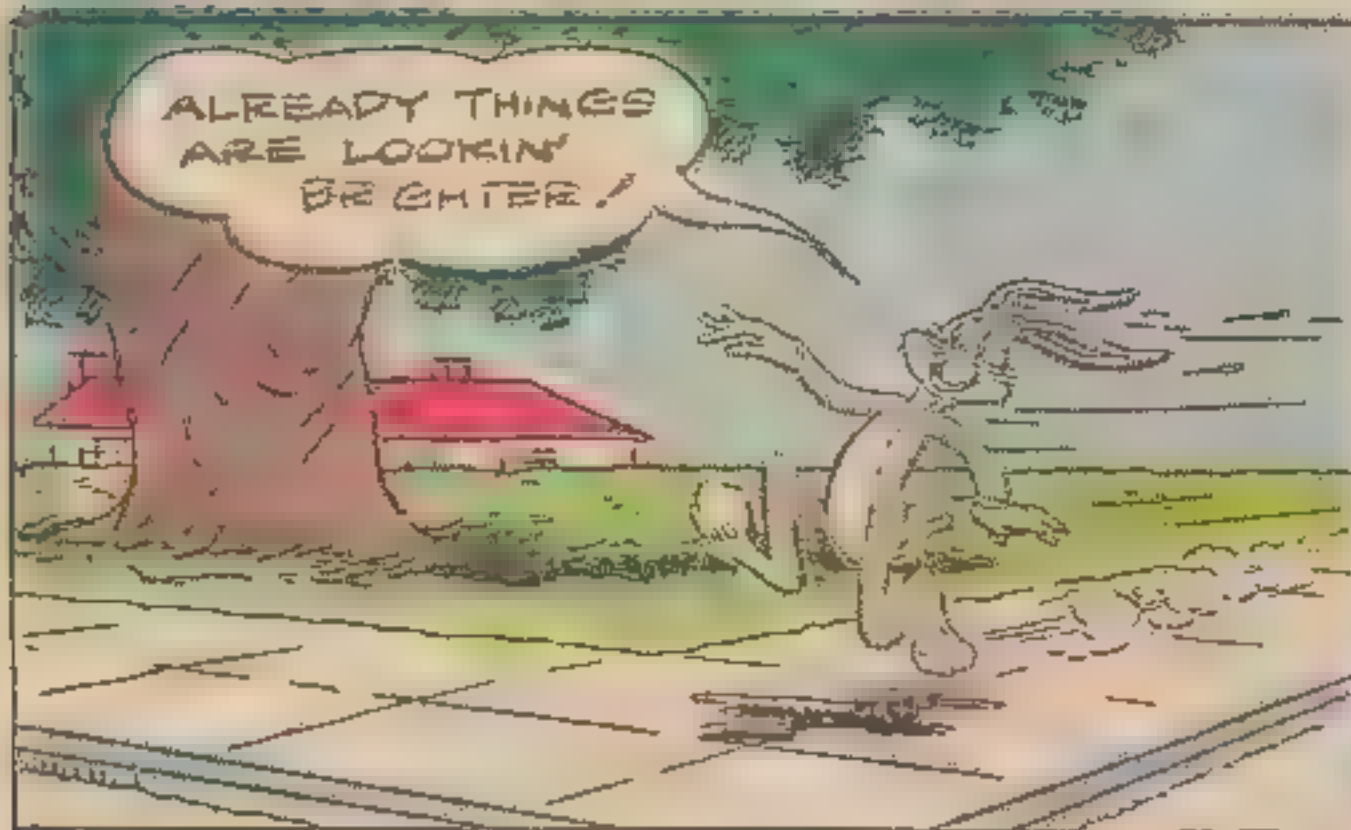
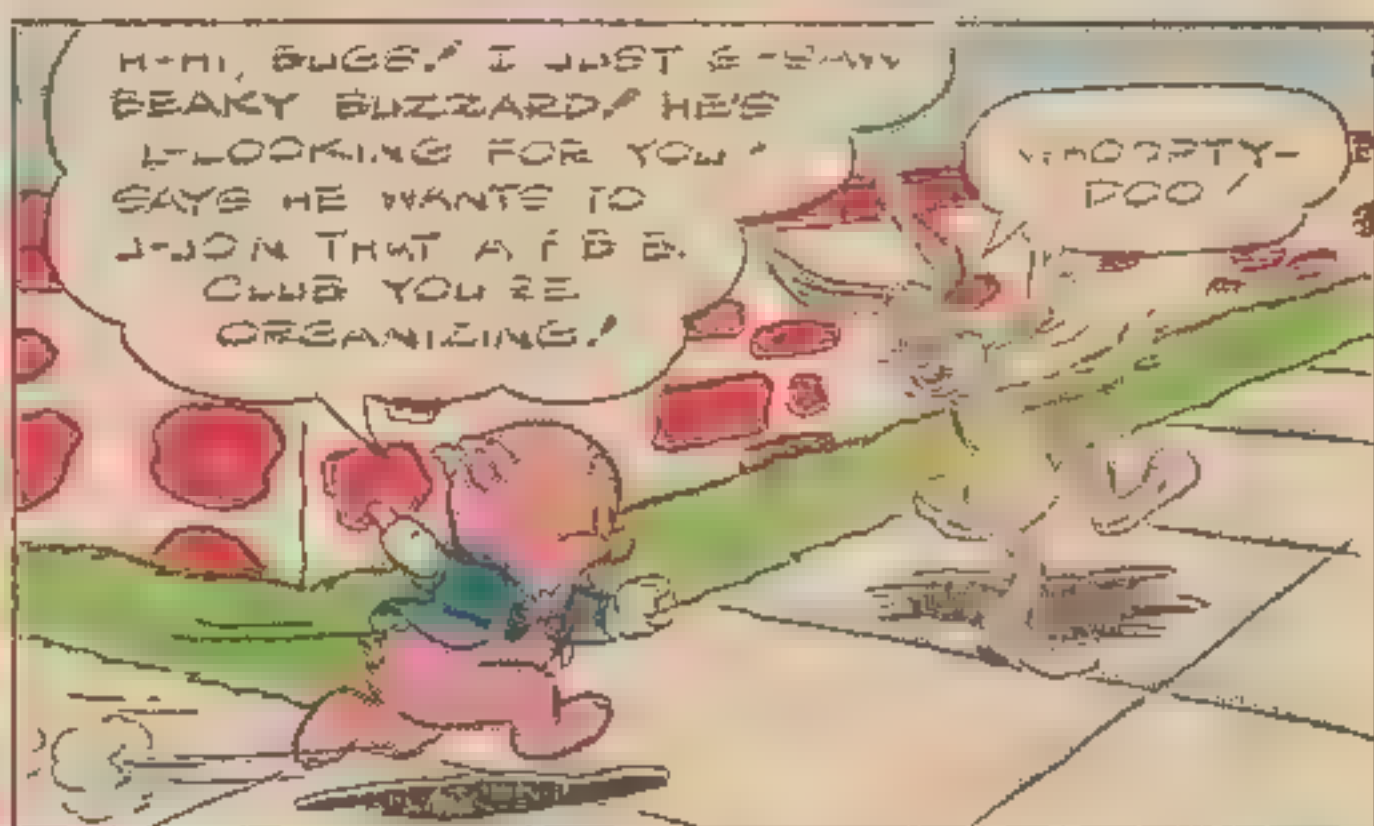
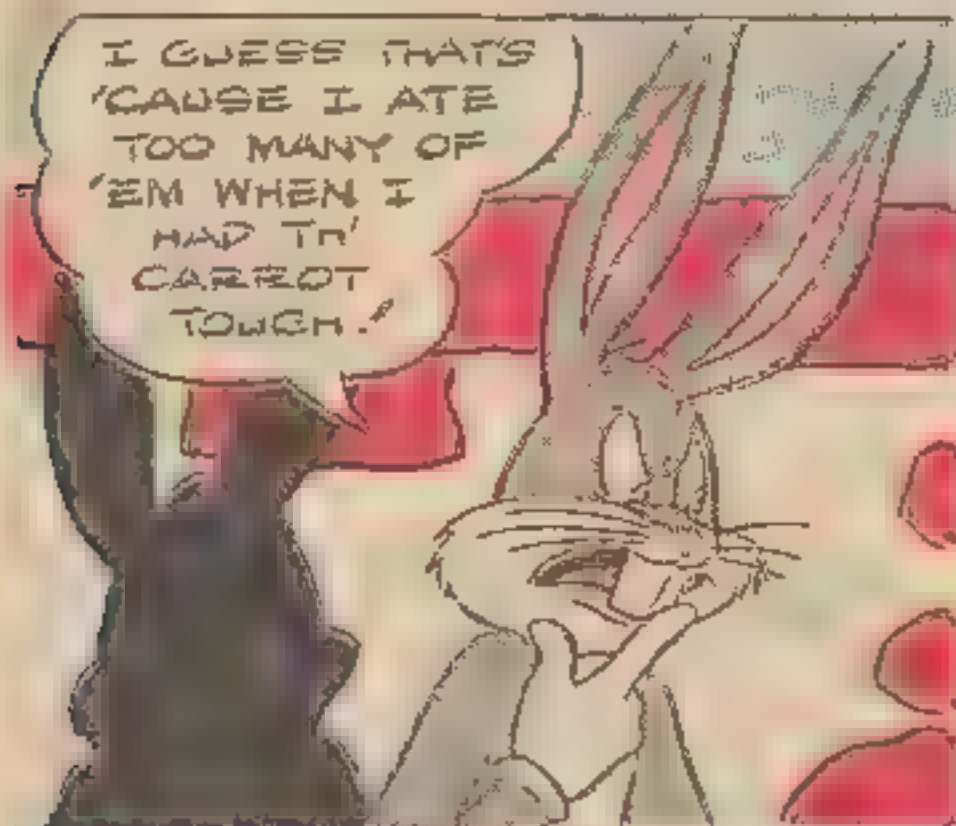
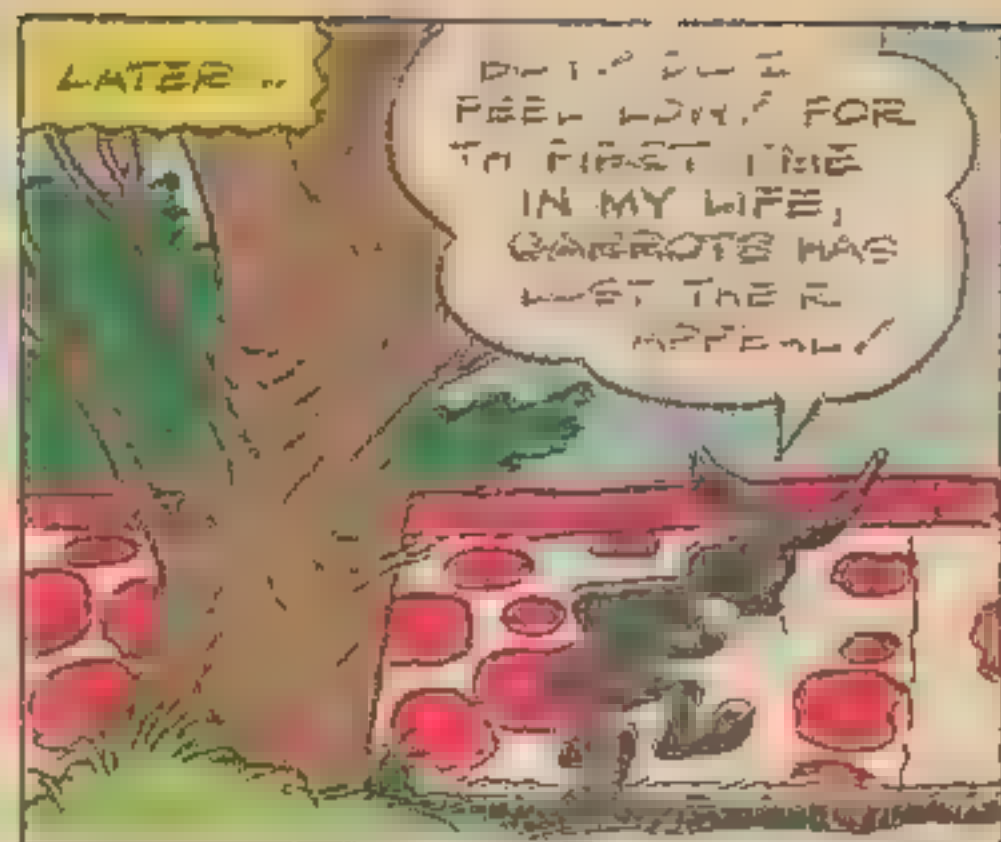
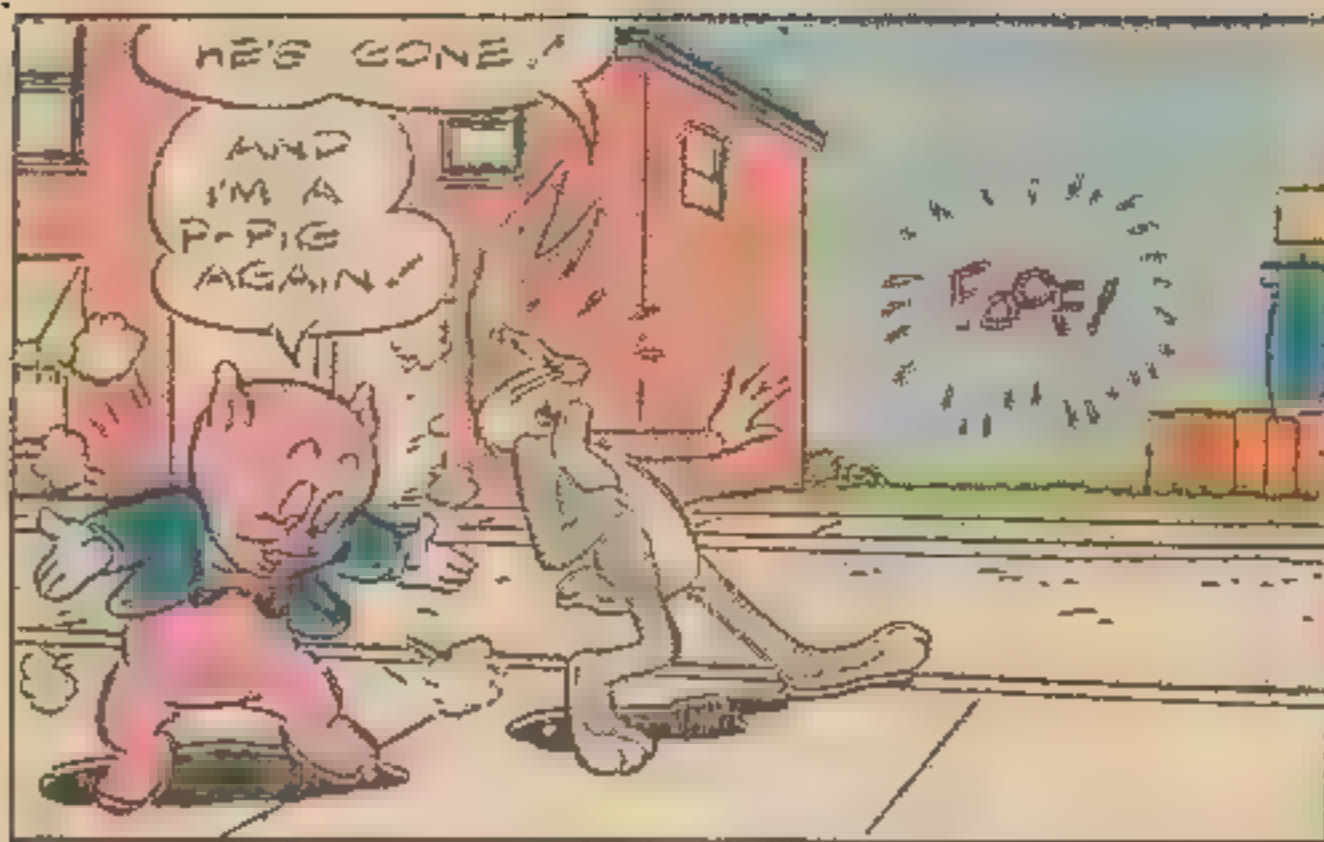












WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
PRESENT—

SNIFFLES

and

Mary Jane

PICK ME, MARY JANE! I'M A
SNAPPY LITTLE STRING
BEAN!

OH
SNIFFLES
YOU'RE
SO
FUNNY!

WATCH ME JUMP,
MARY JANE!

BE CAREFUL! DON'T
HURT YOURSELF!

JEEPERS!
WHAT
WAS
THAT?

I
DON'T
KNOW!
LET'S
CATCH
IT!

I
DON'T
SEE
IT
ANYWHERE!

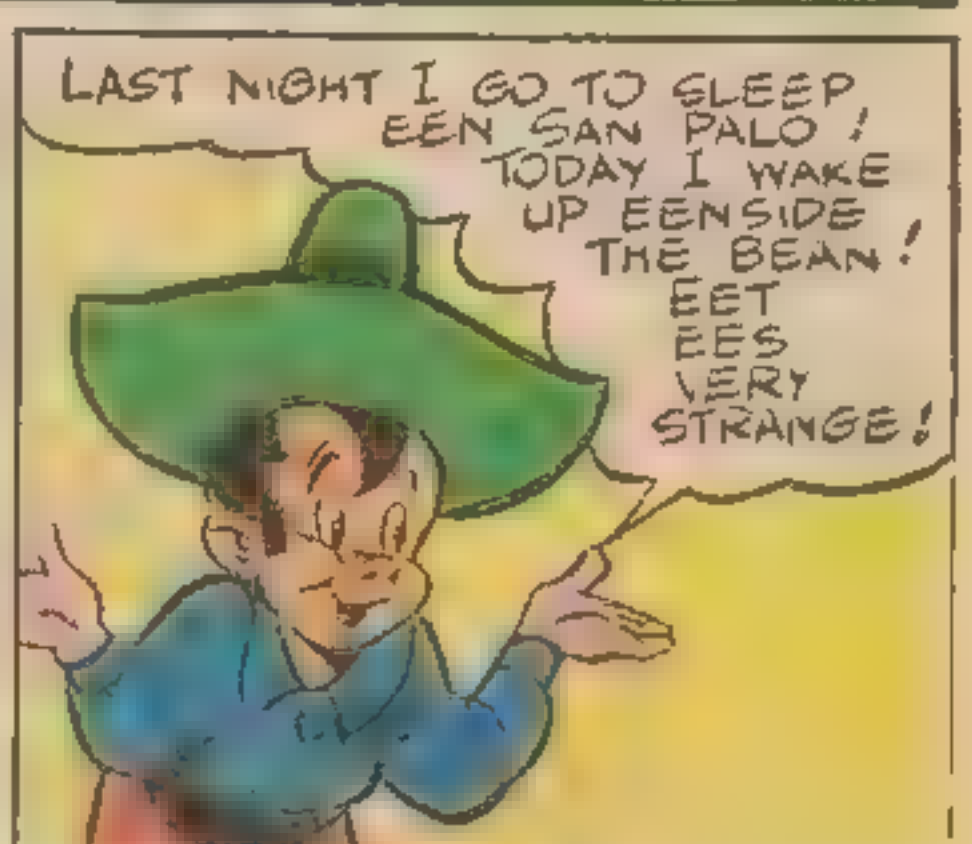
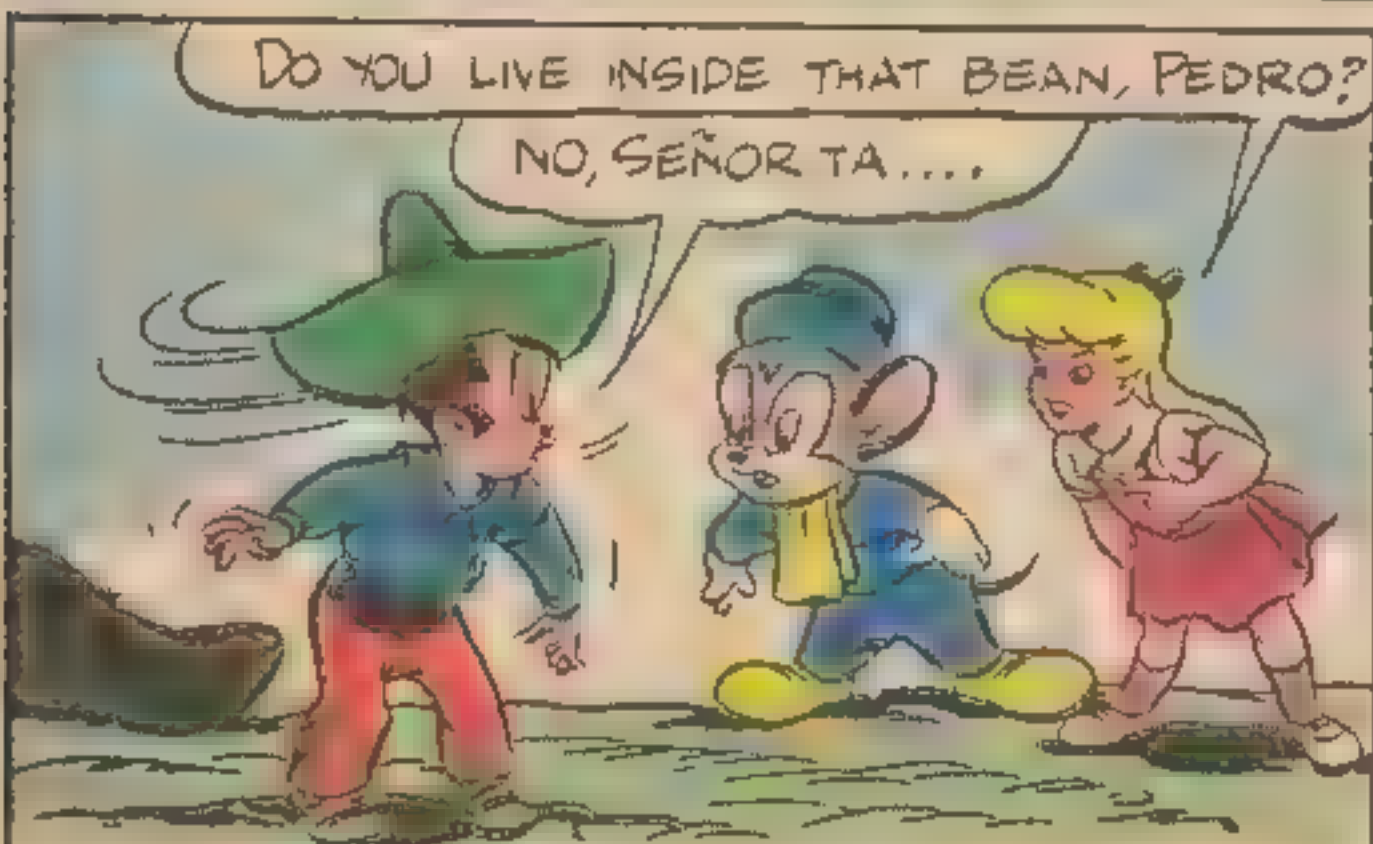
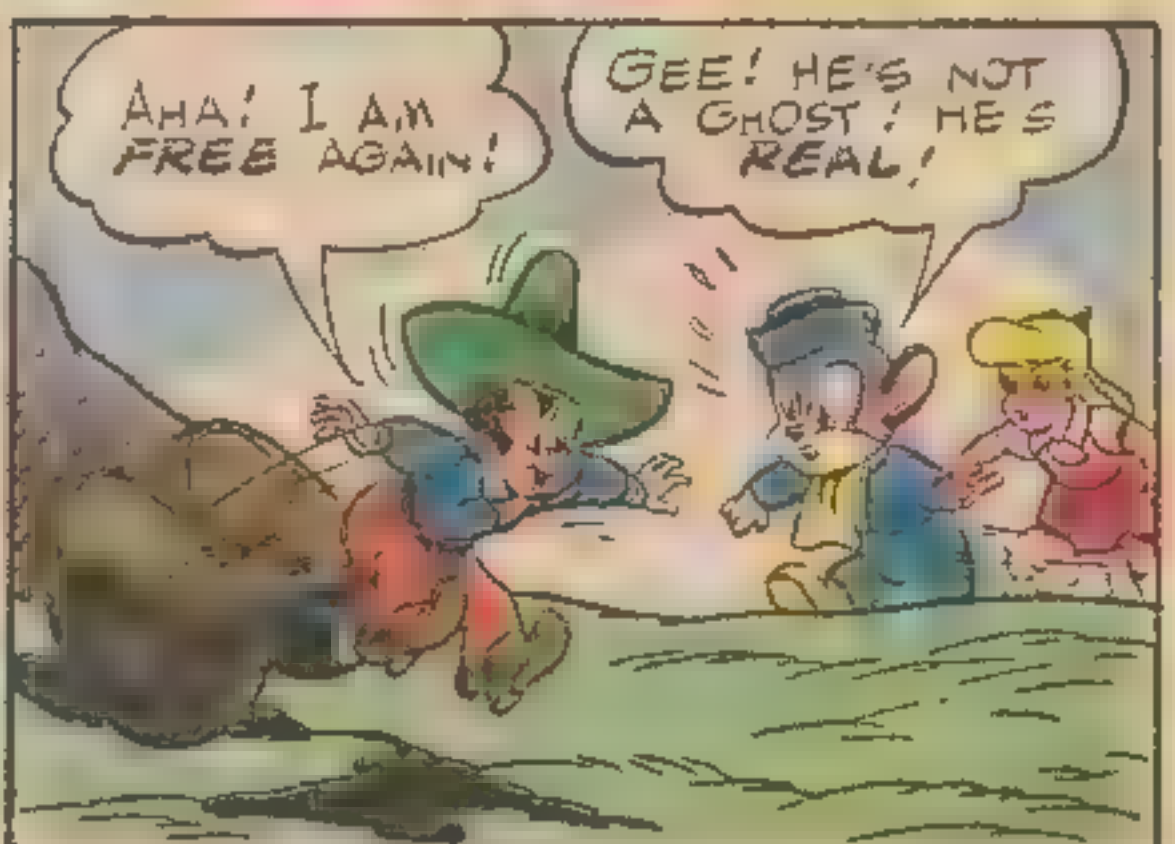
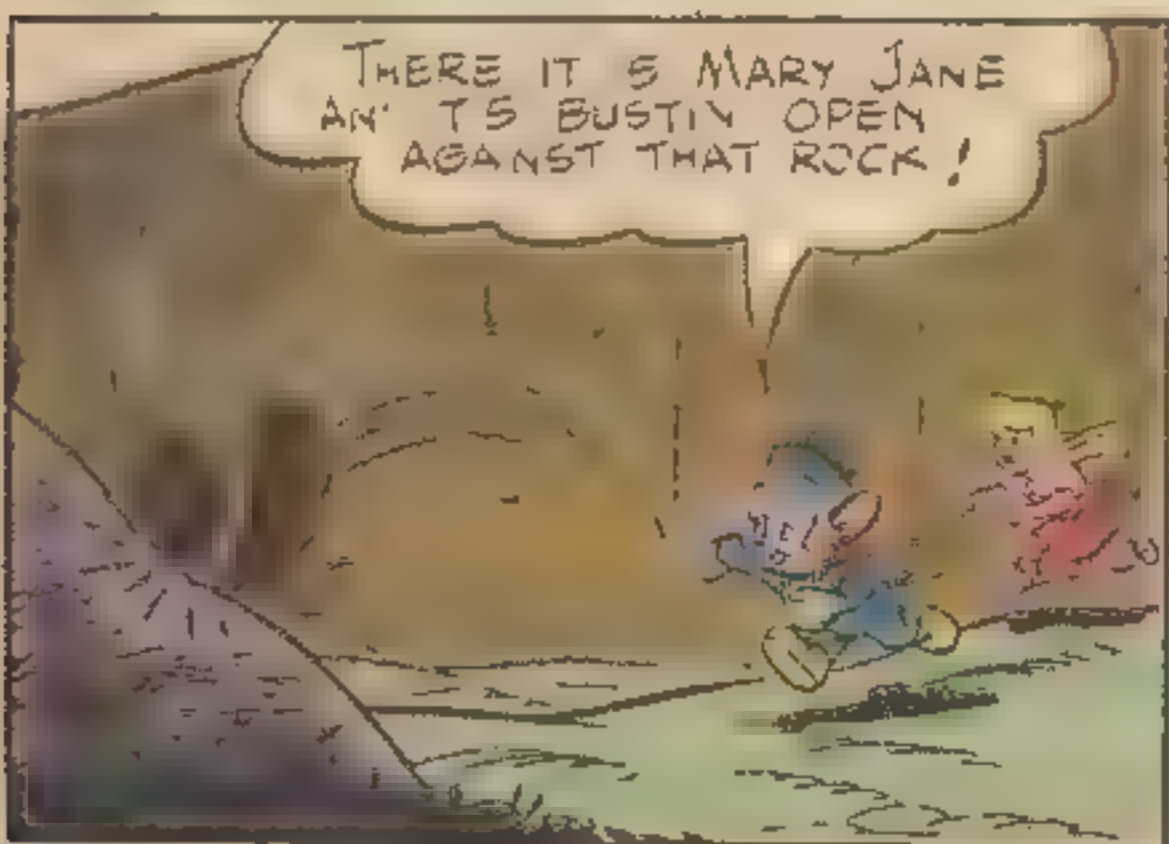
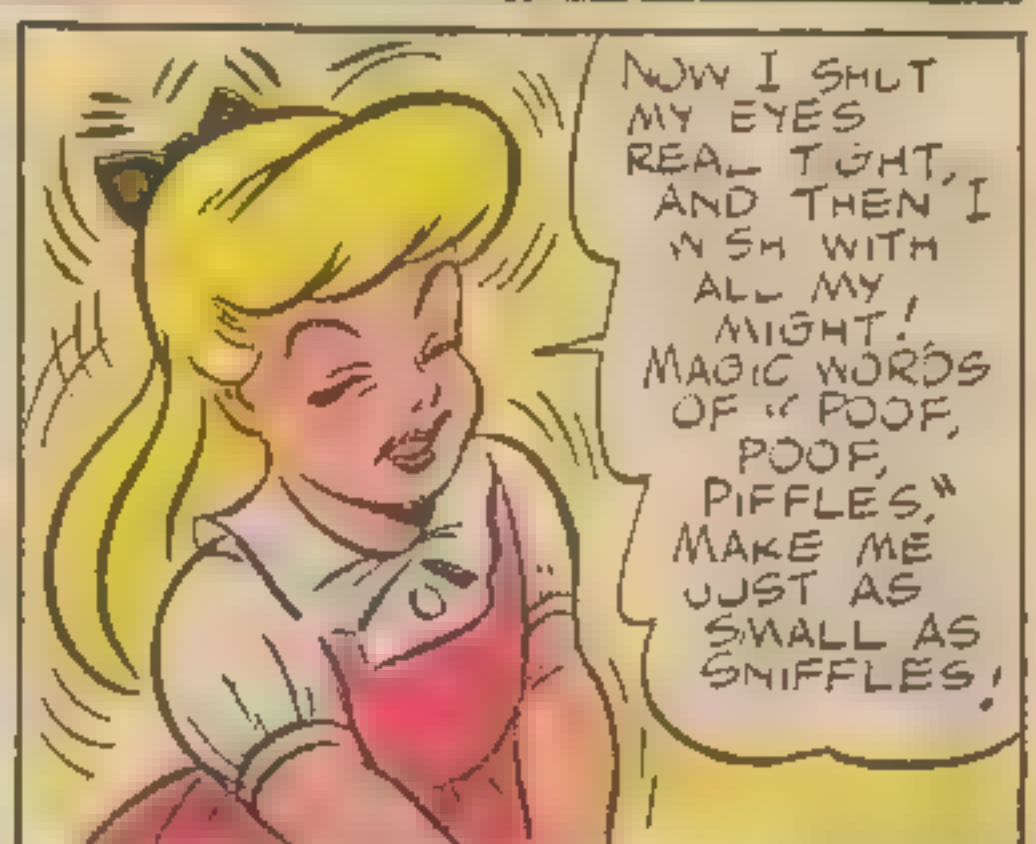
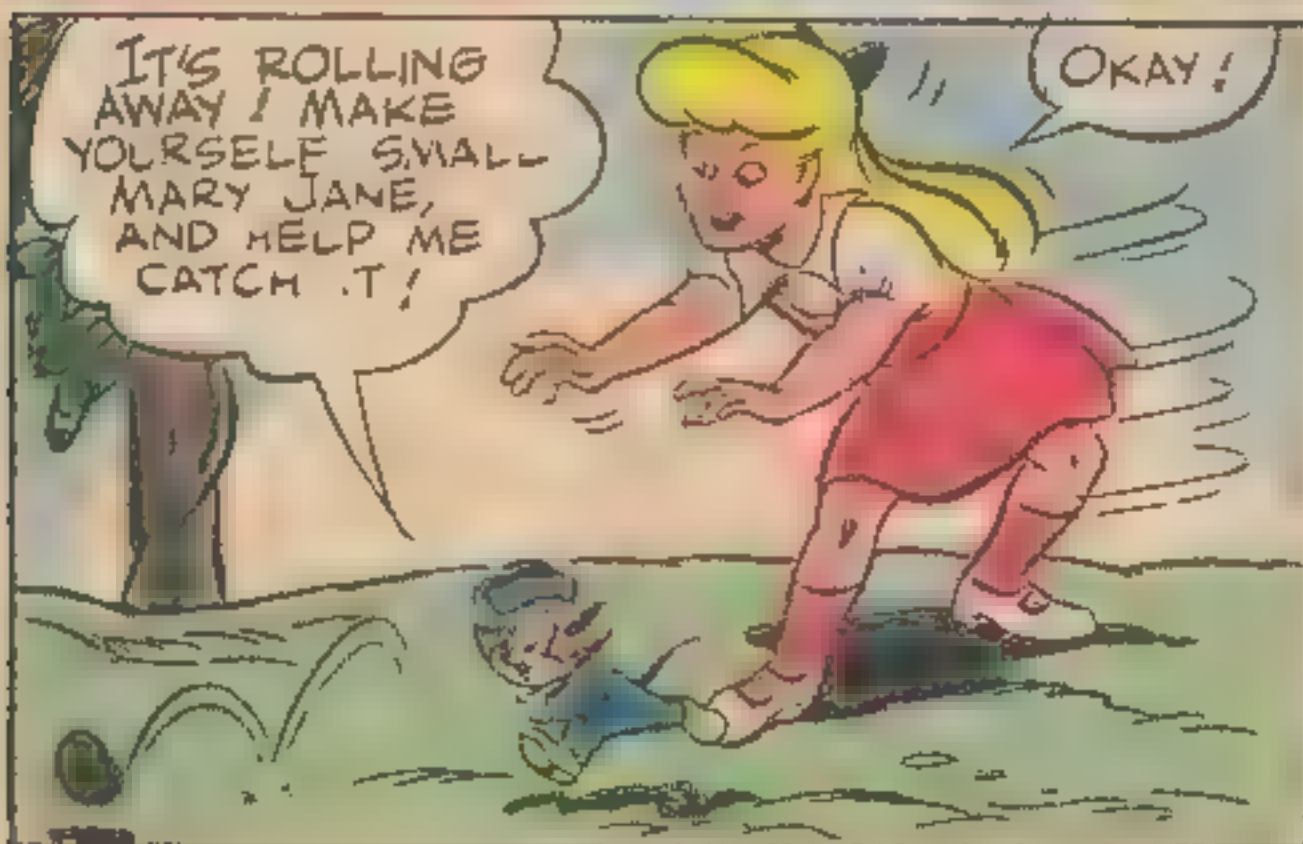
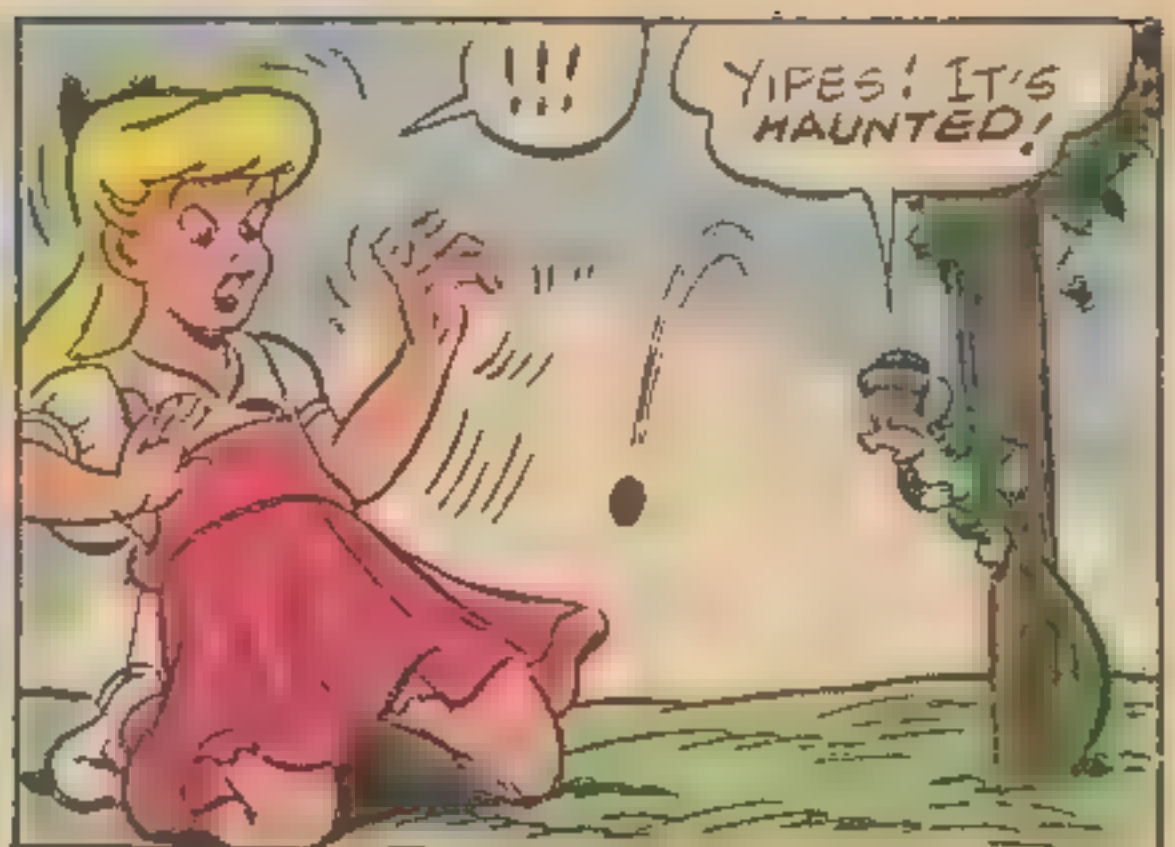
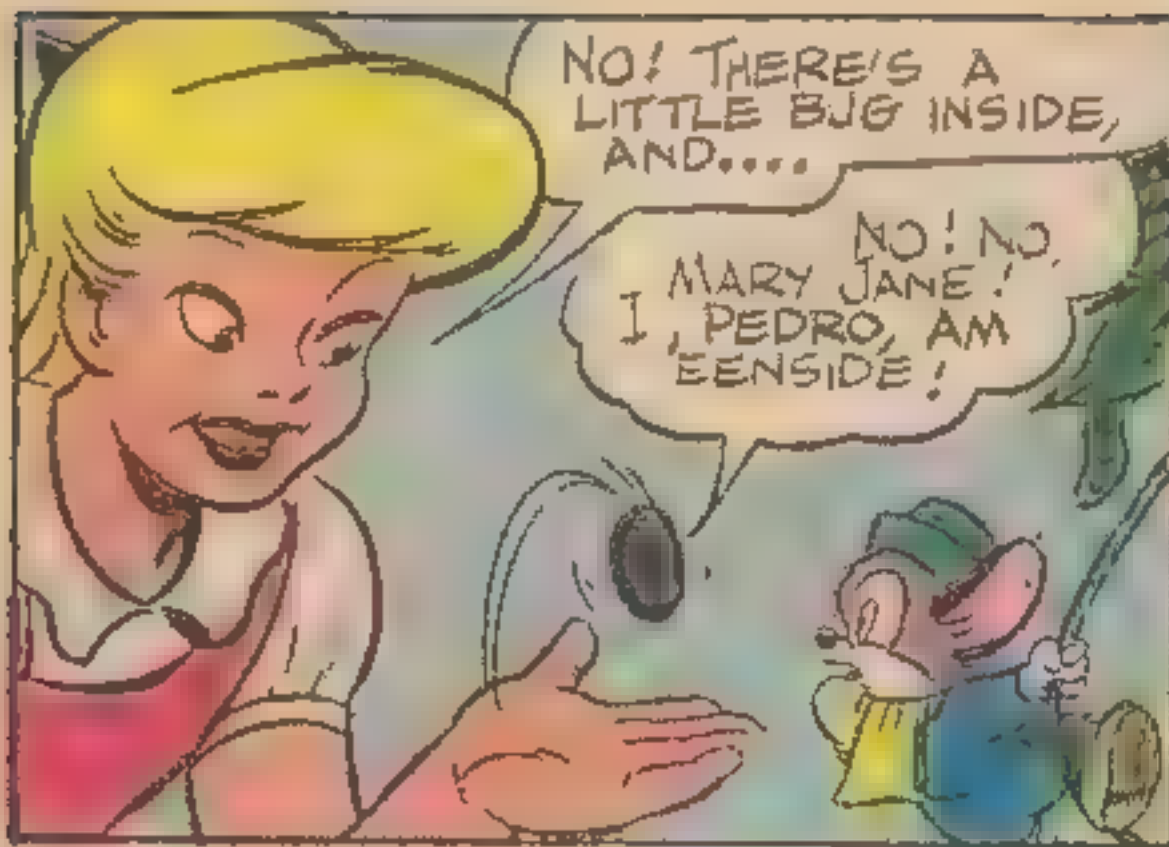
KEEP
LOOKING!
MAYBE
IT'LL
POP
UP
AGAIN!

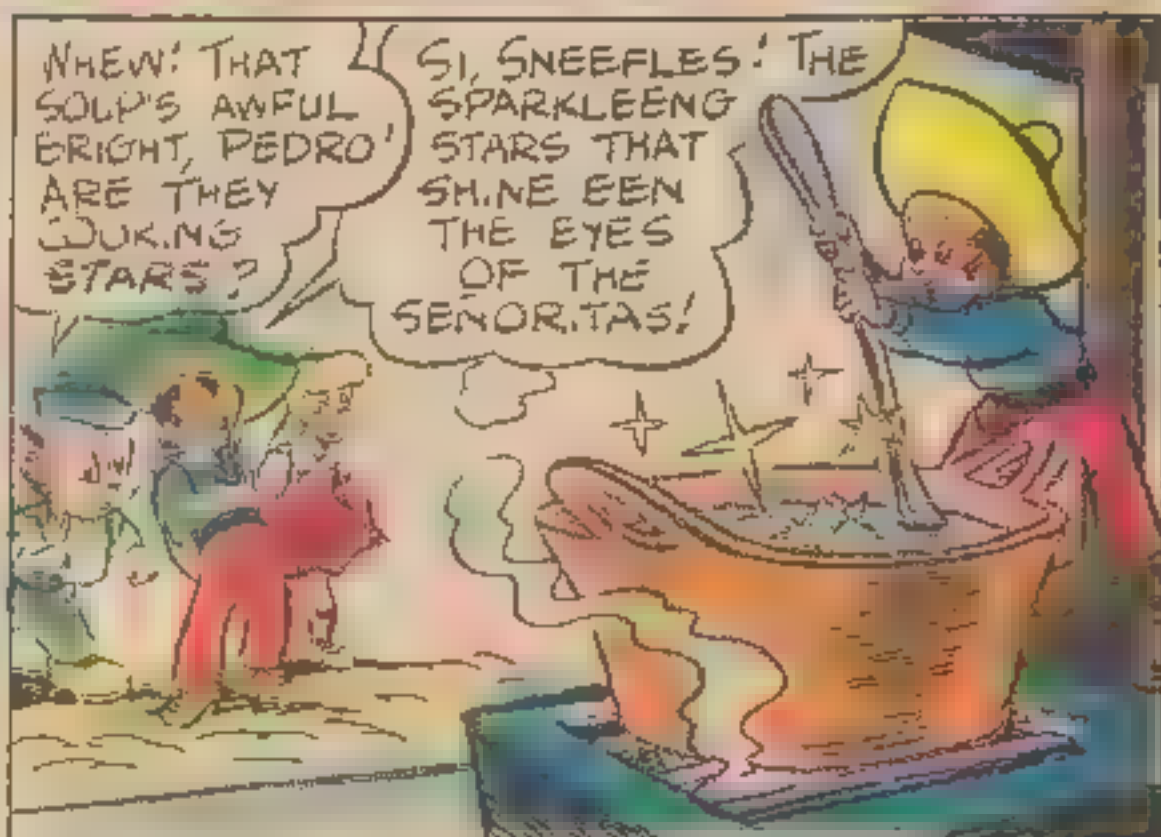
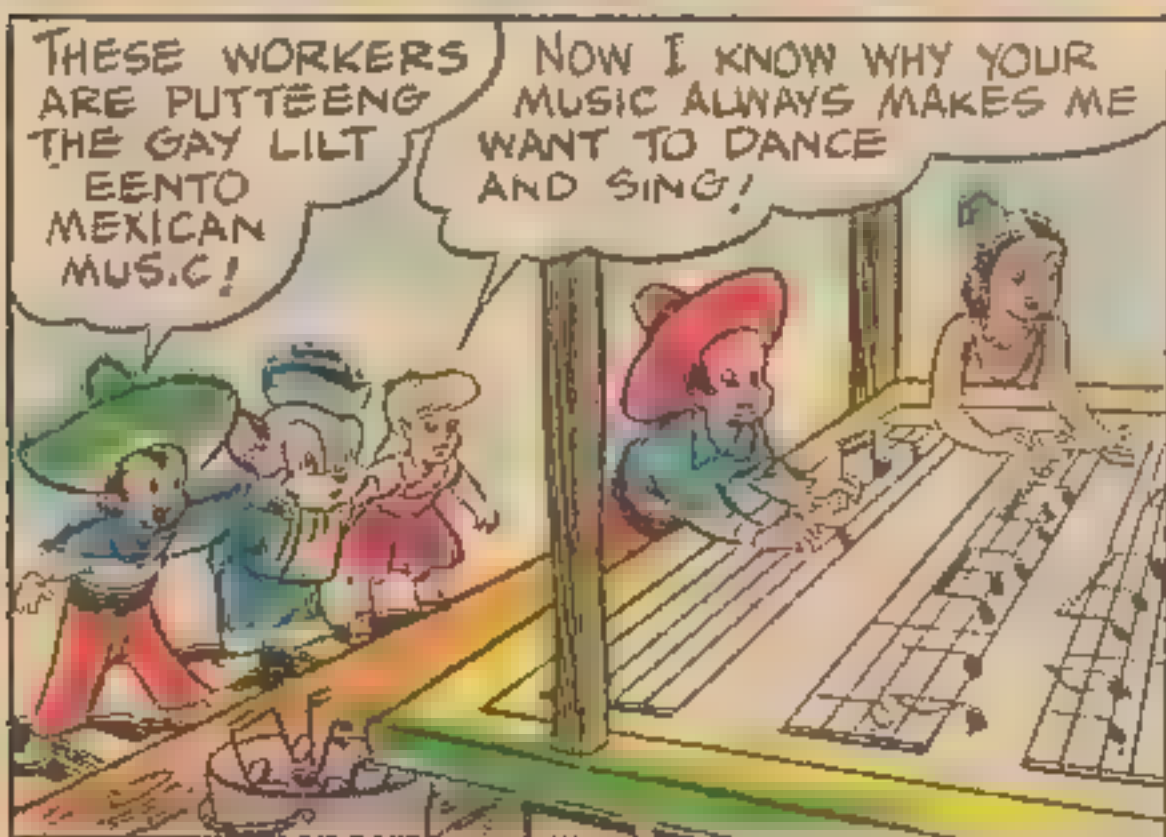
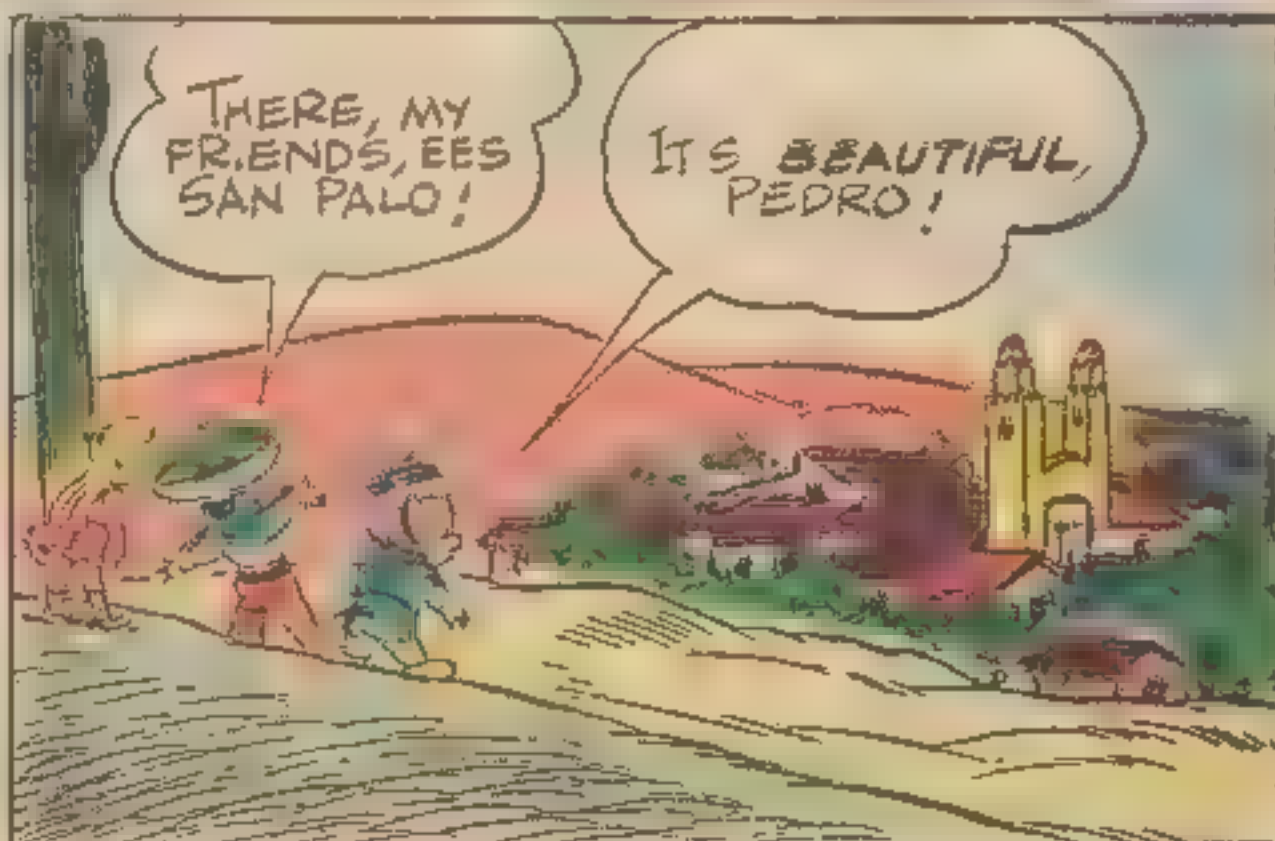
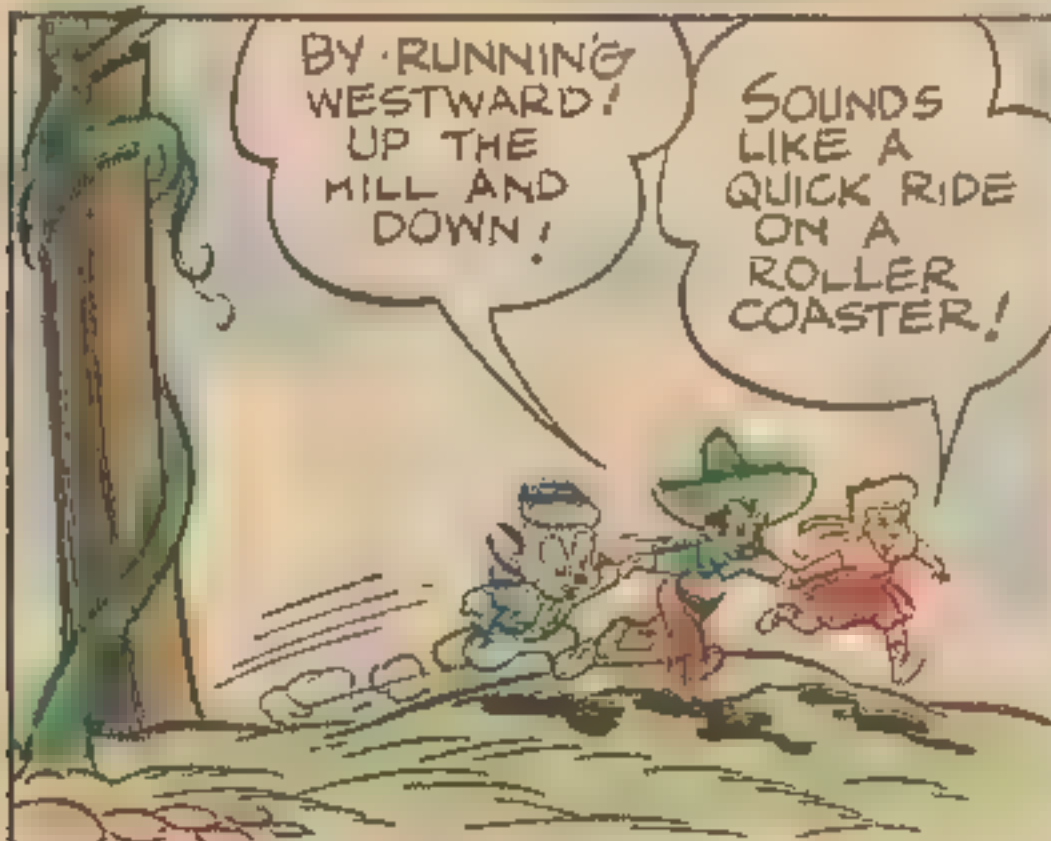
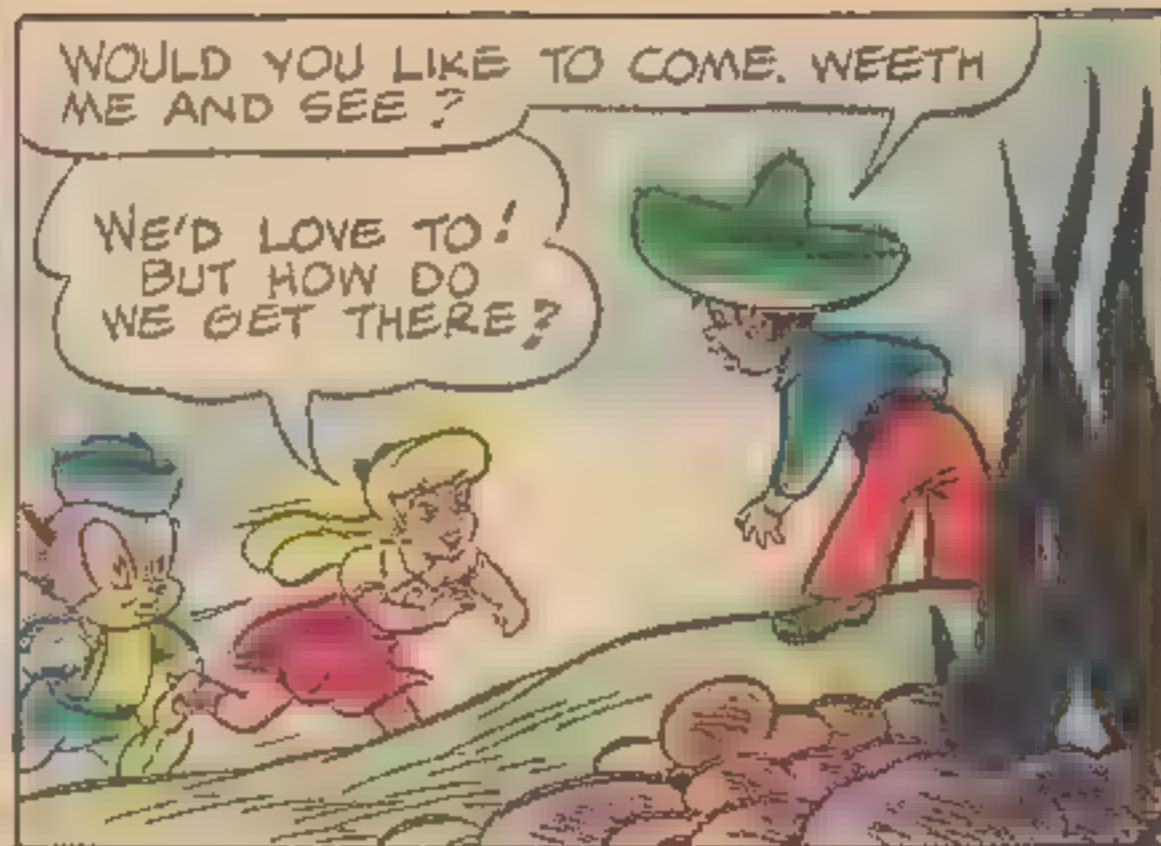
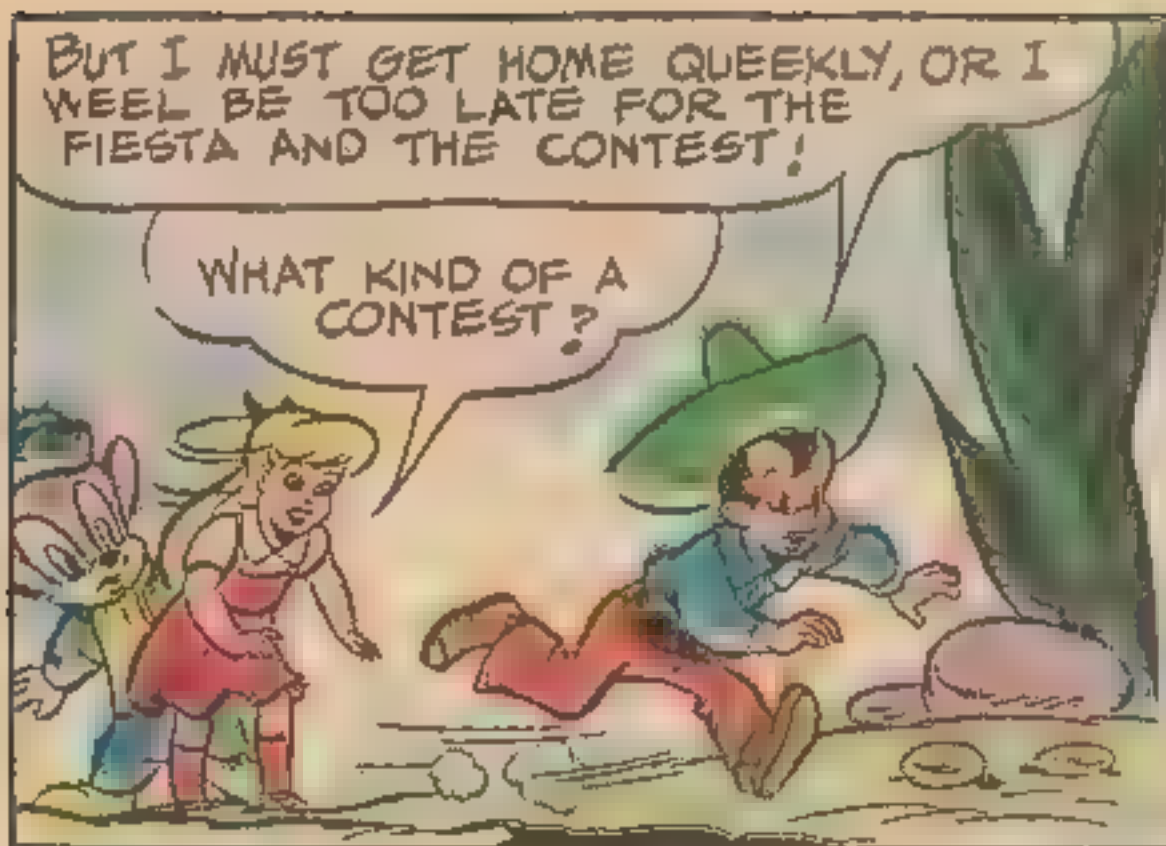
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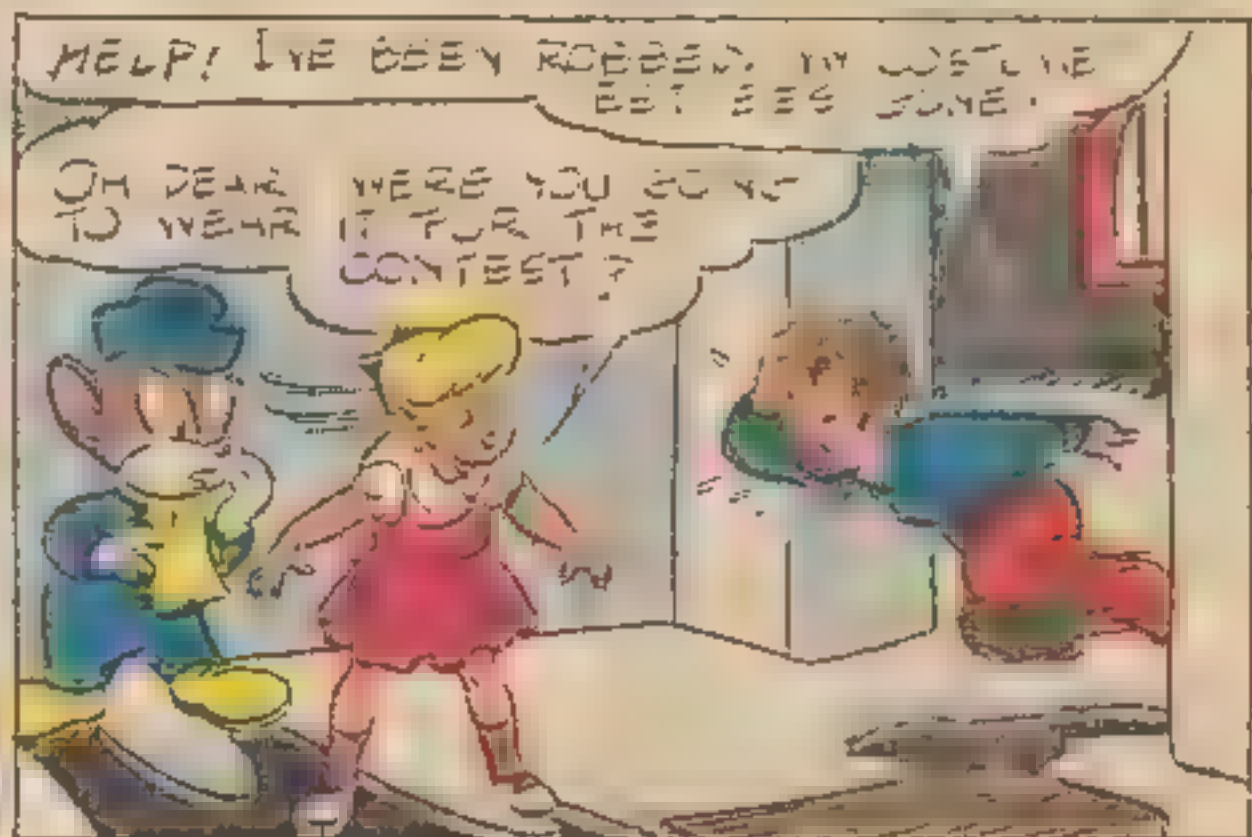
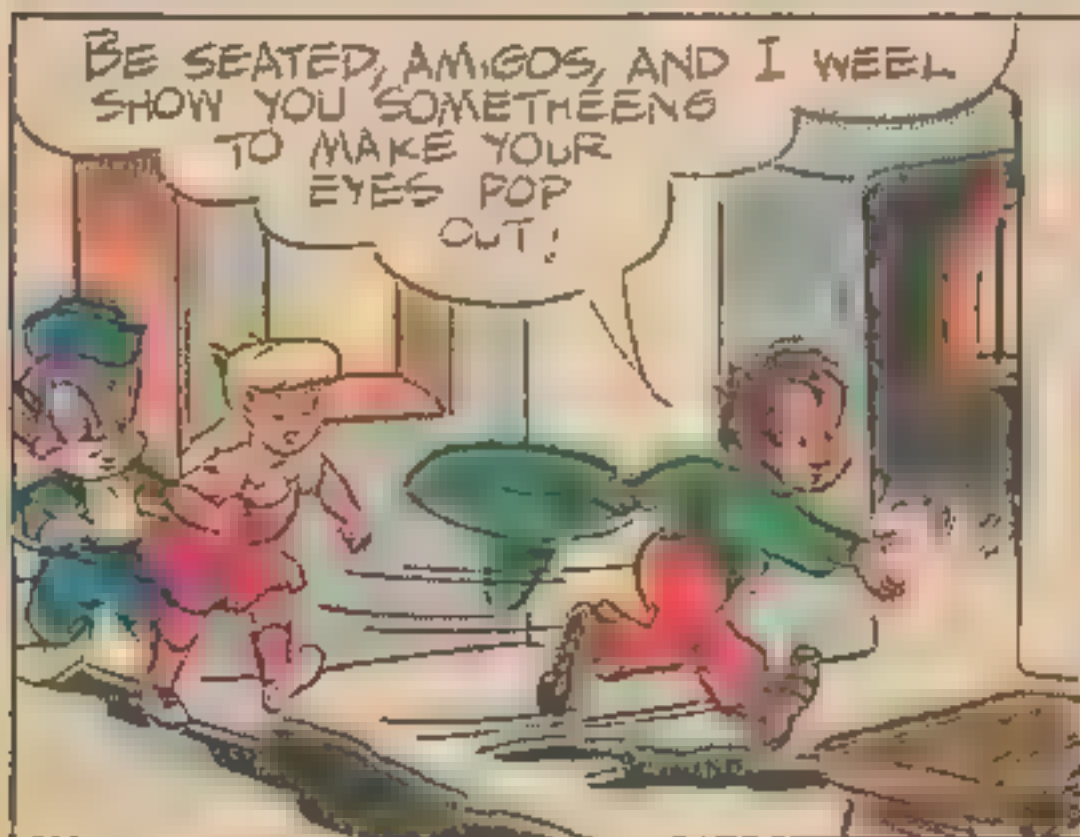
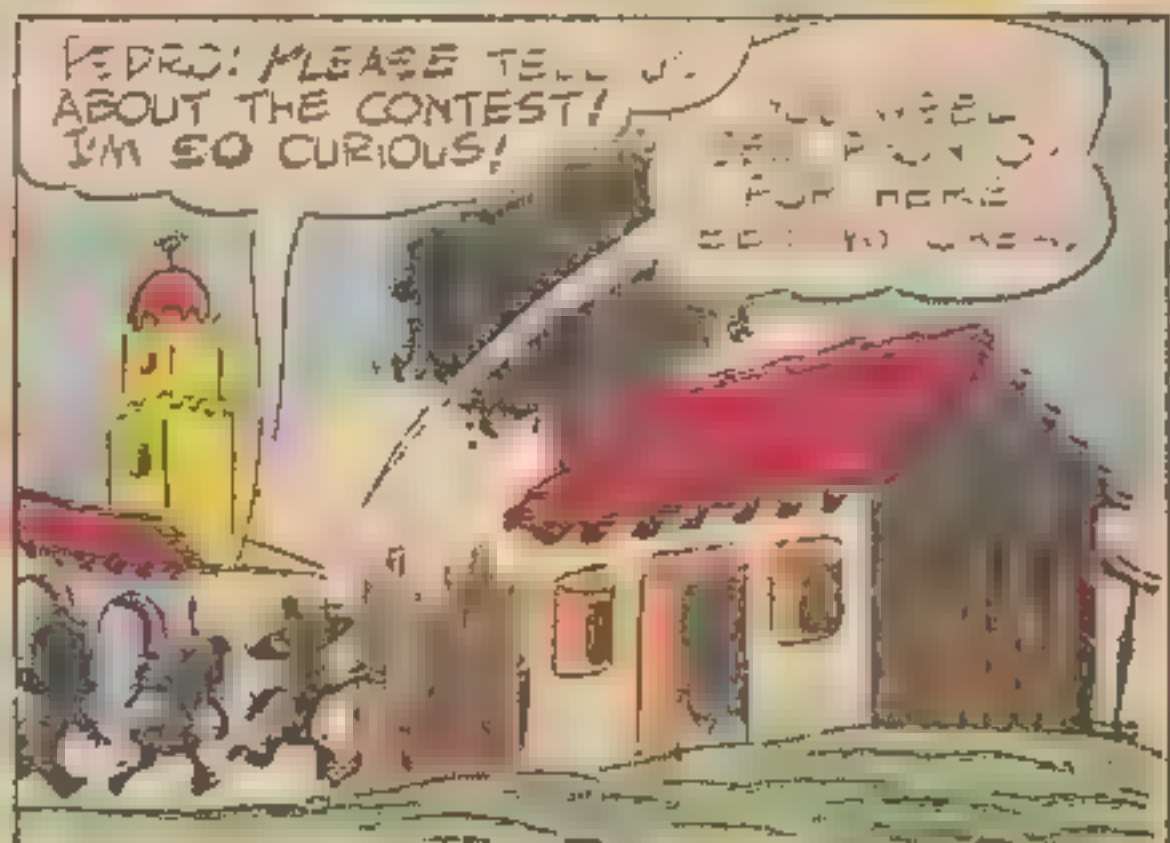
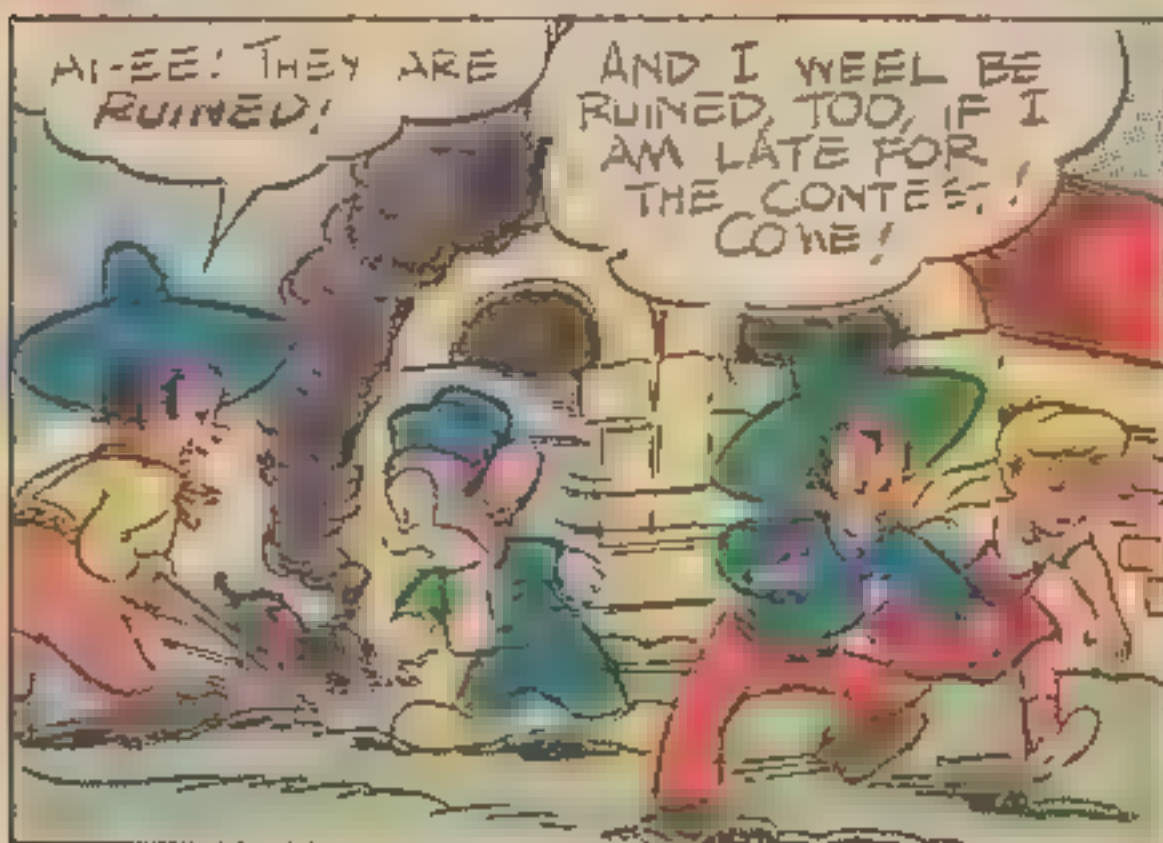
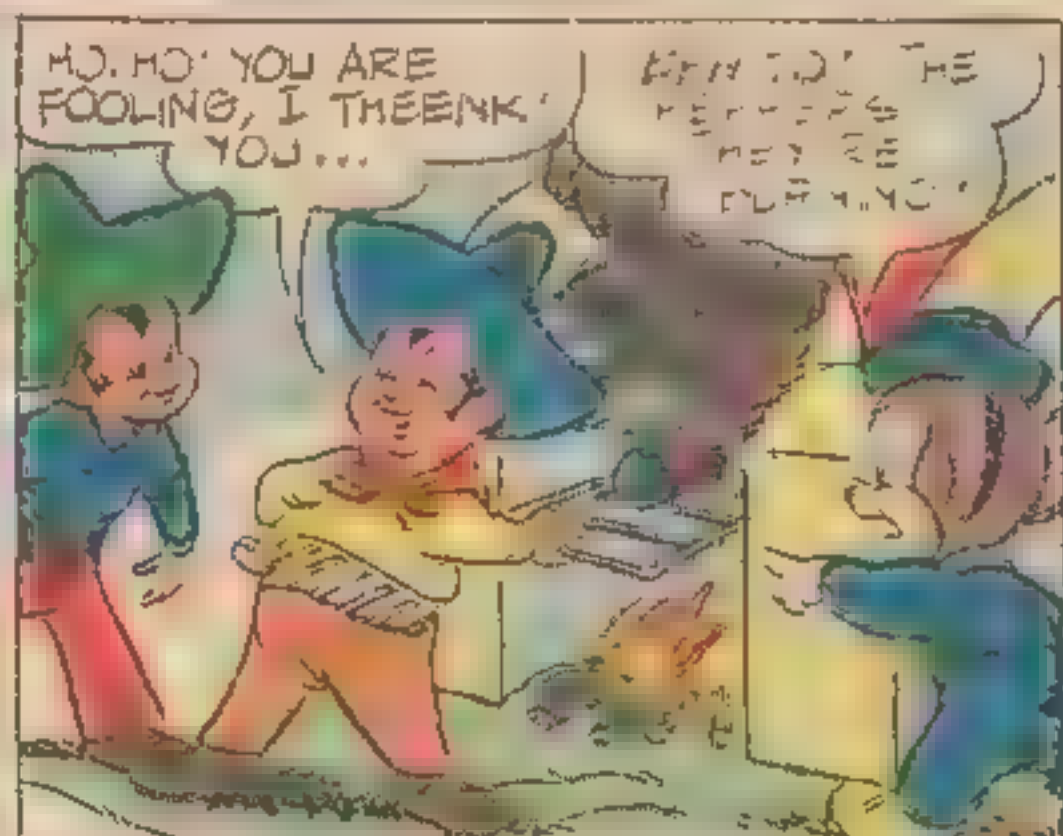
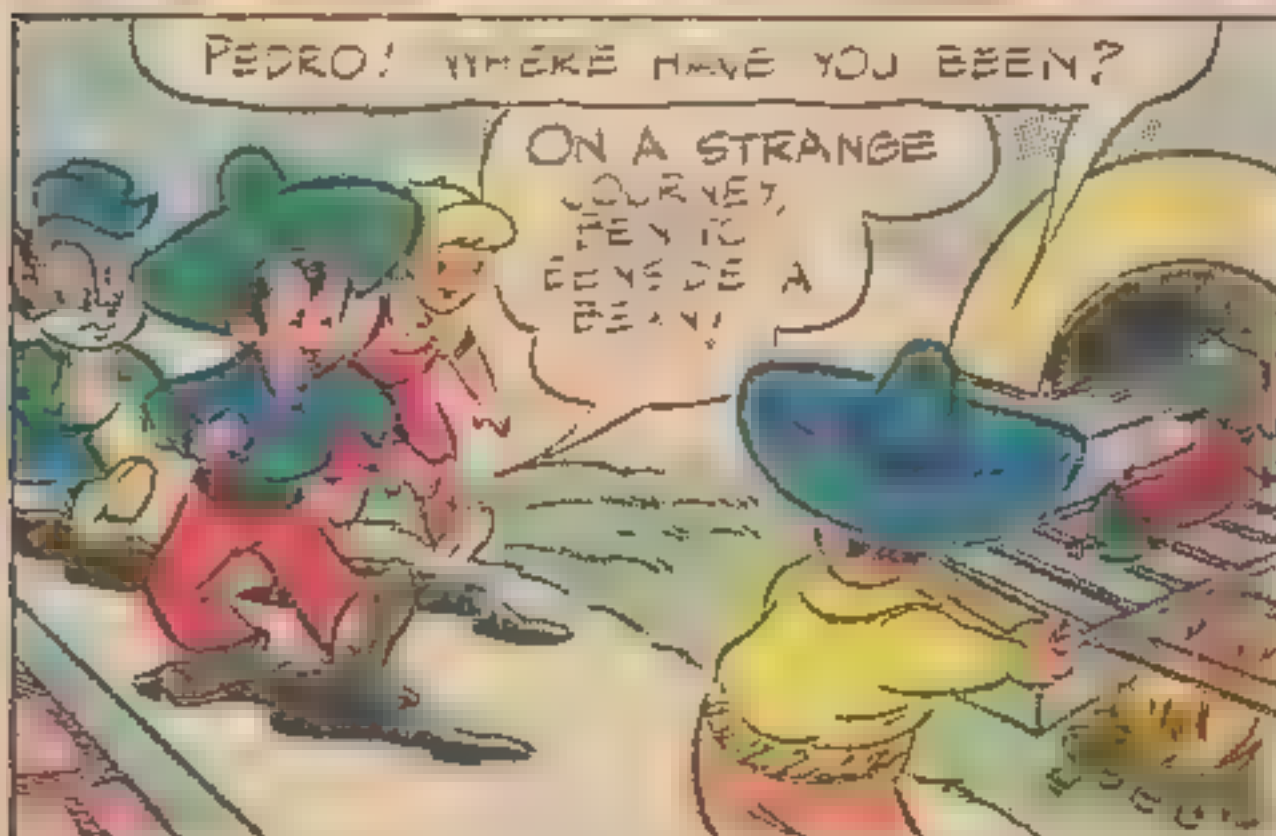
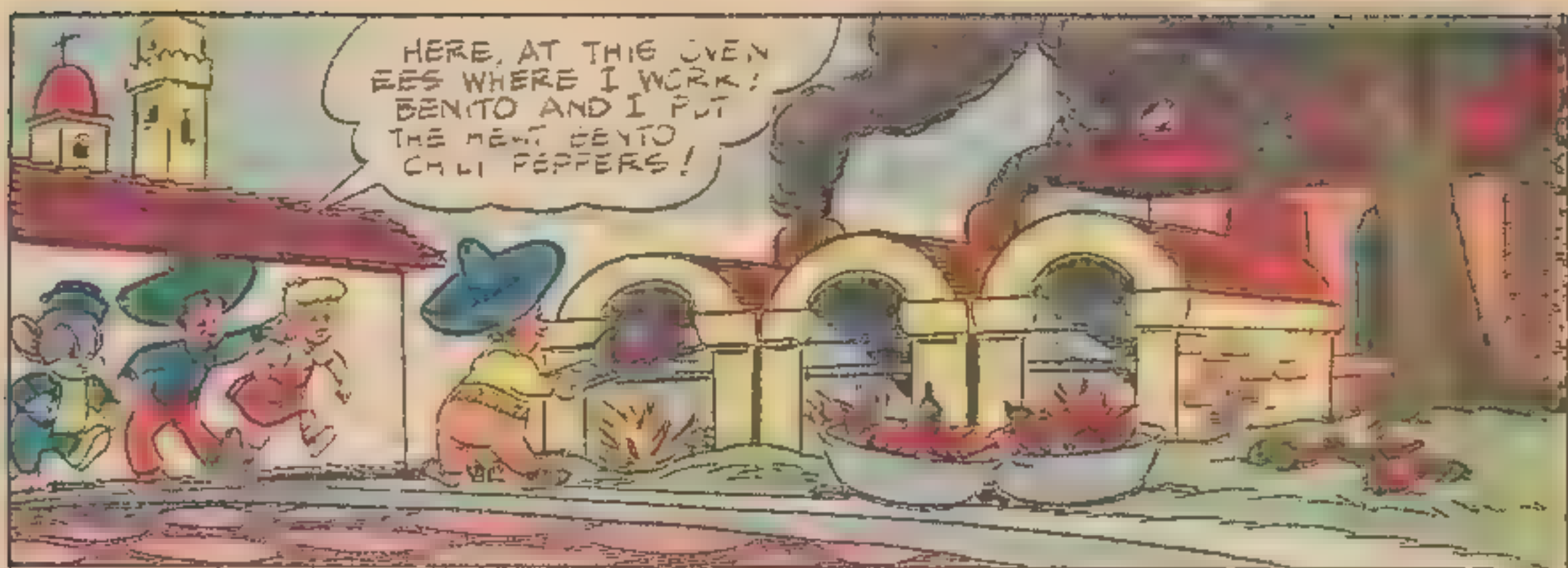
YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE
BUG! YOU HIT
ME!

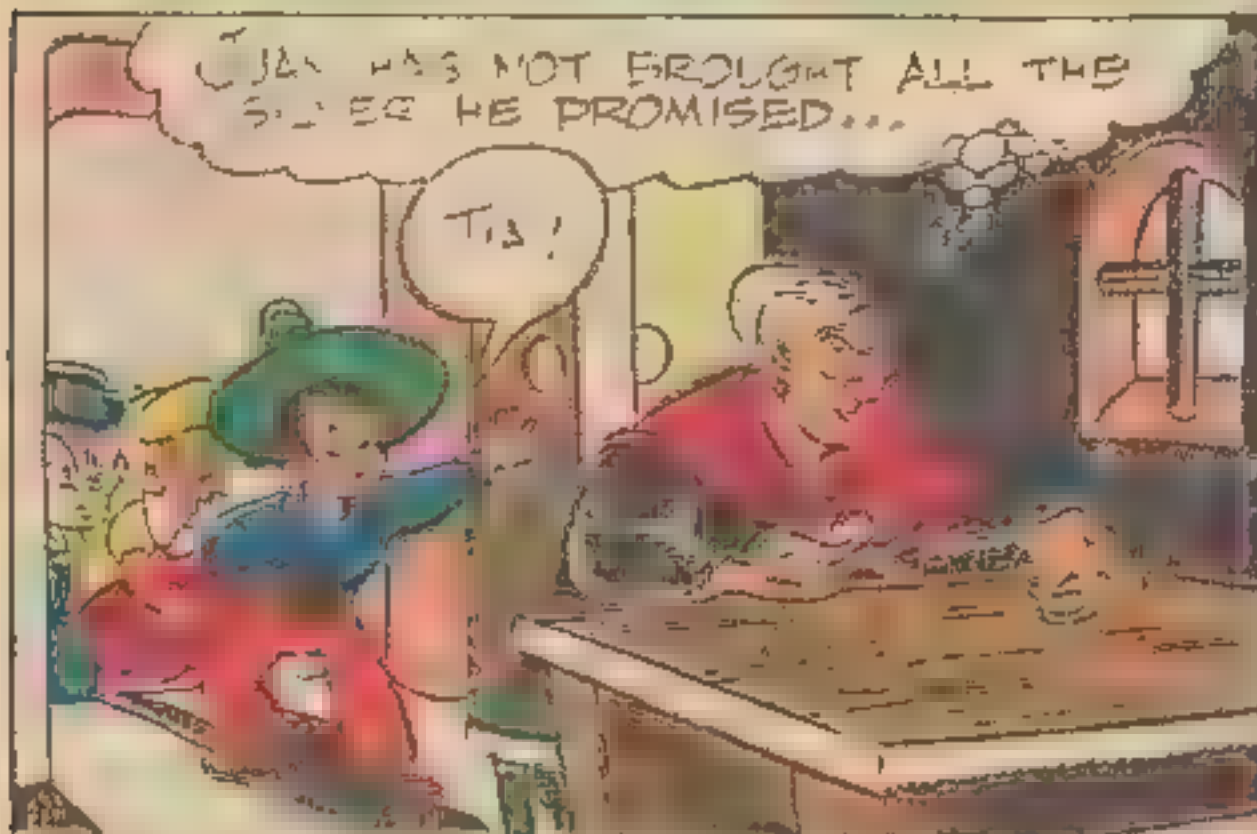
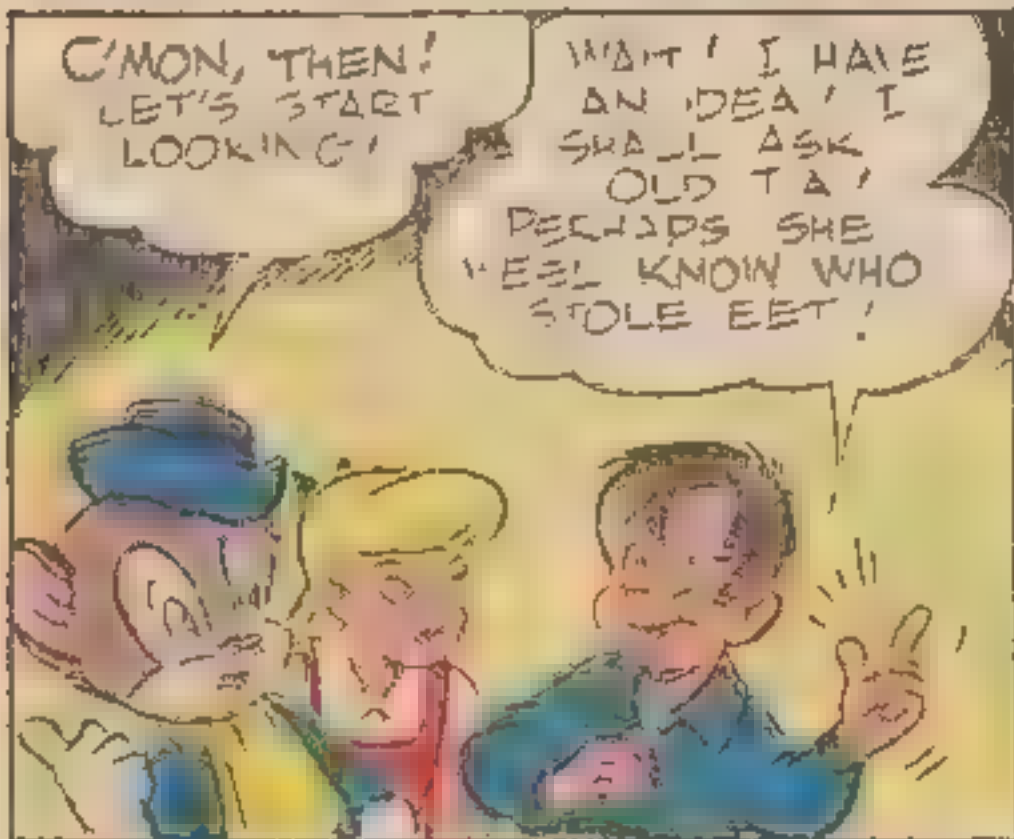
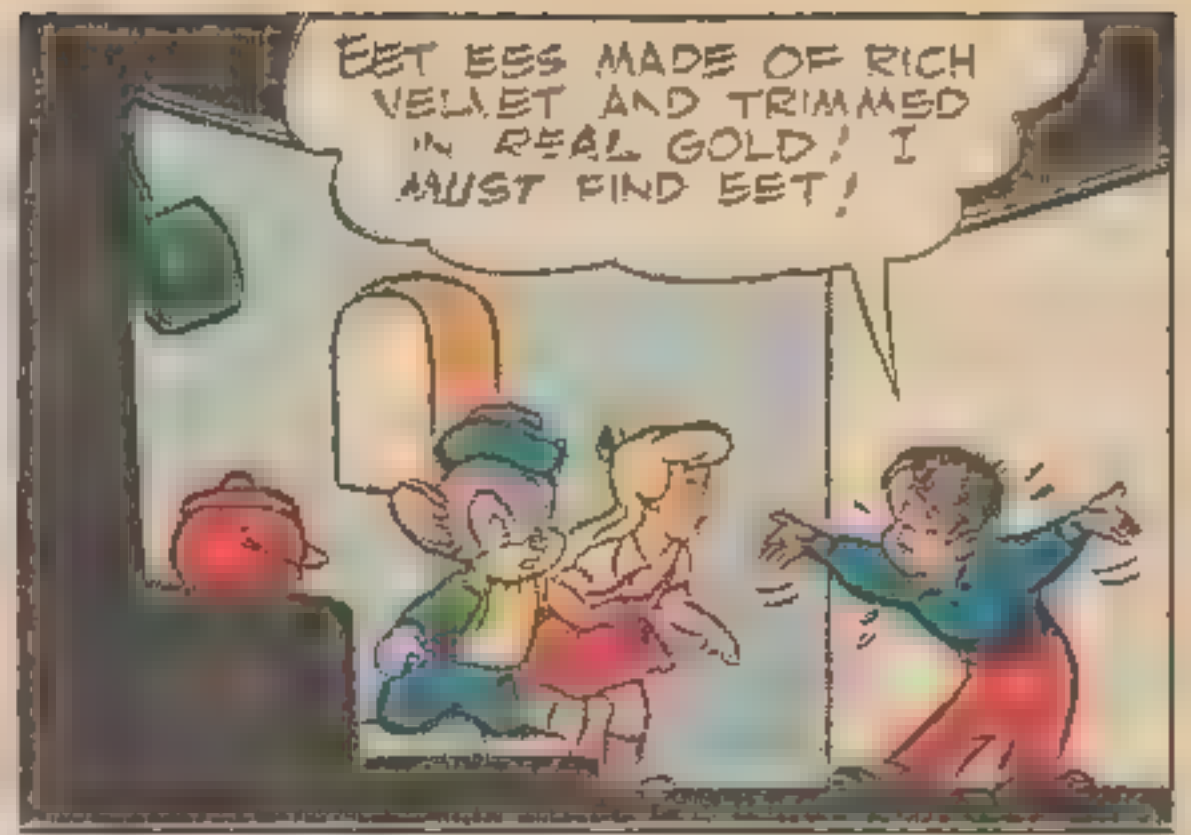
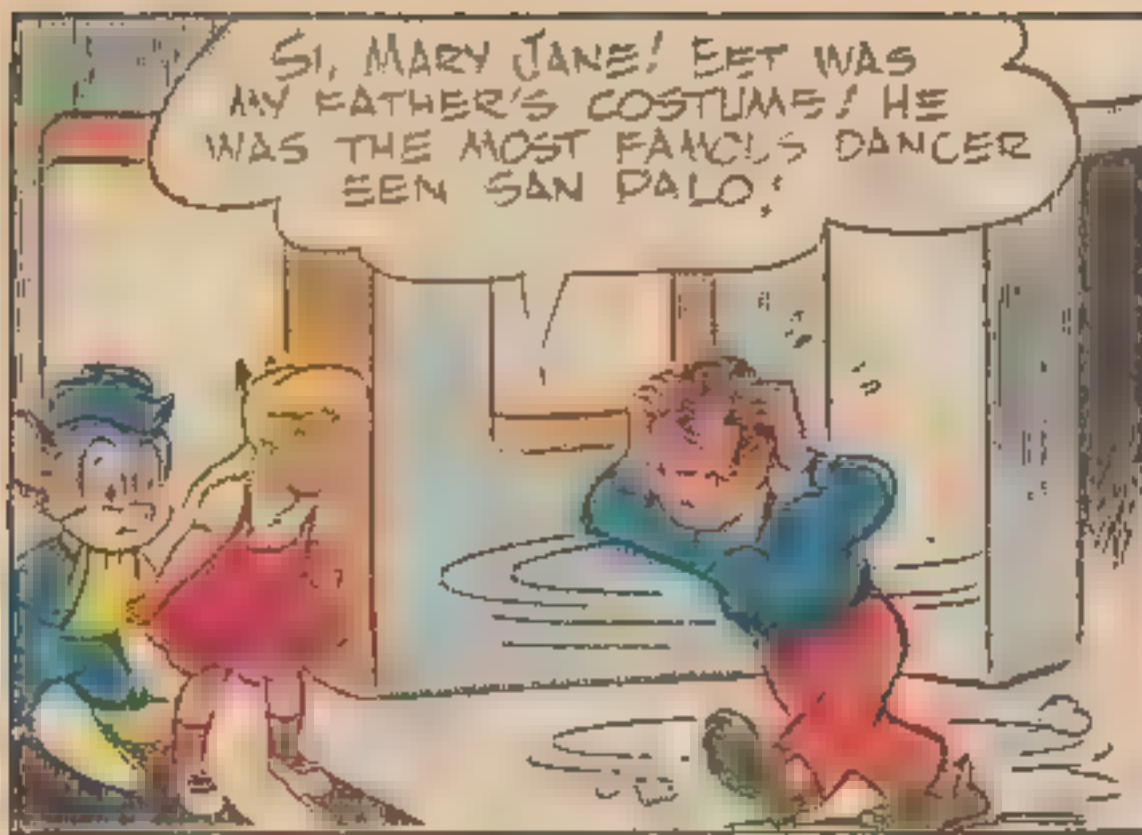
WHY SNIFFLES! IT'S A
LITTLE MEXICAN
JUMPING BEAN!

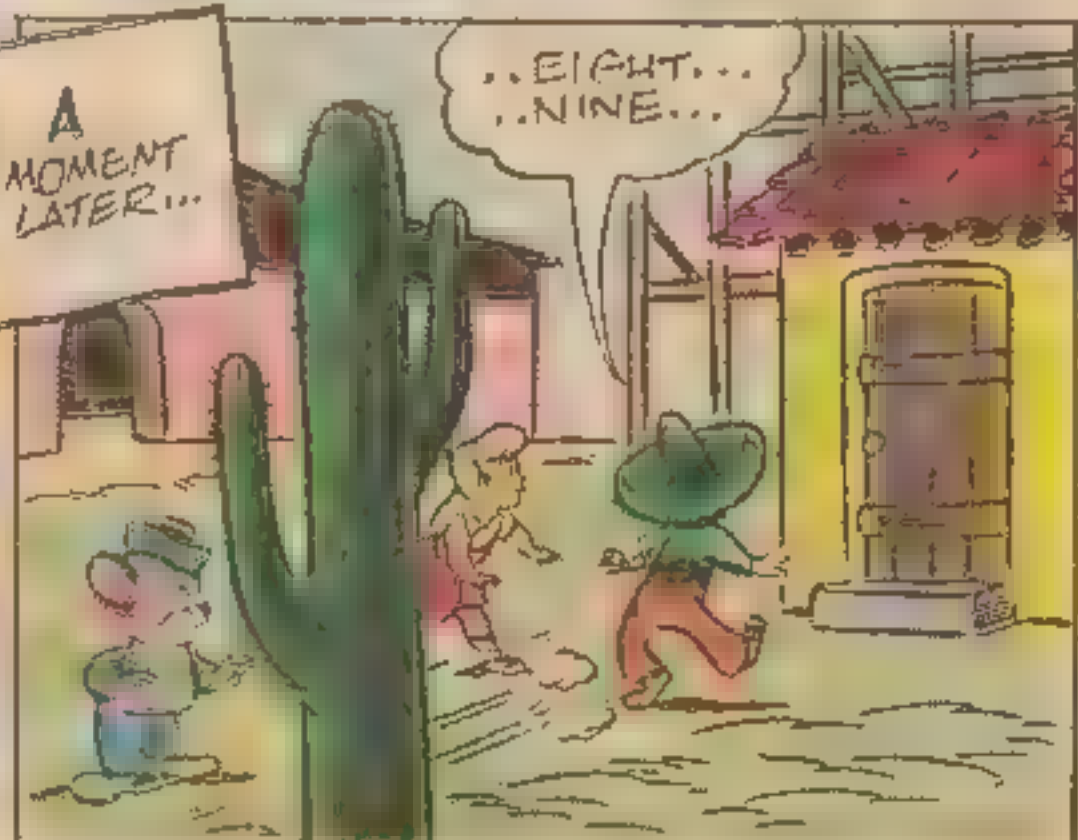
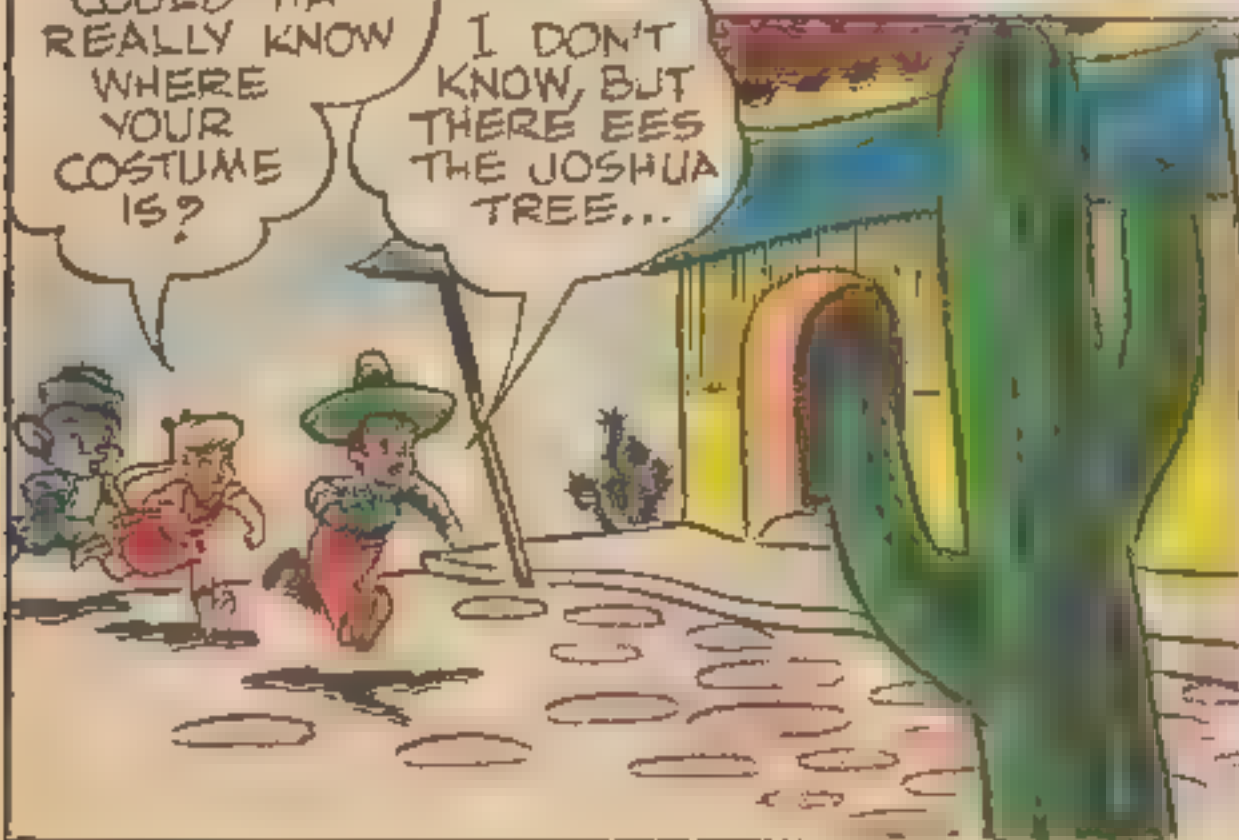
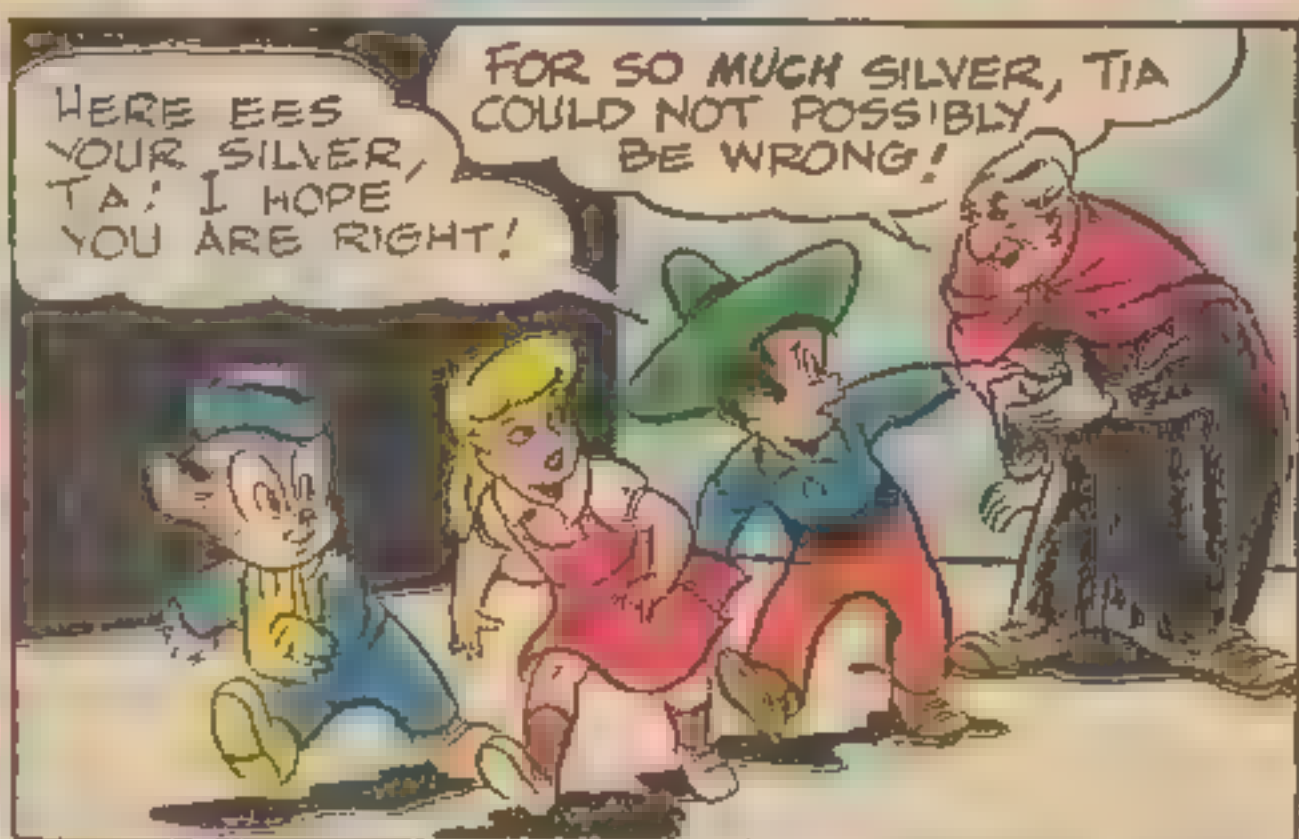
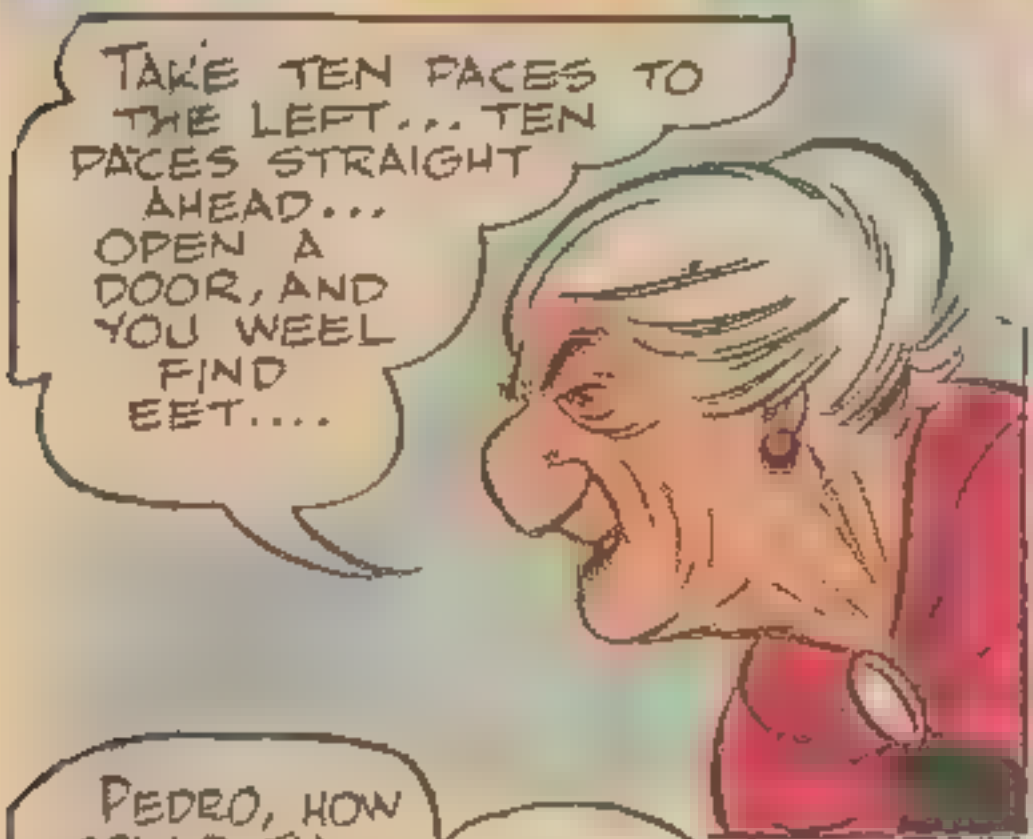
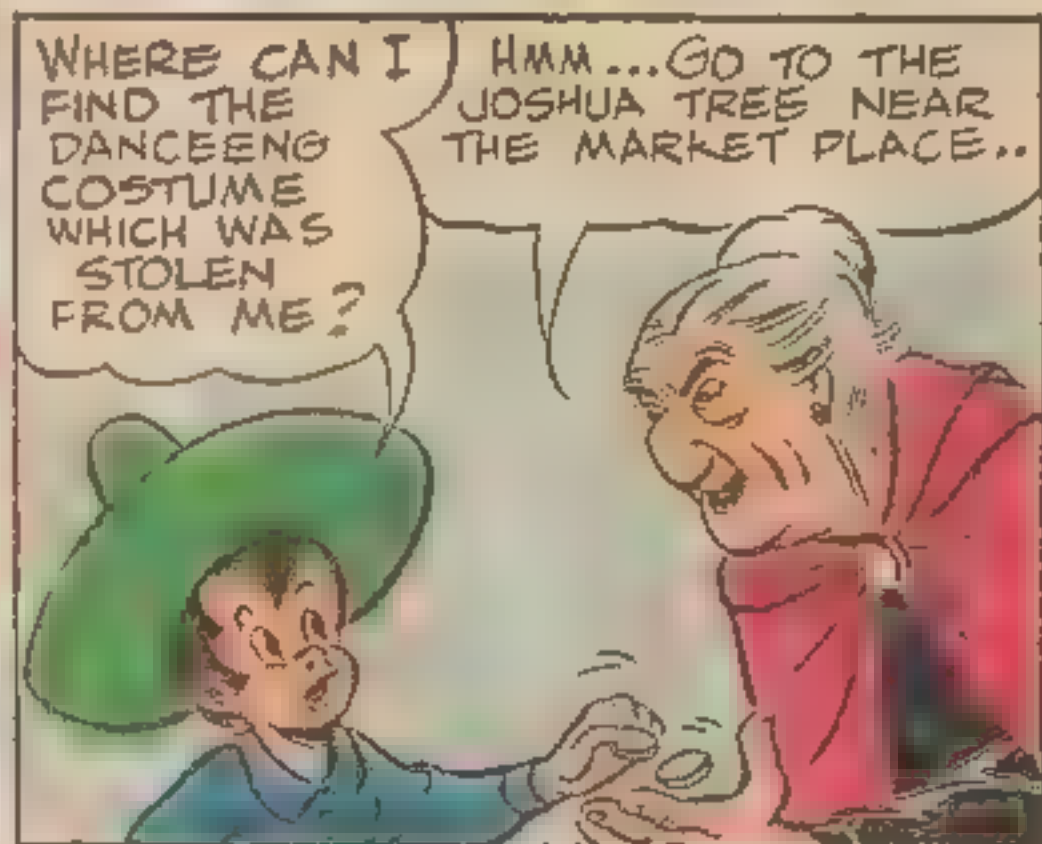
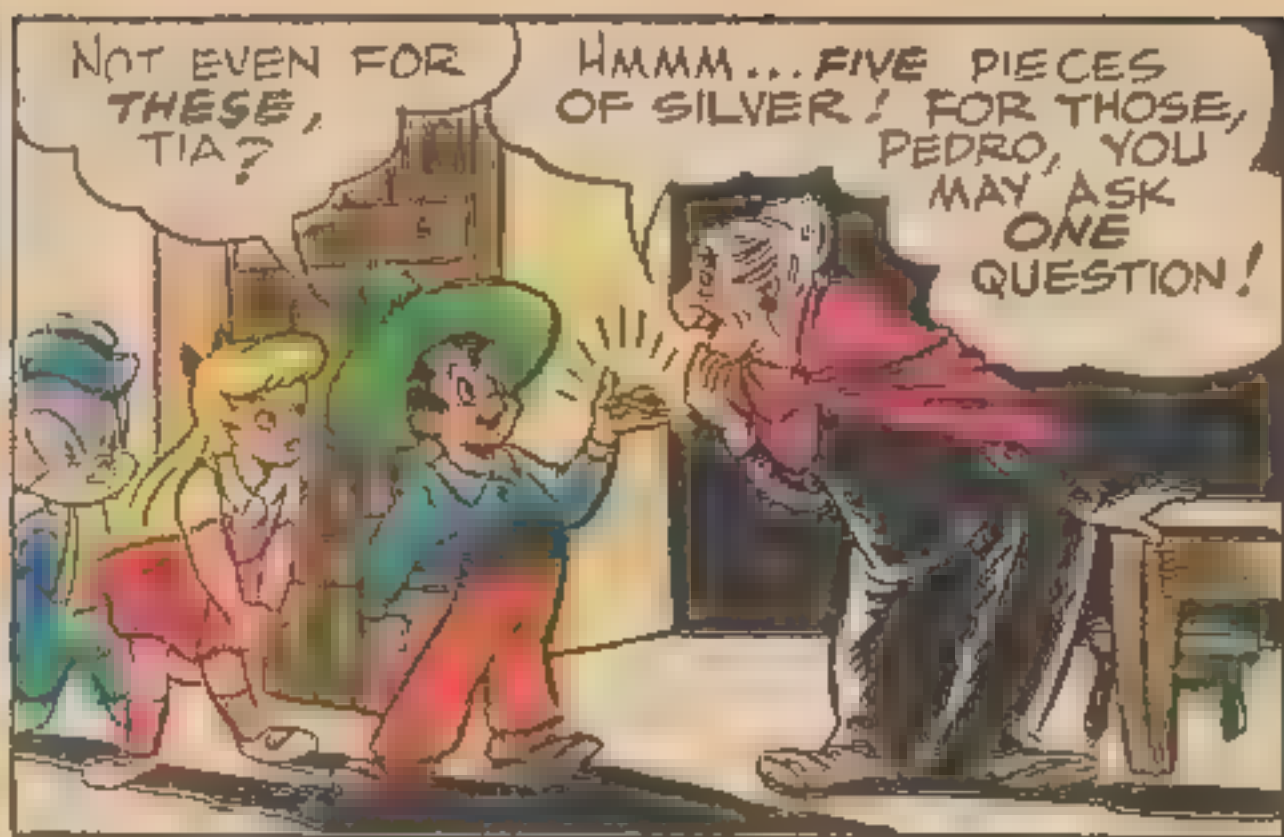
WHAT MAKES IT
JUMP? IS IT
MAGIC?

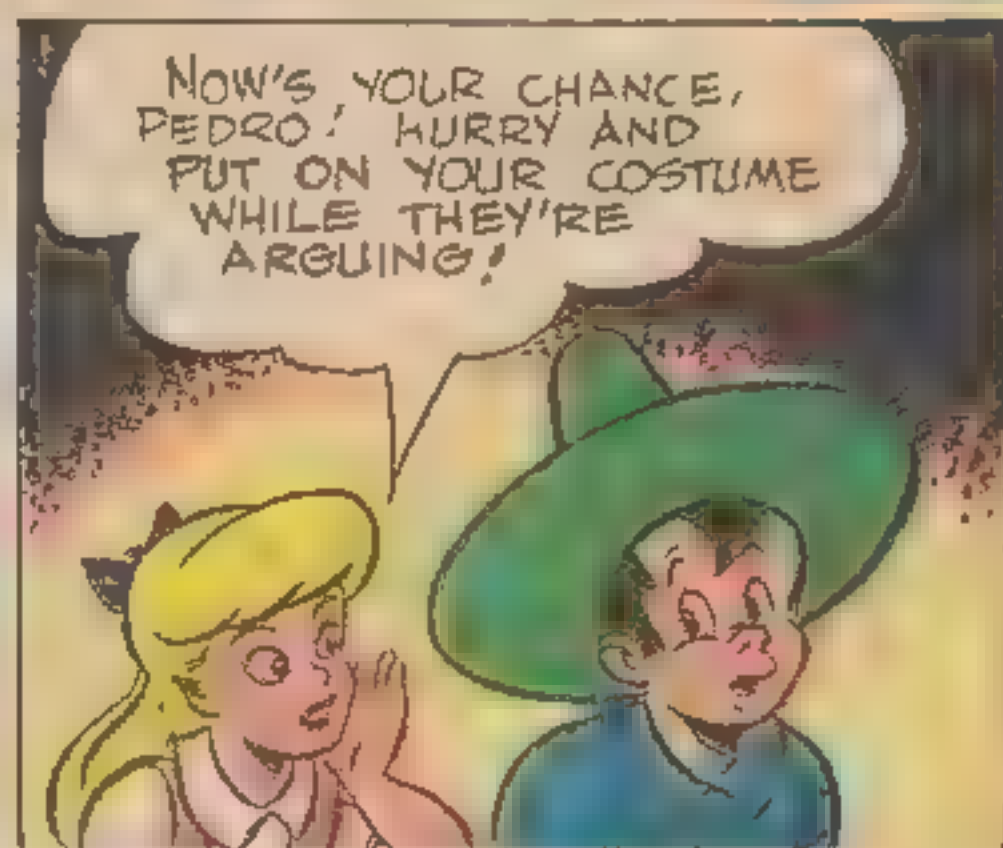
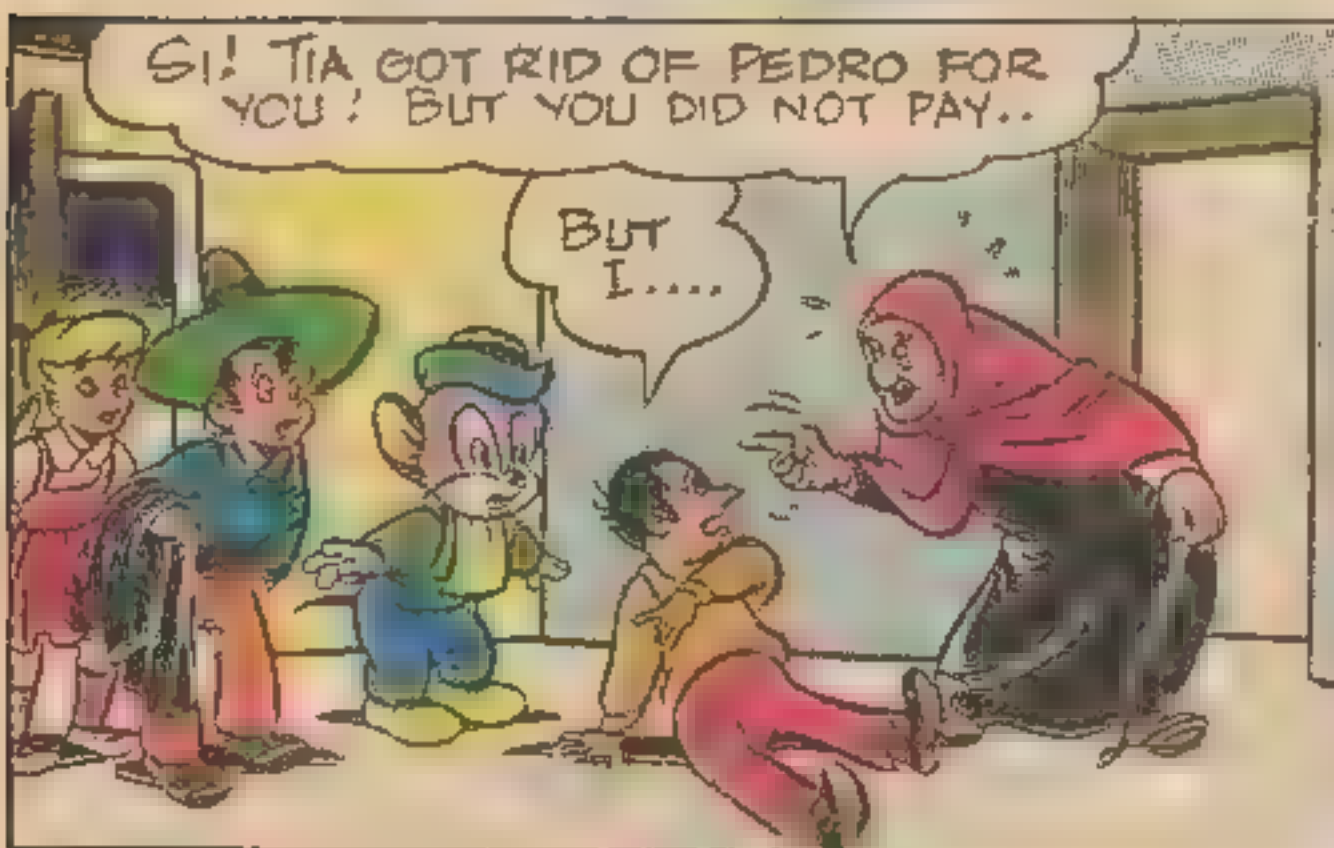
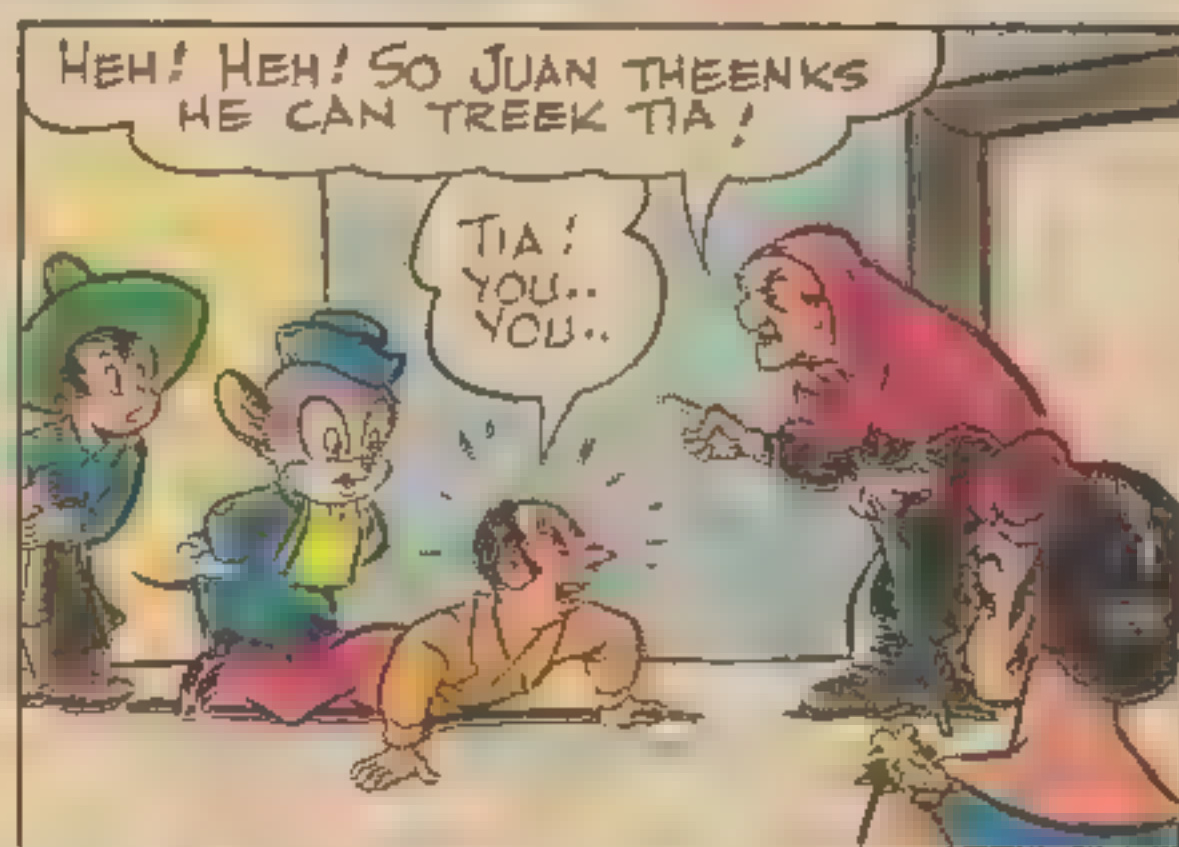
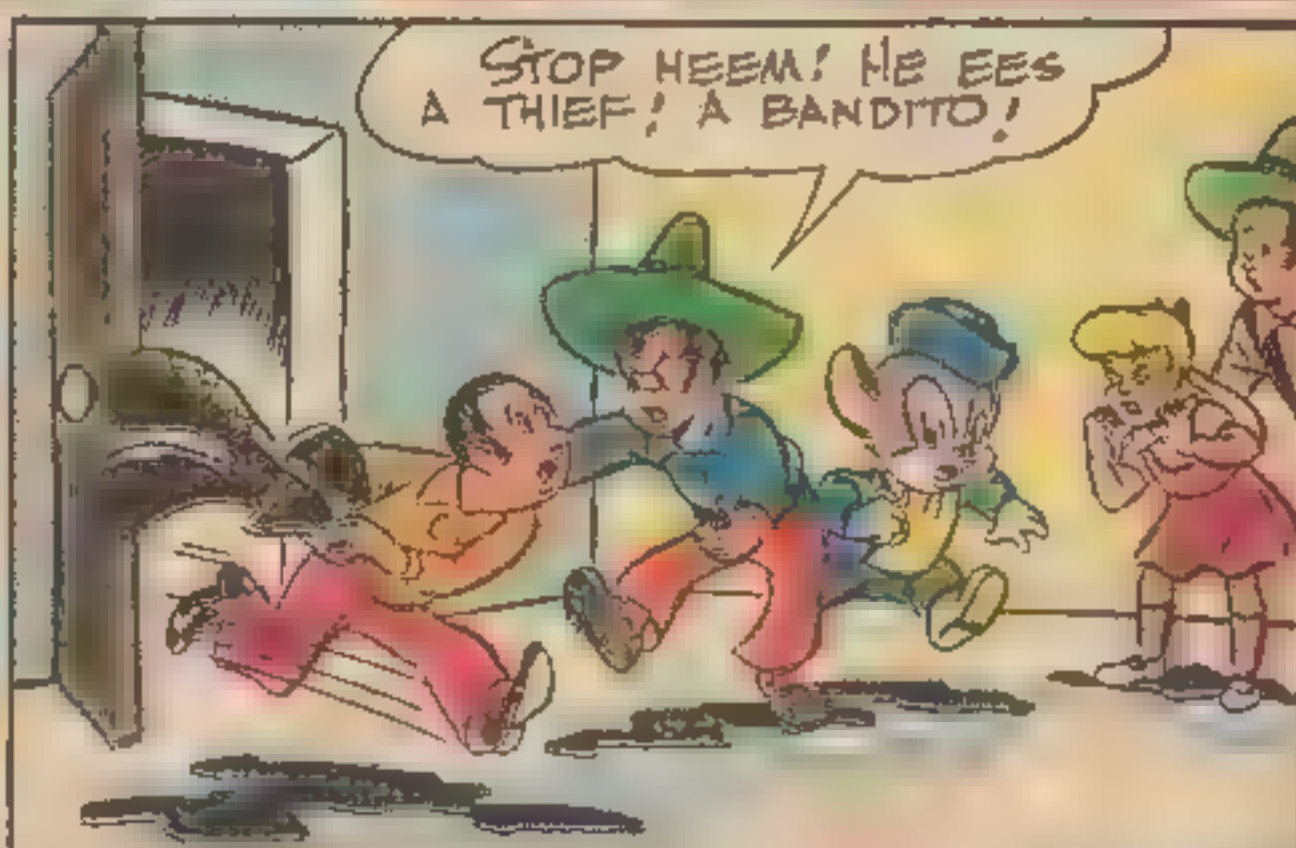
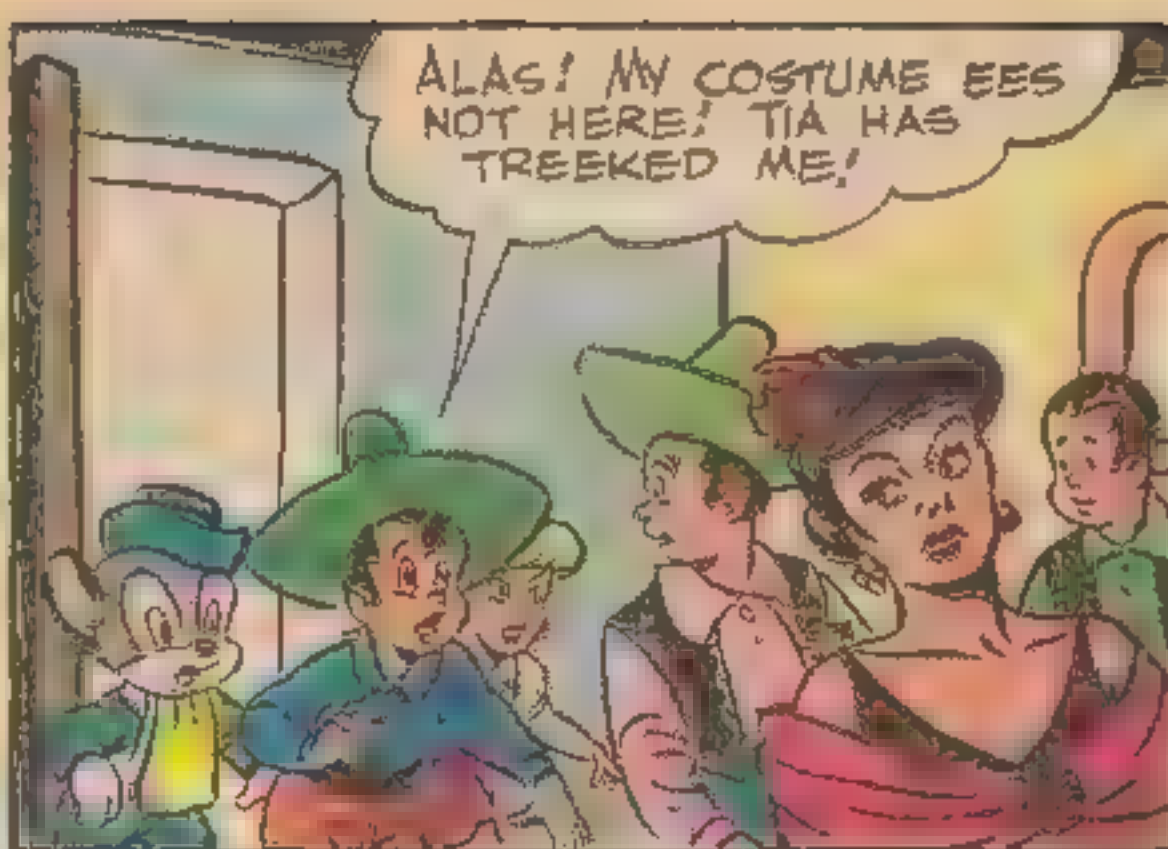
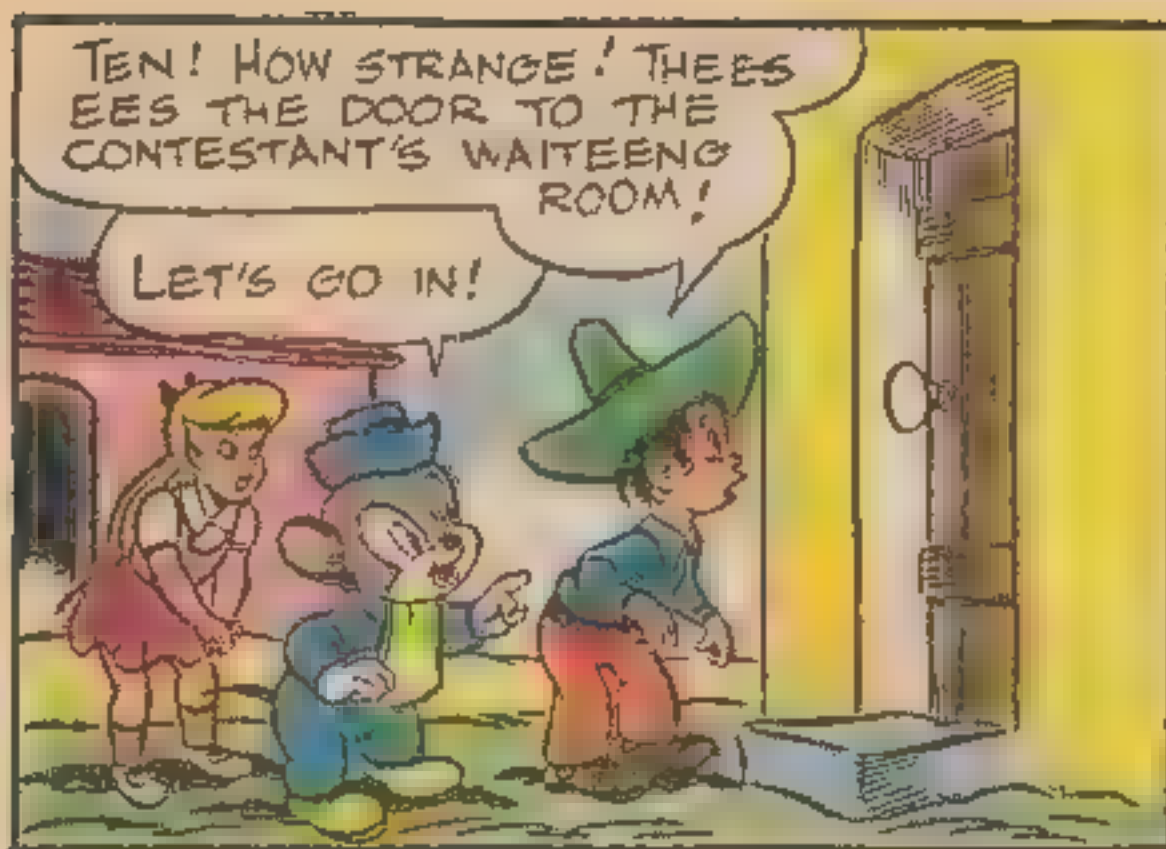


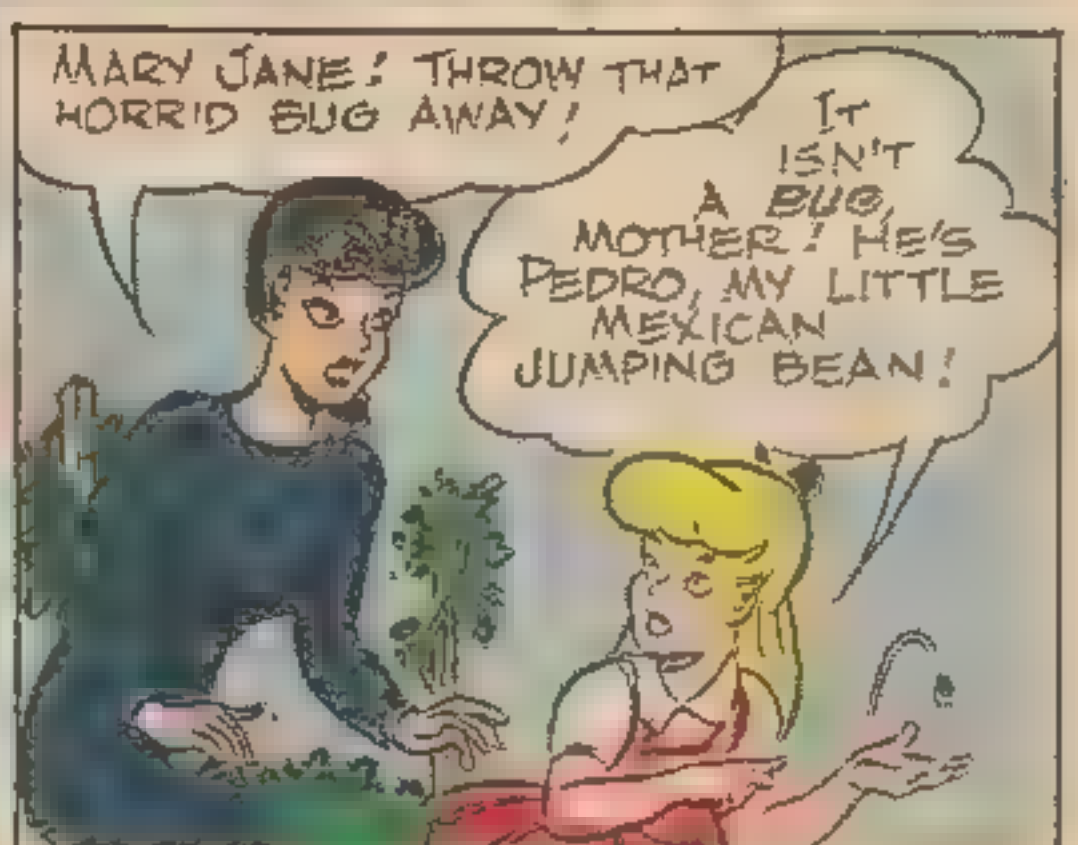
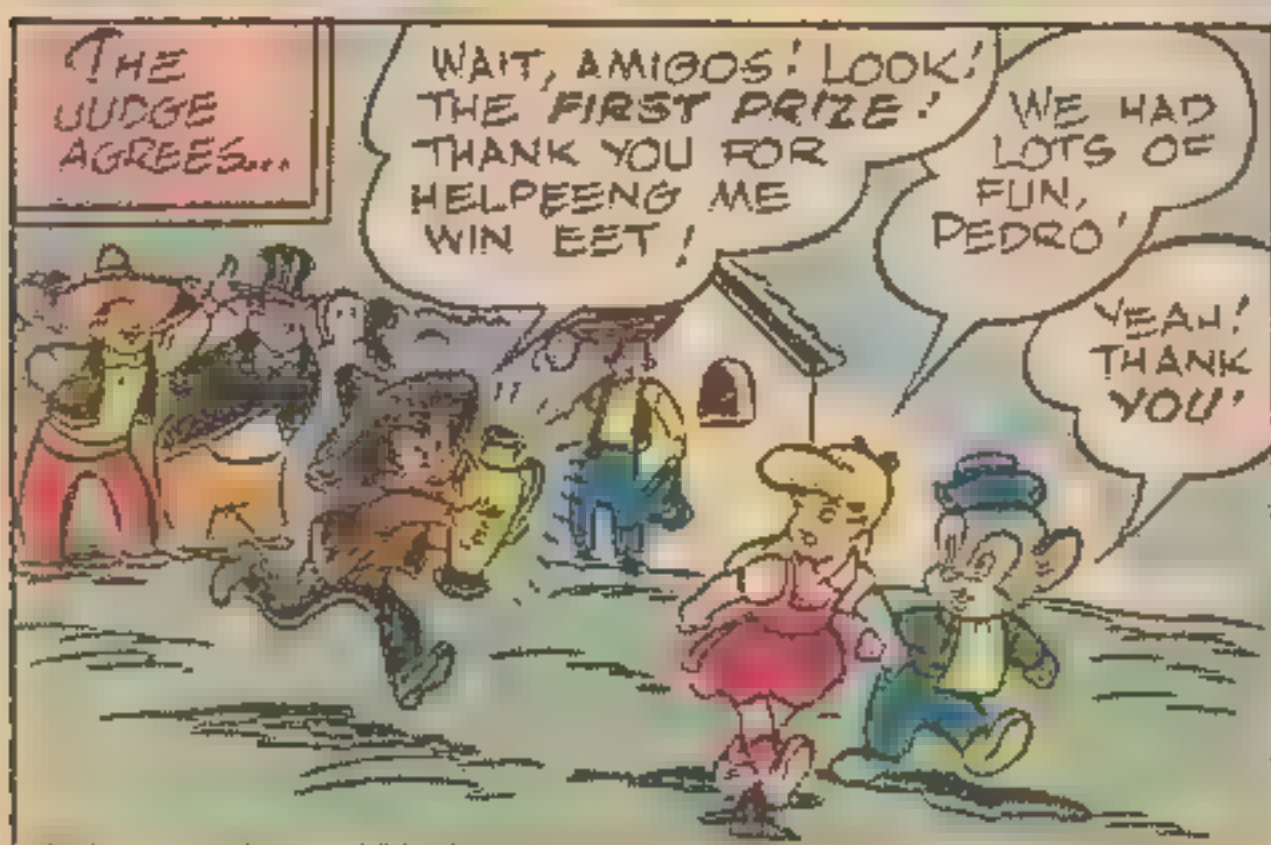
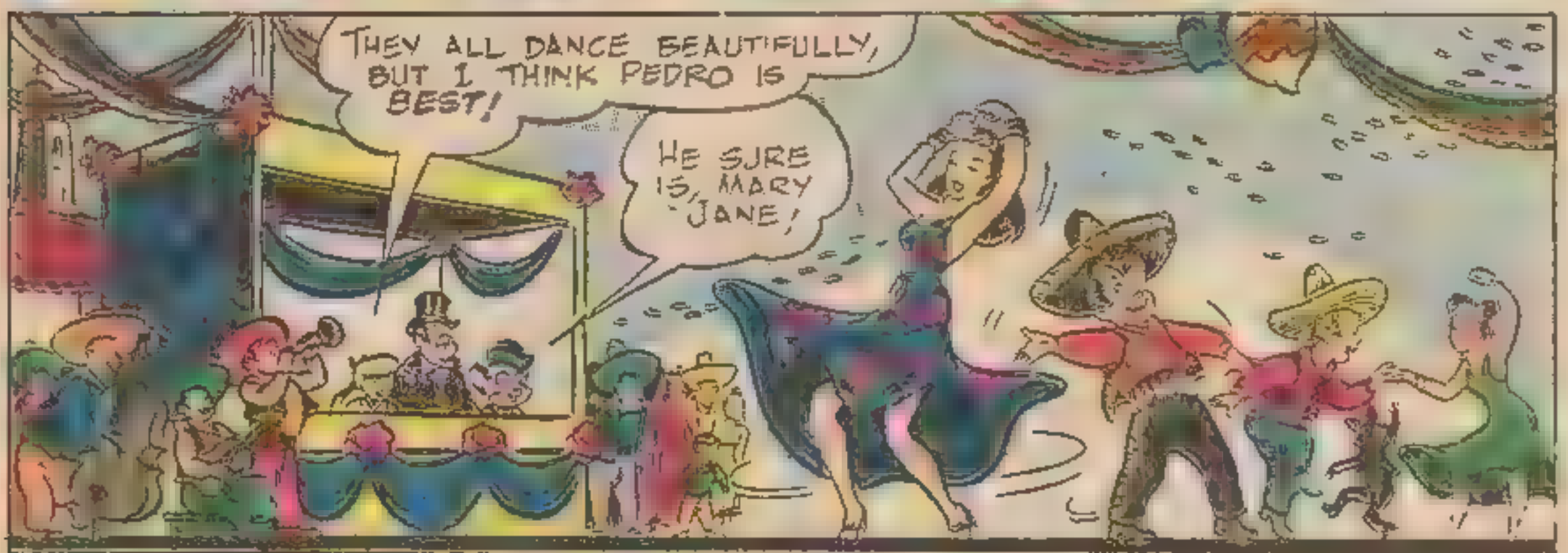
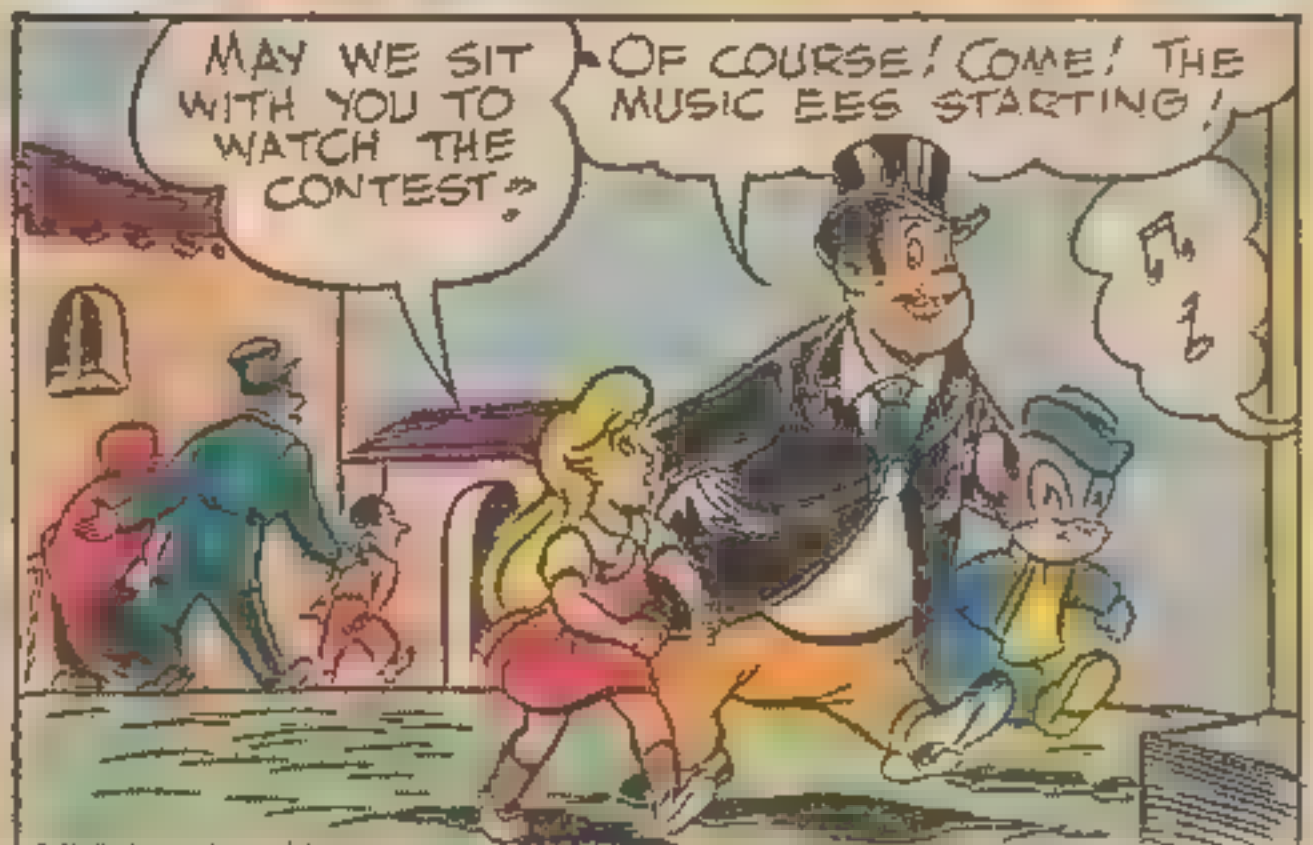
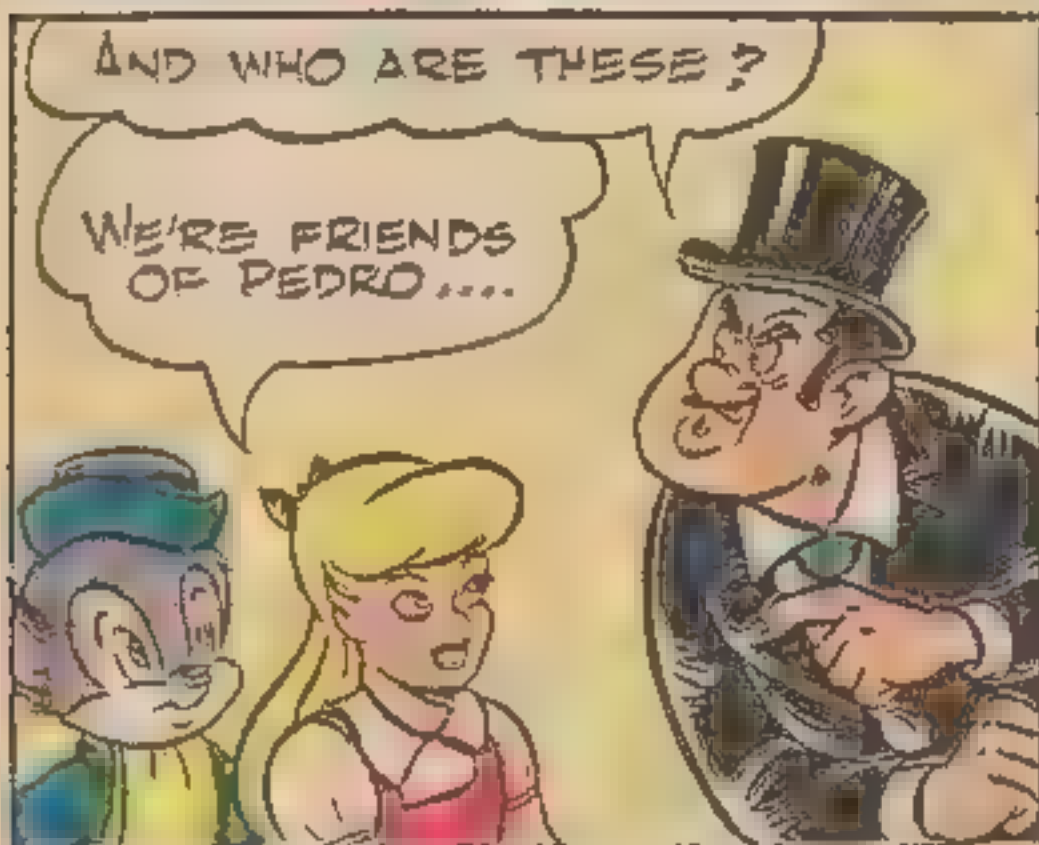
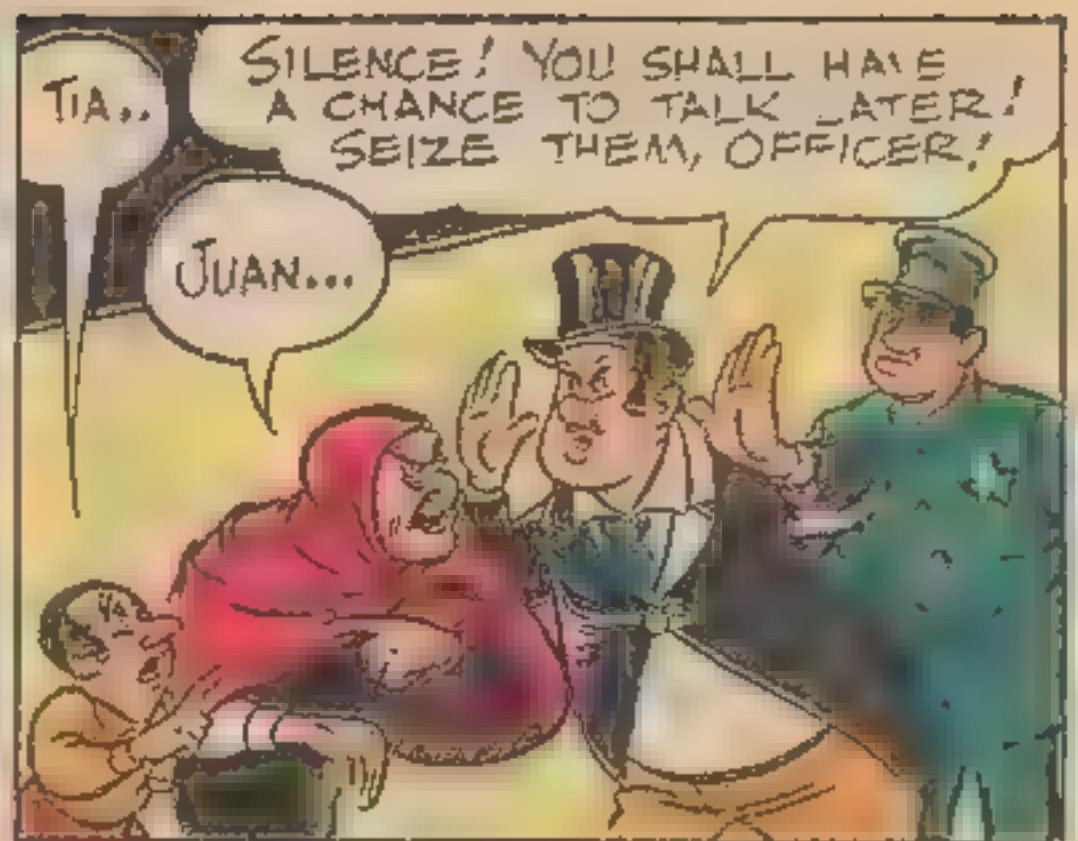
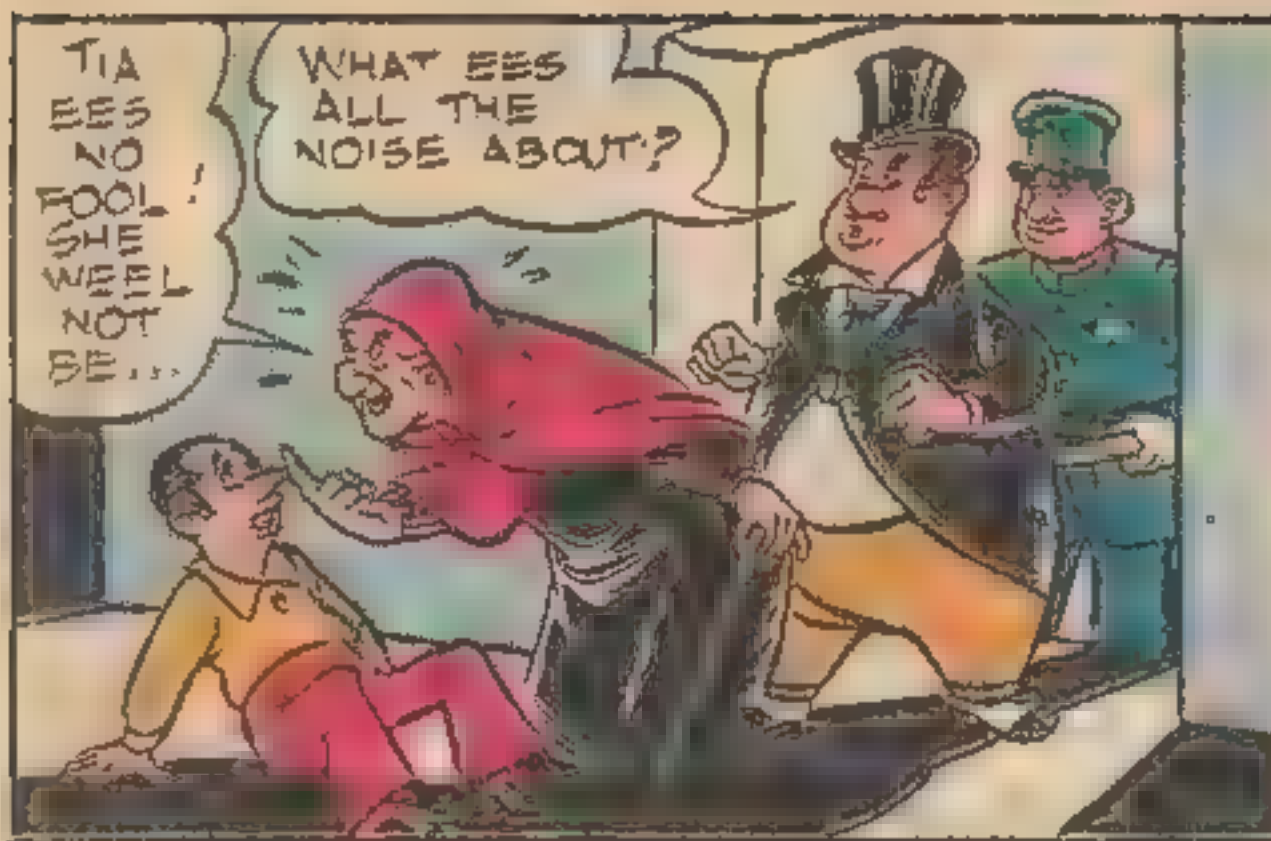








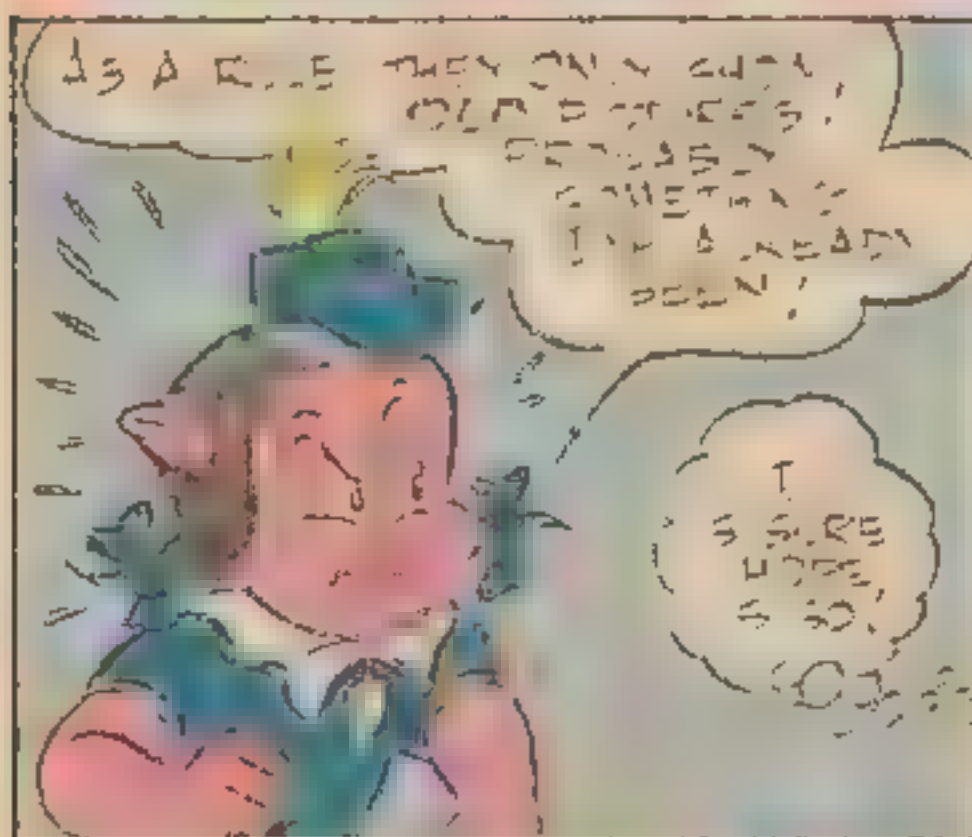
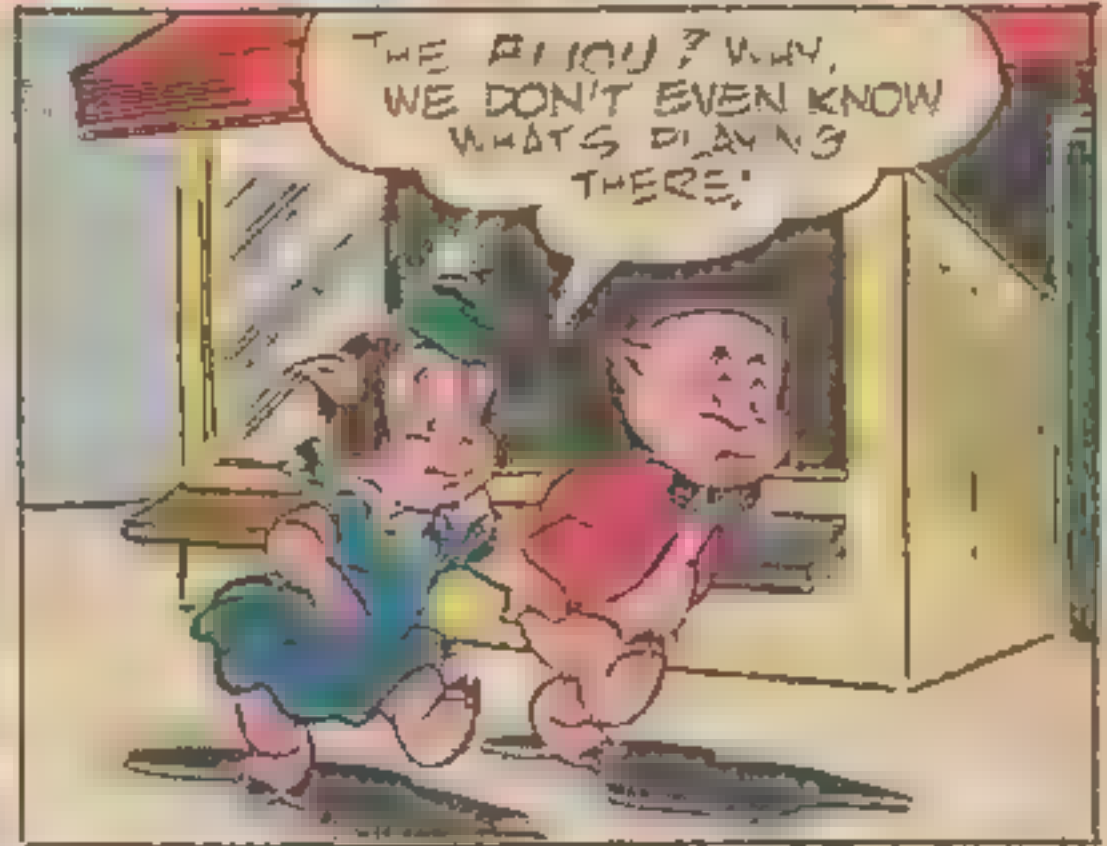
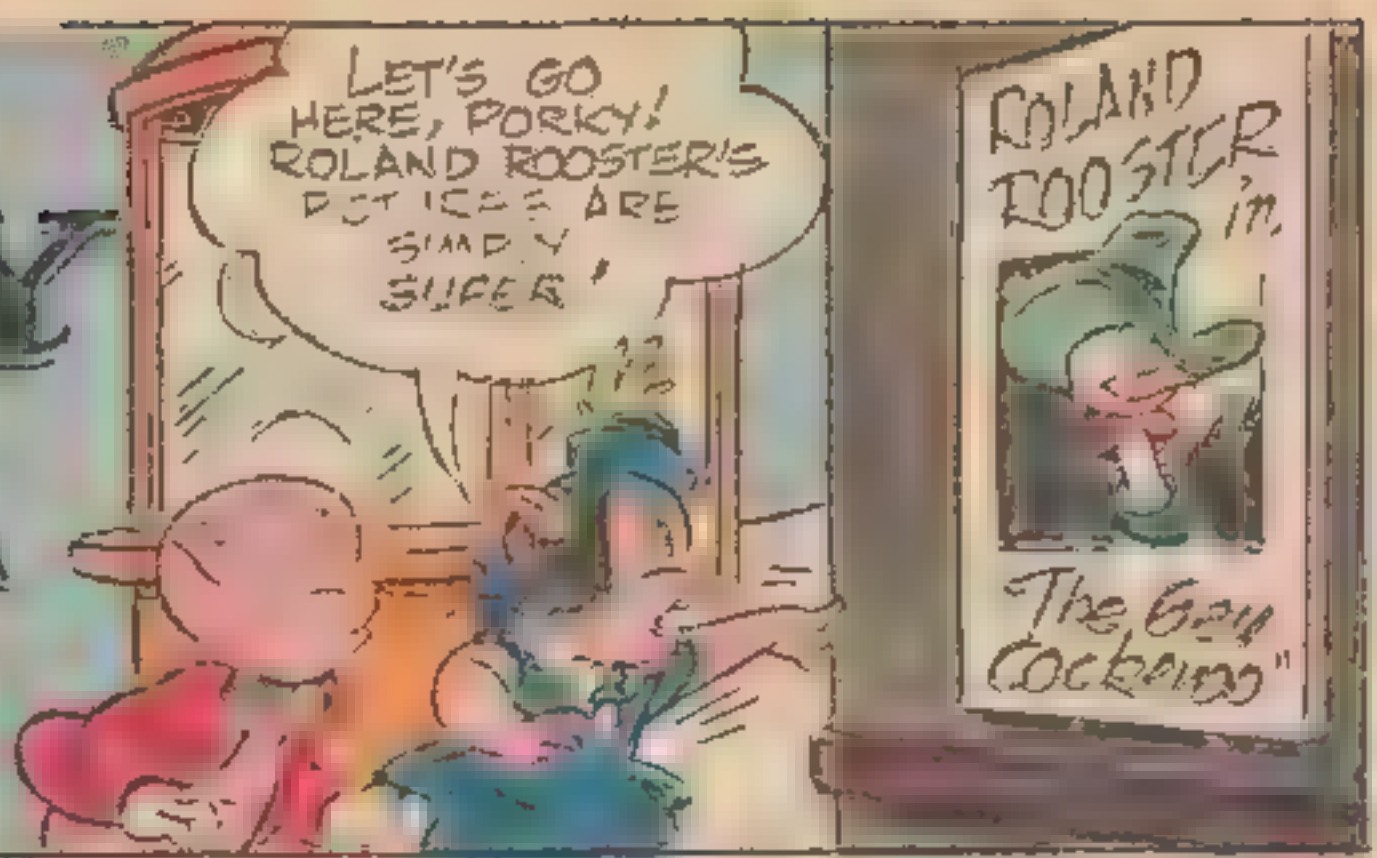


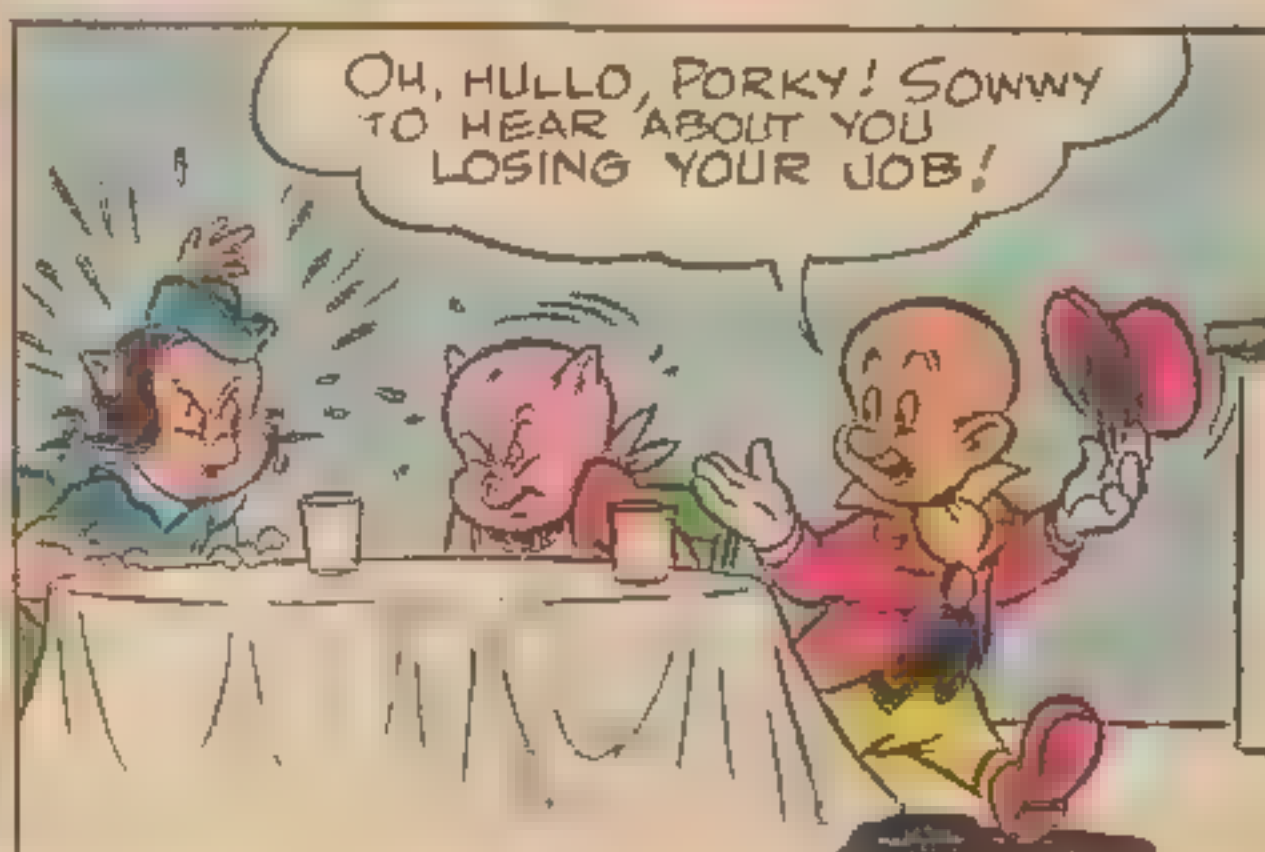
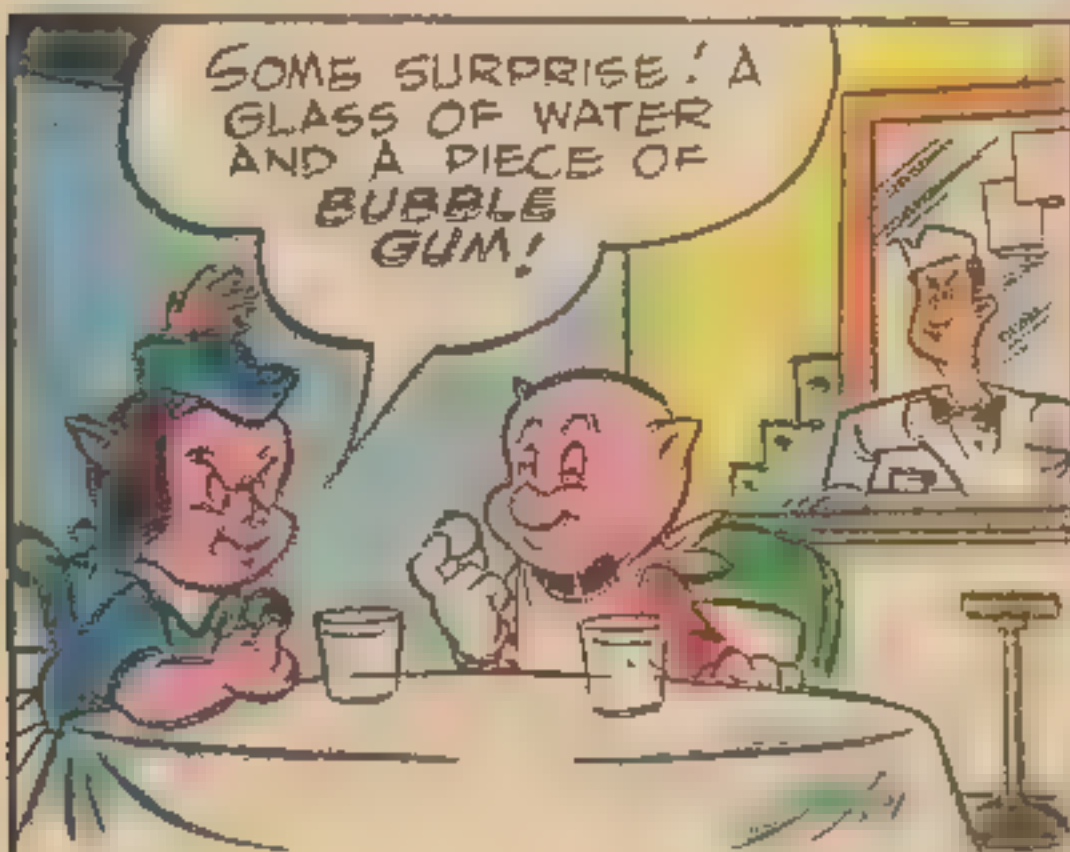
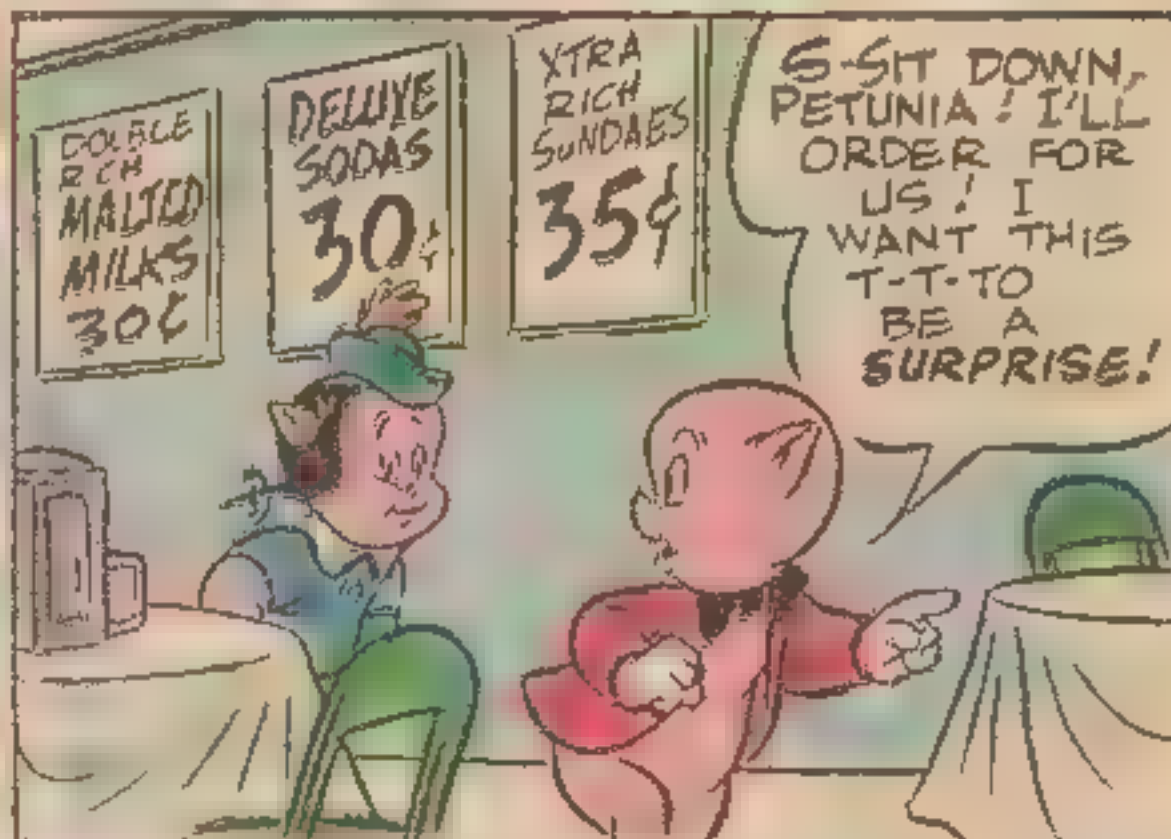
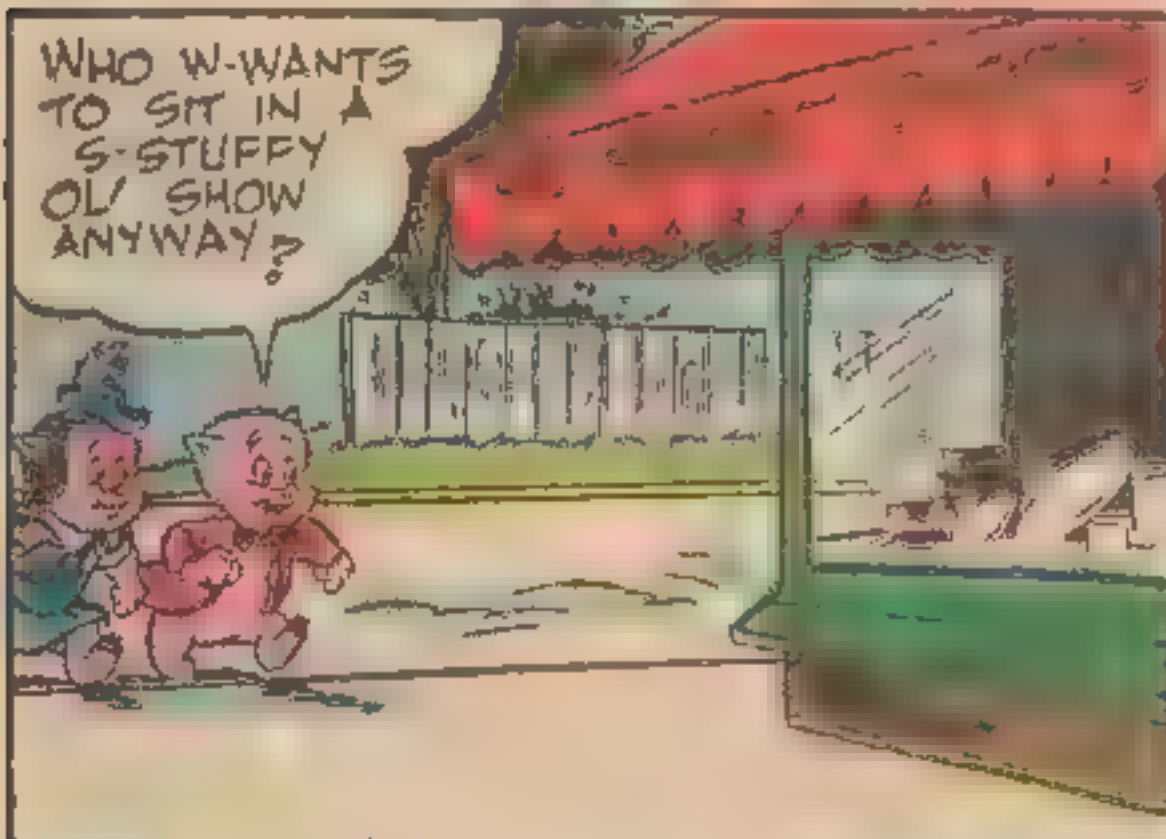
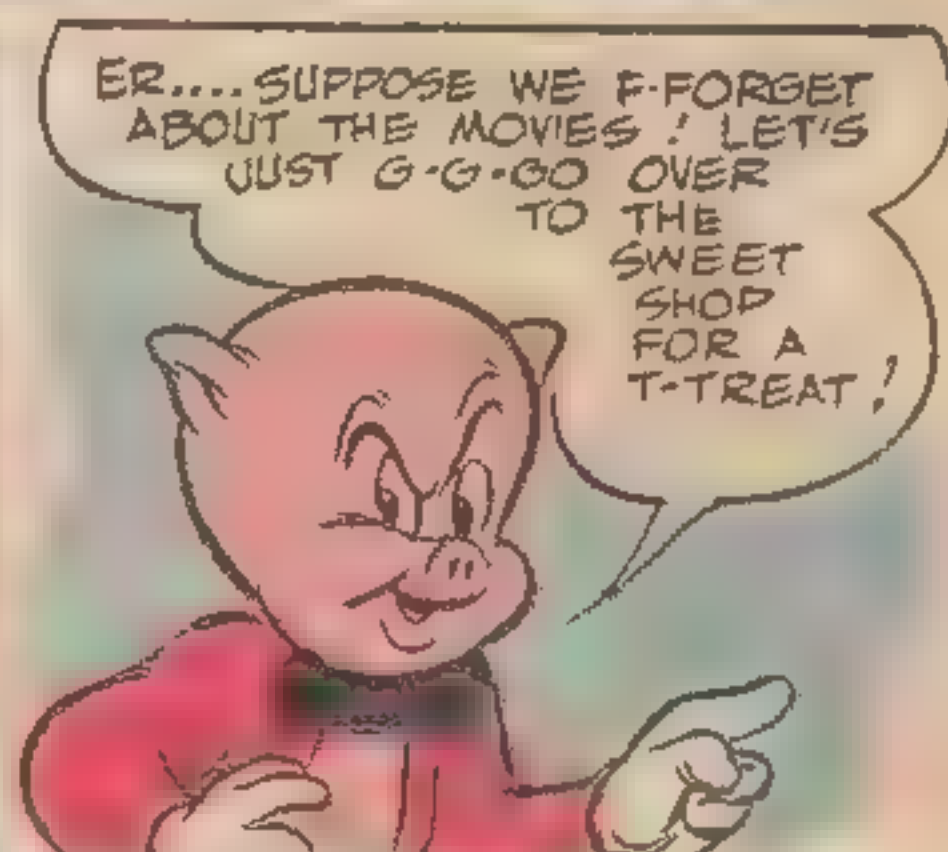
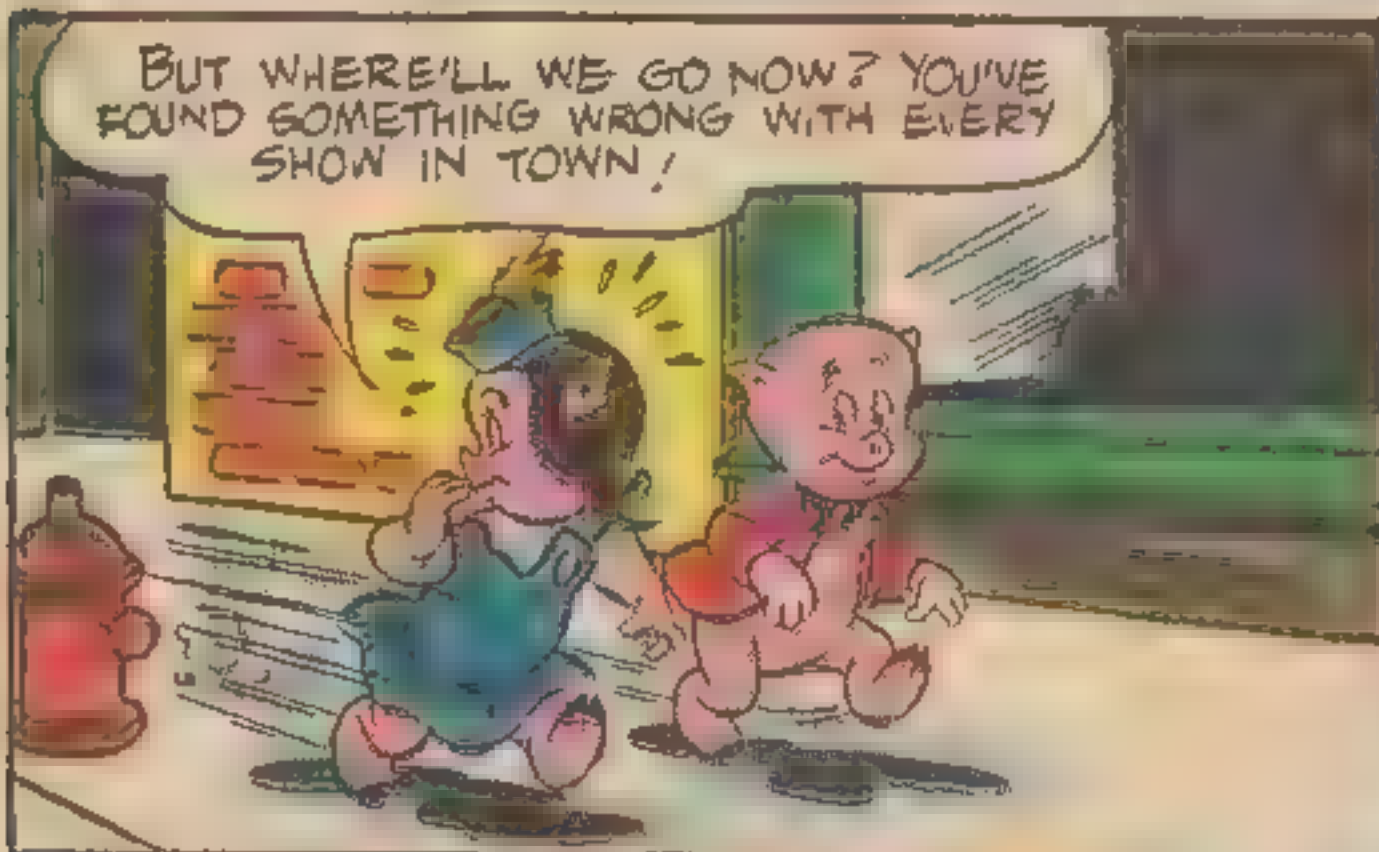
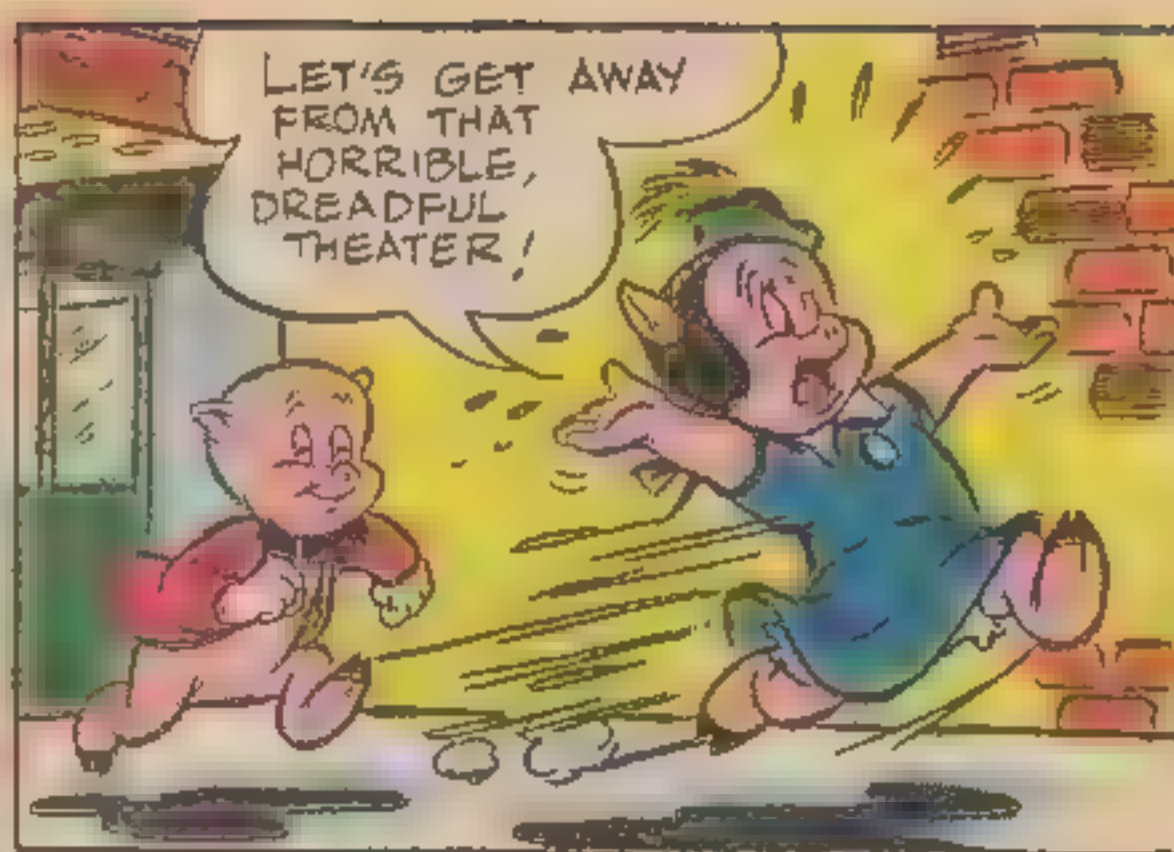
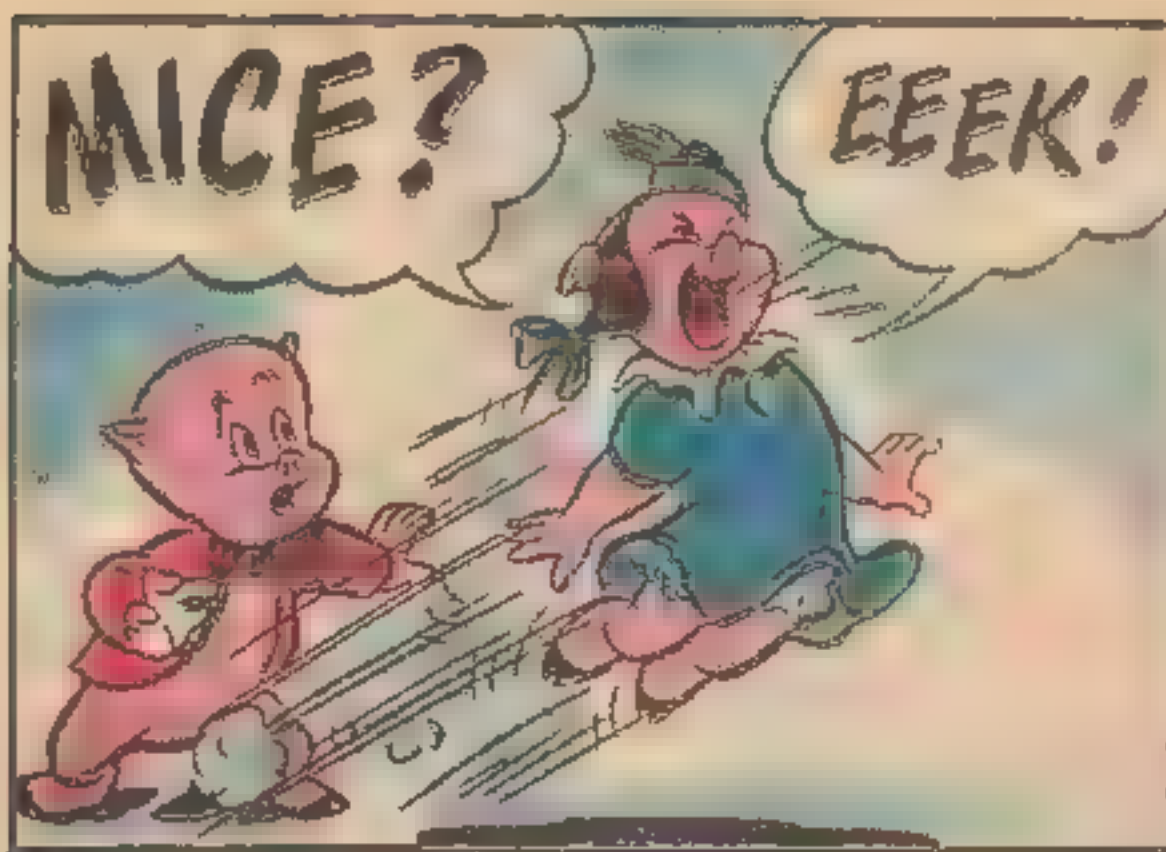


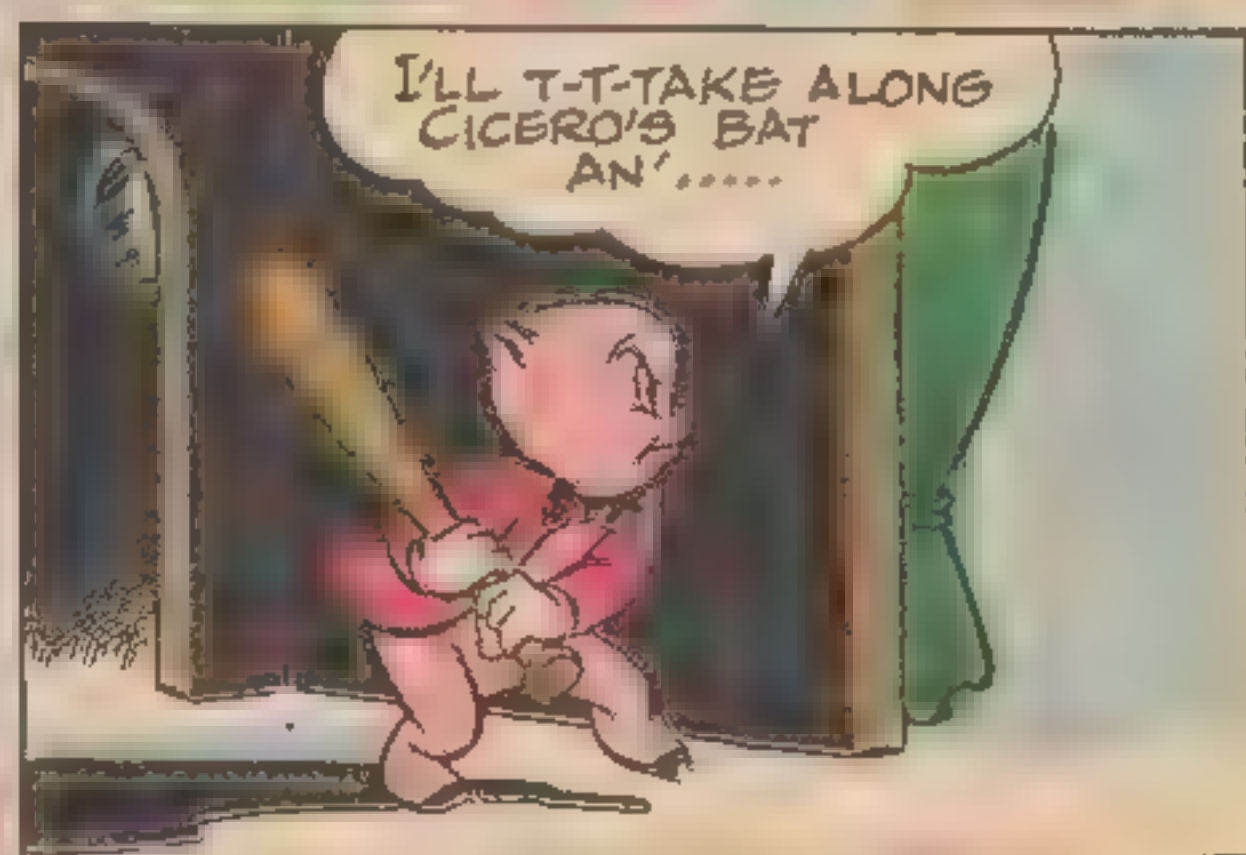
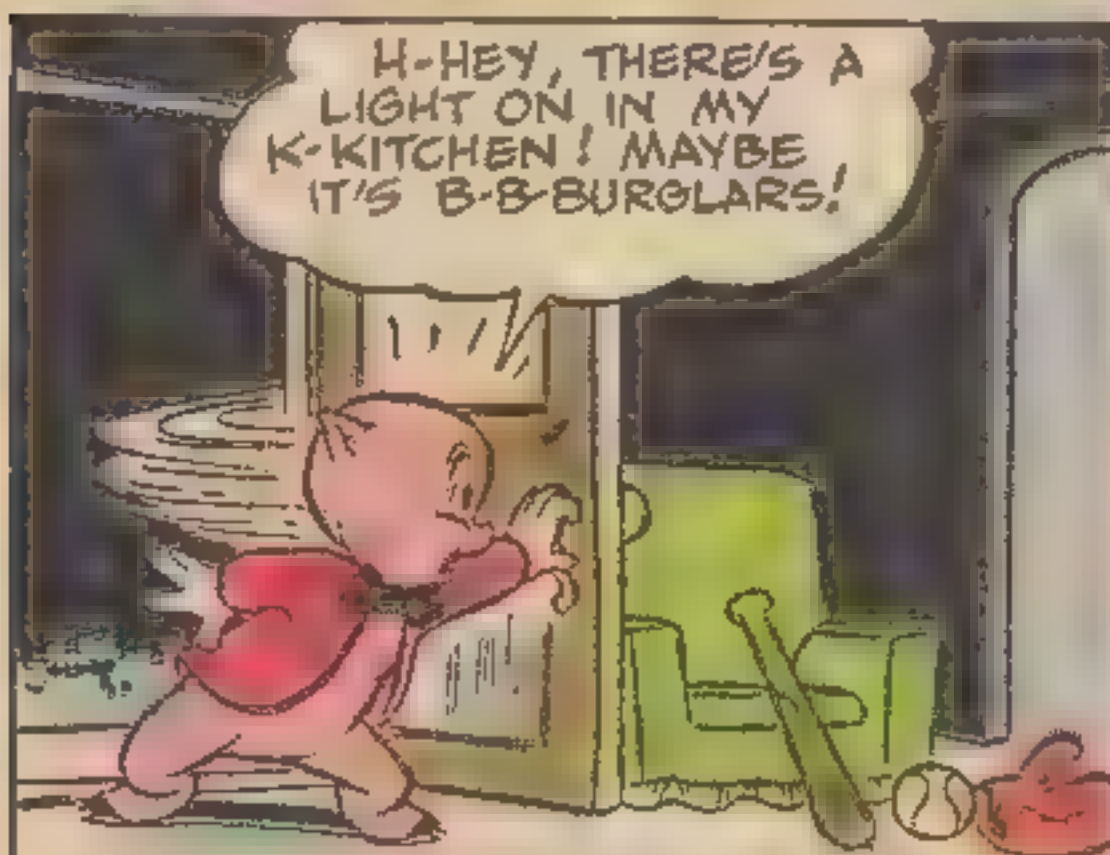
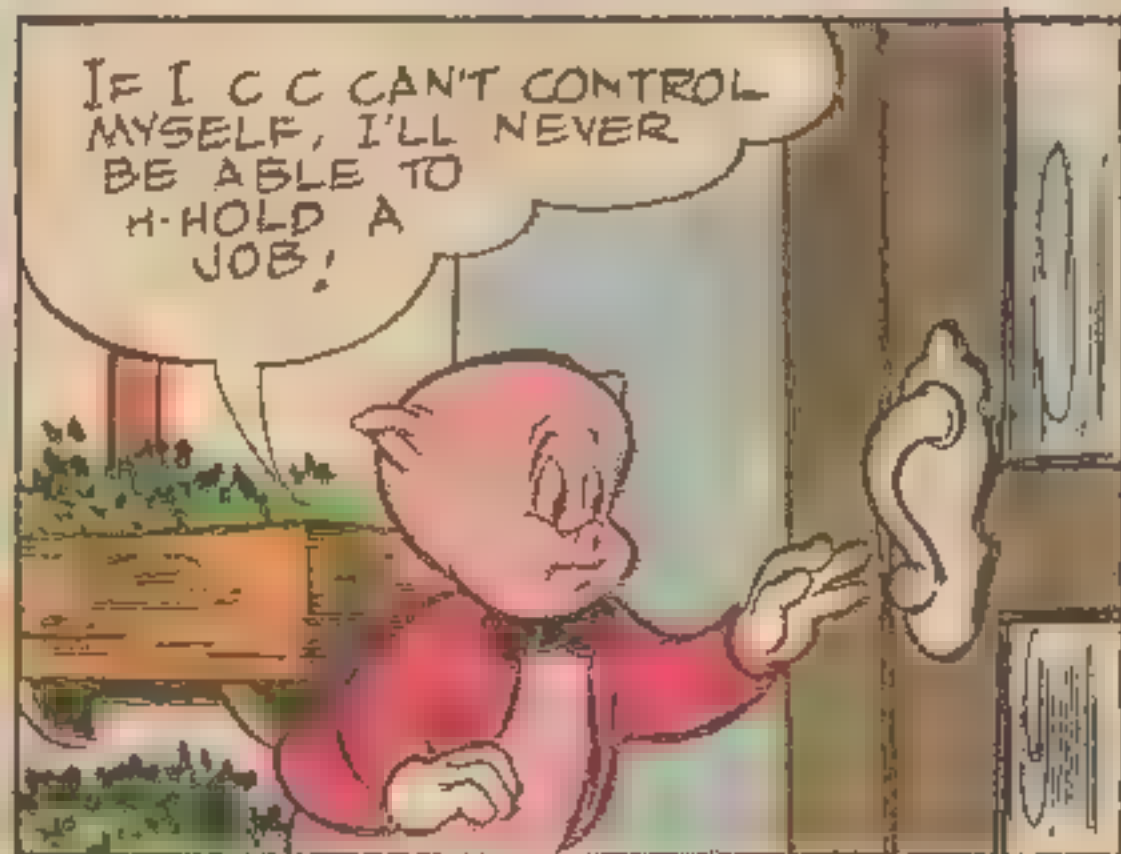
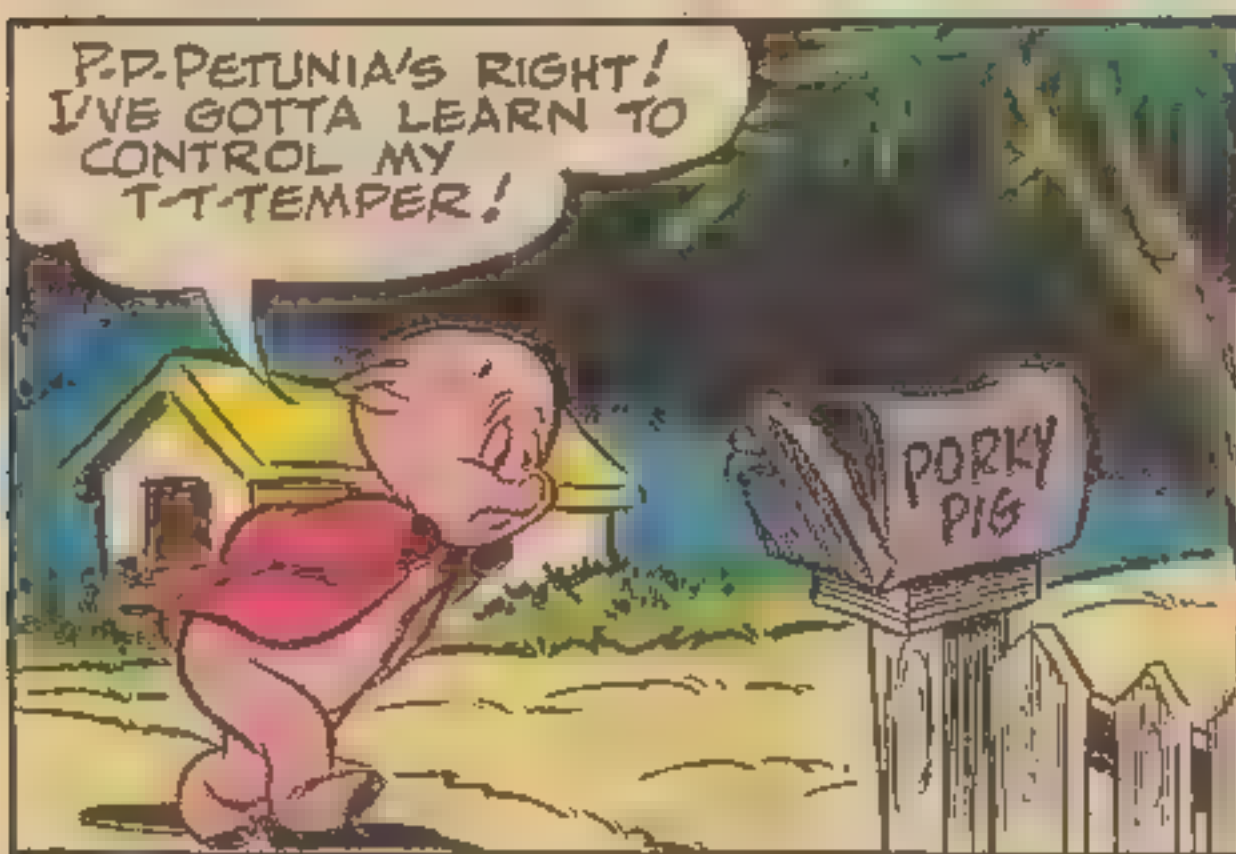
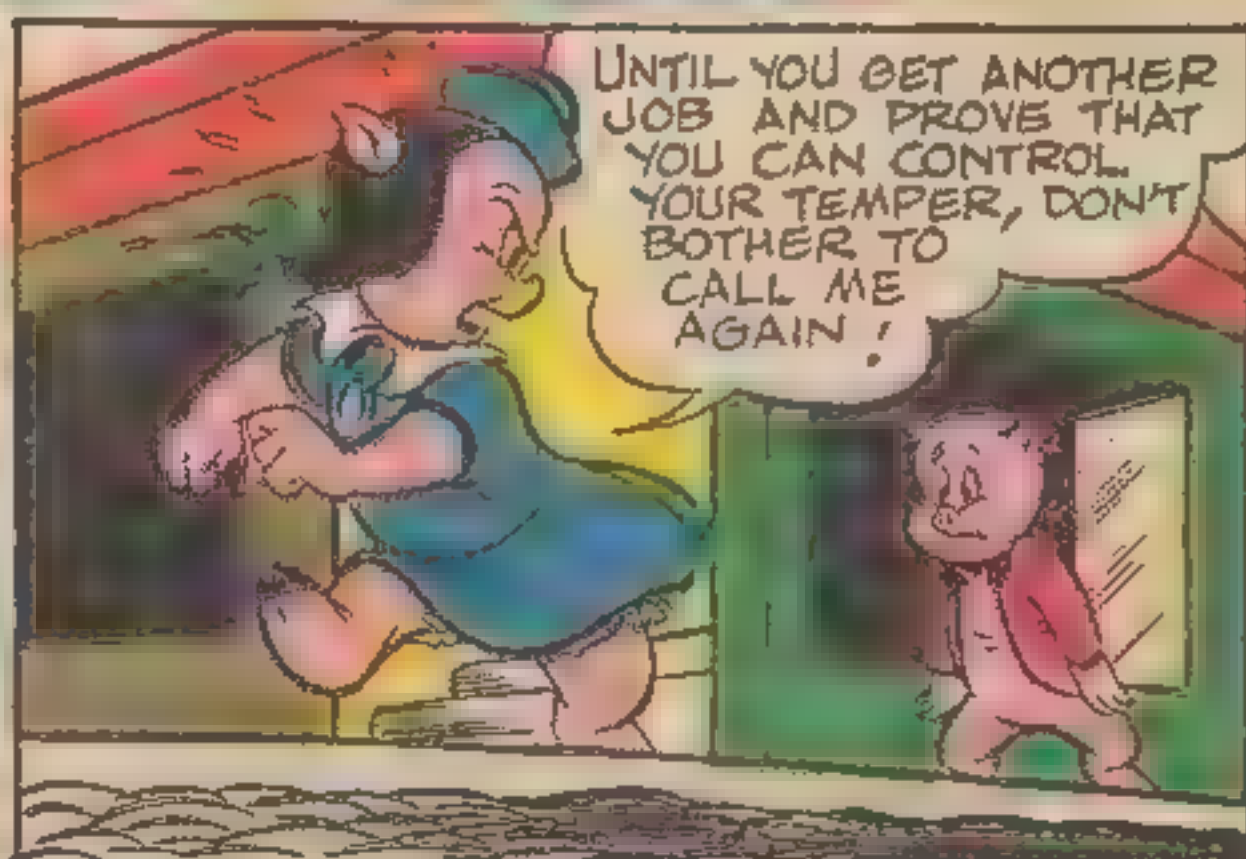
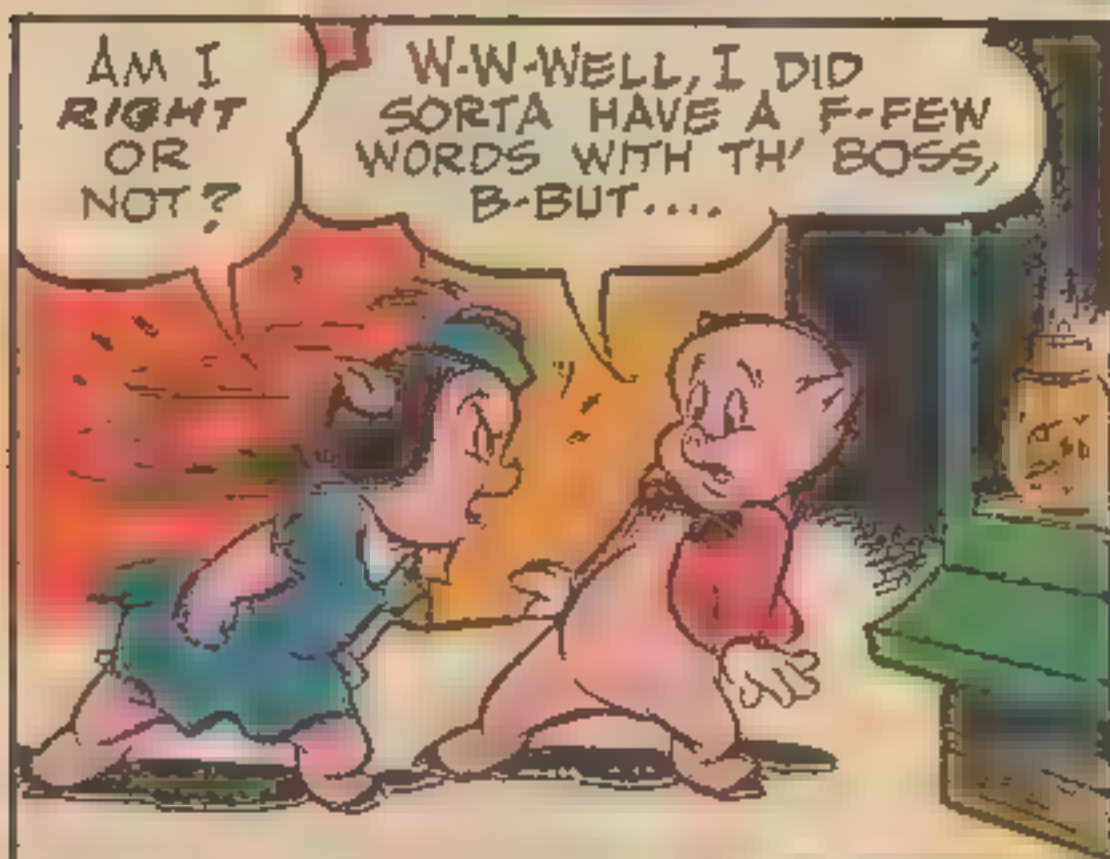
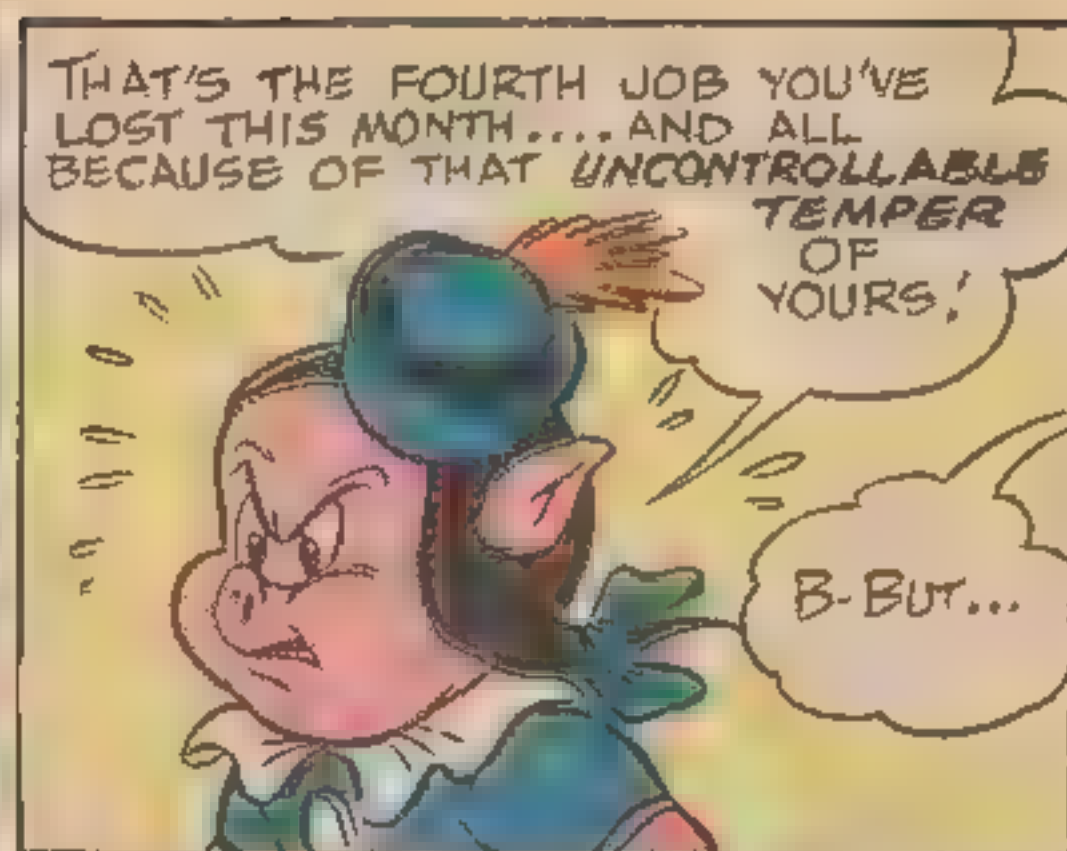
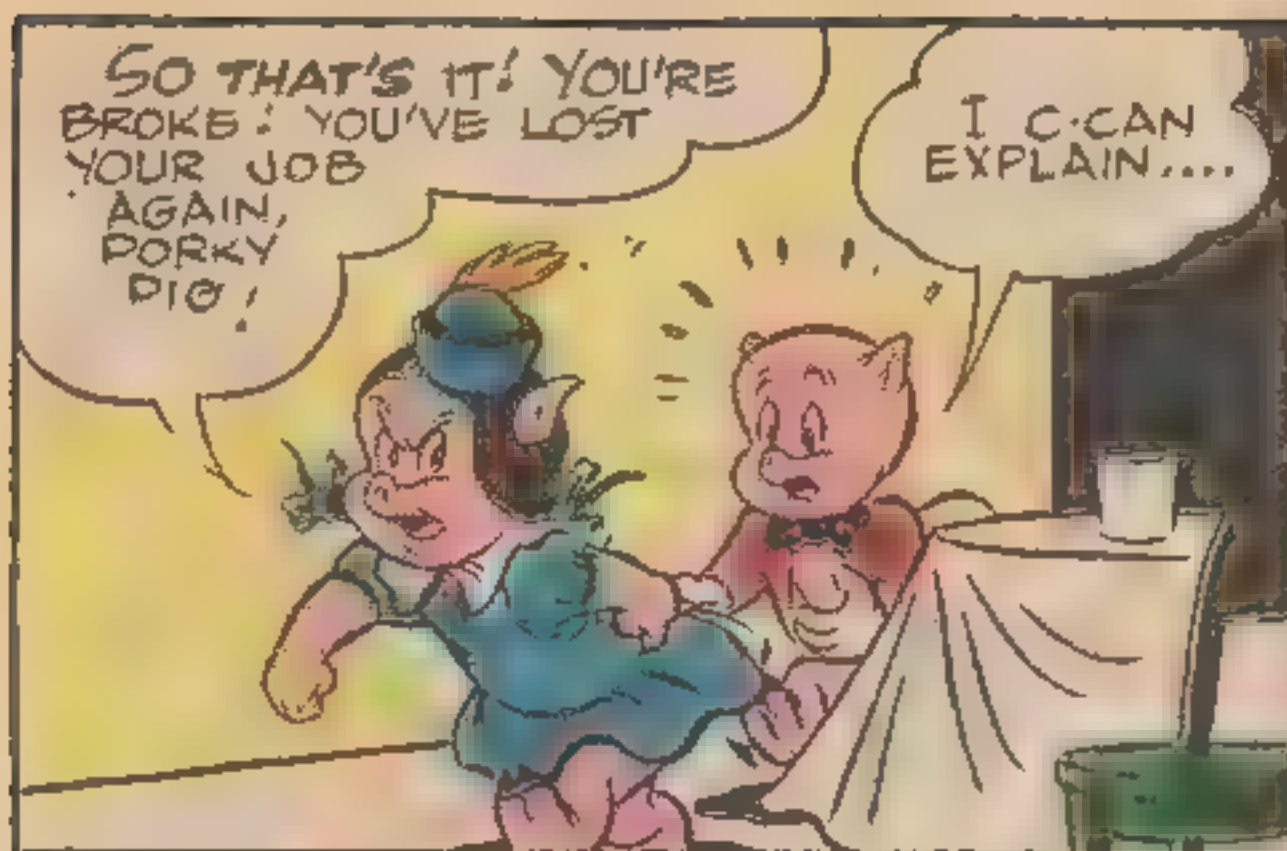
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.,

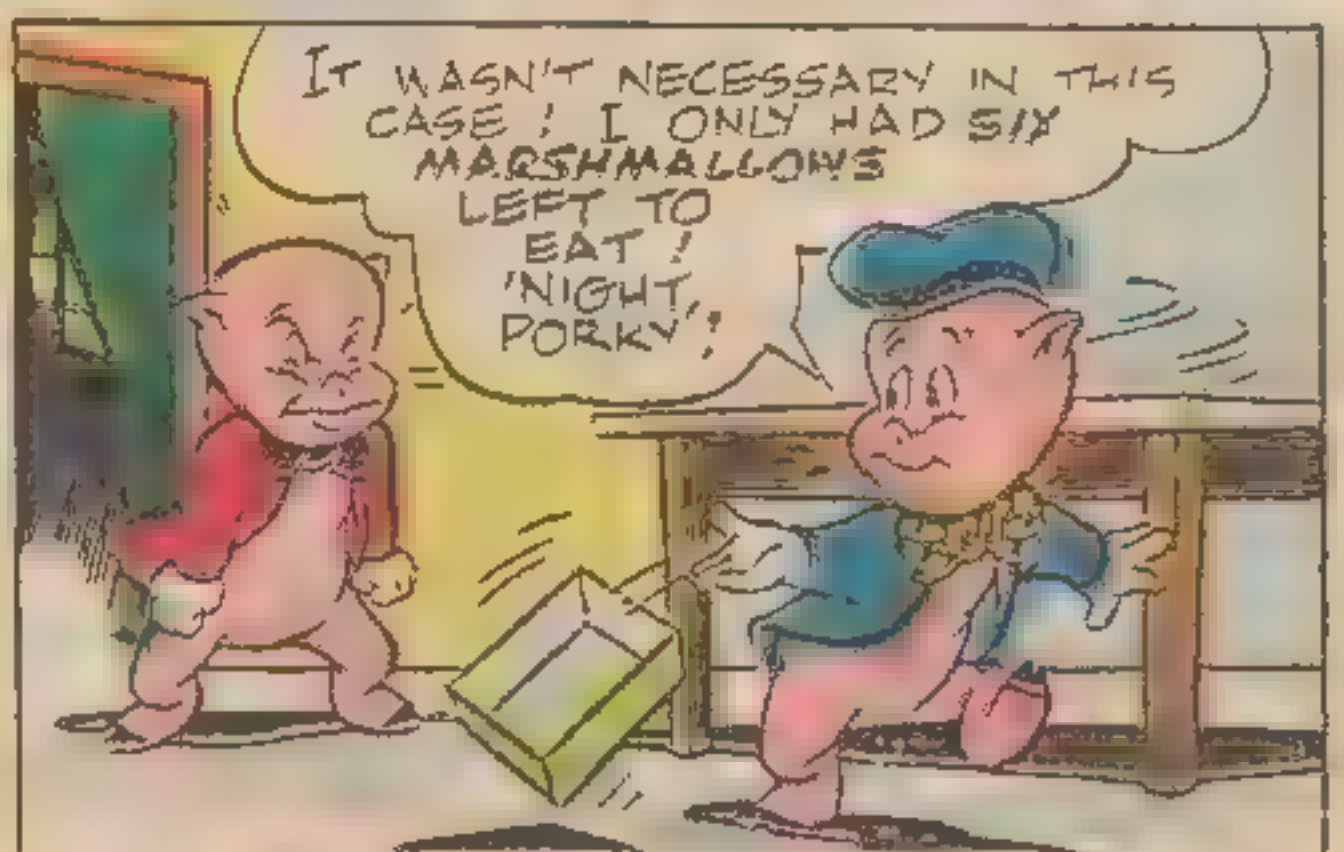
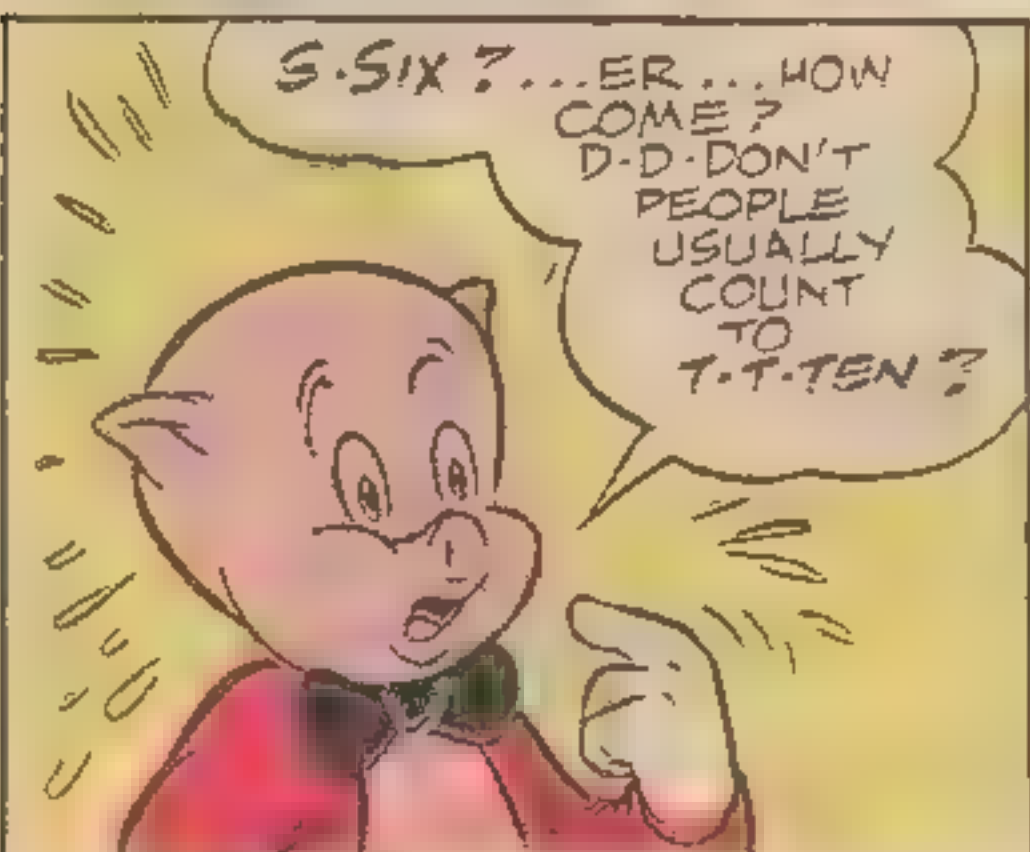
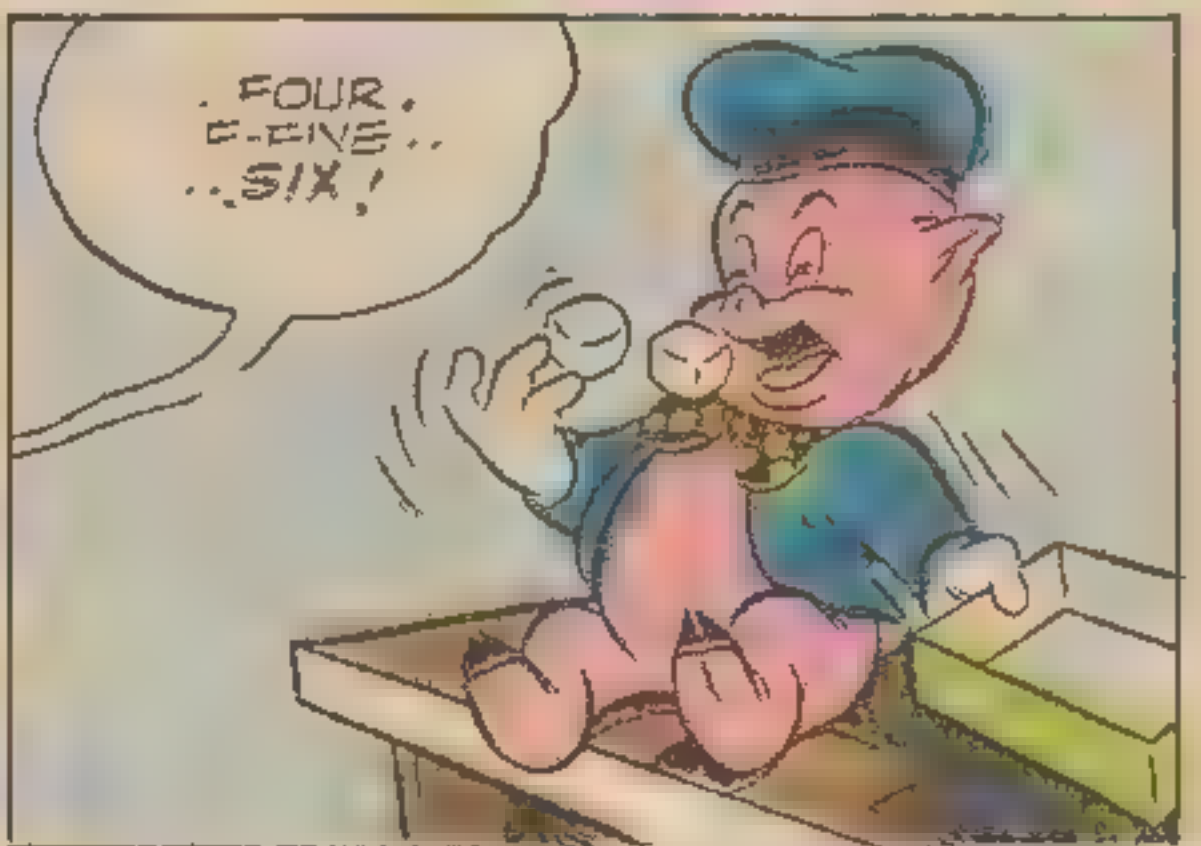
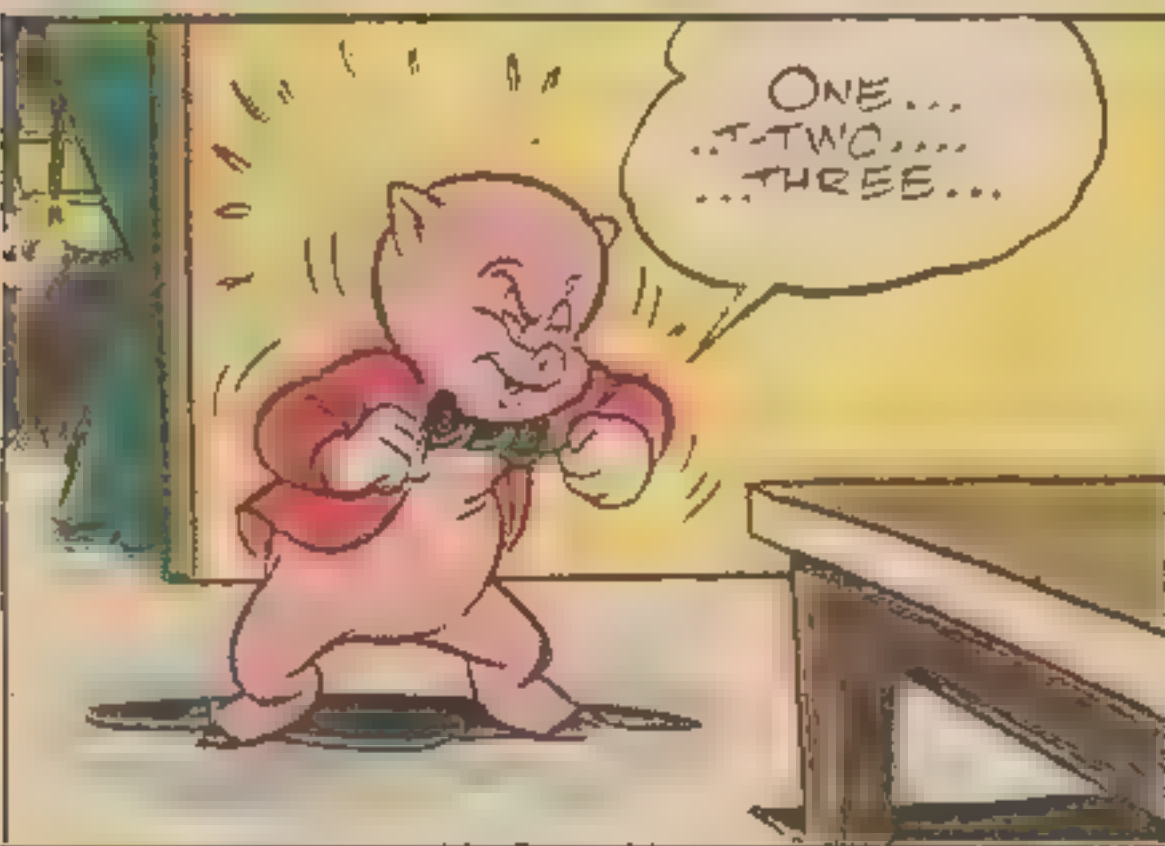
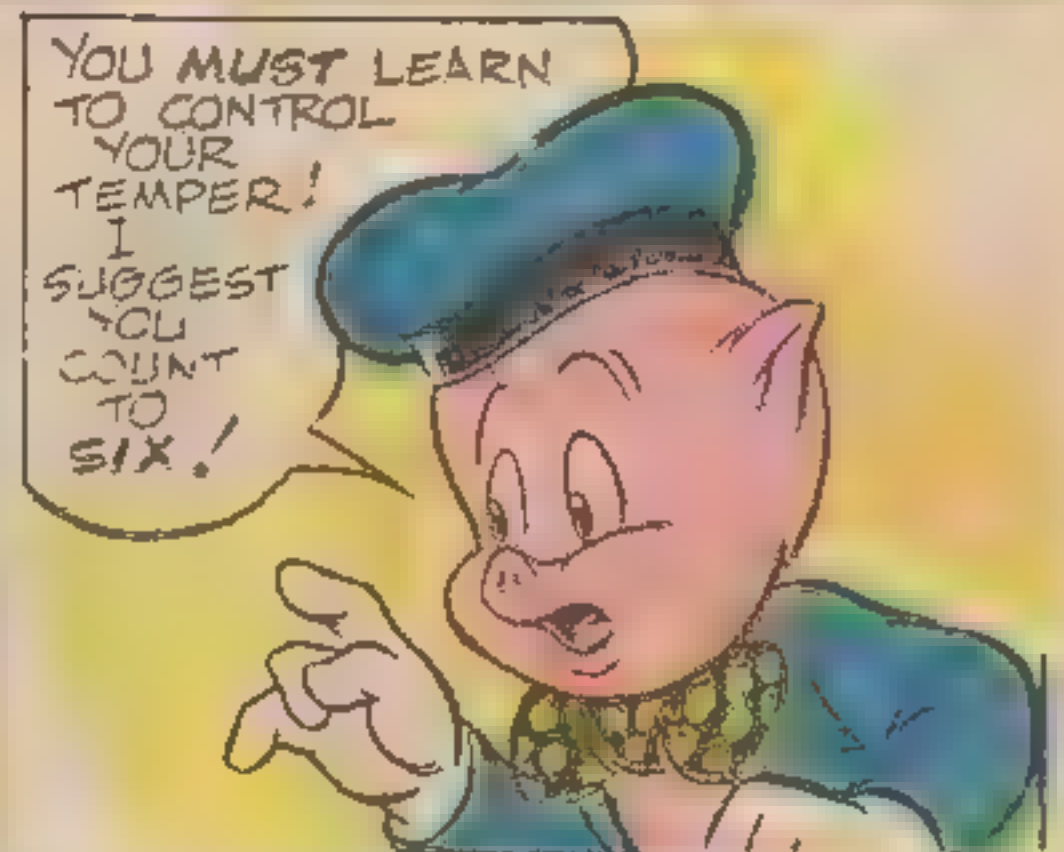
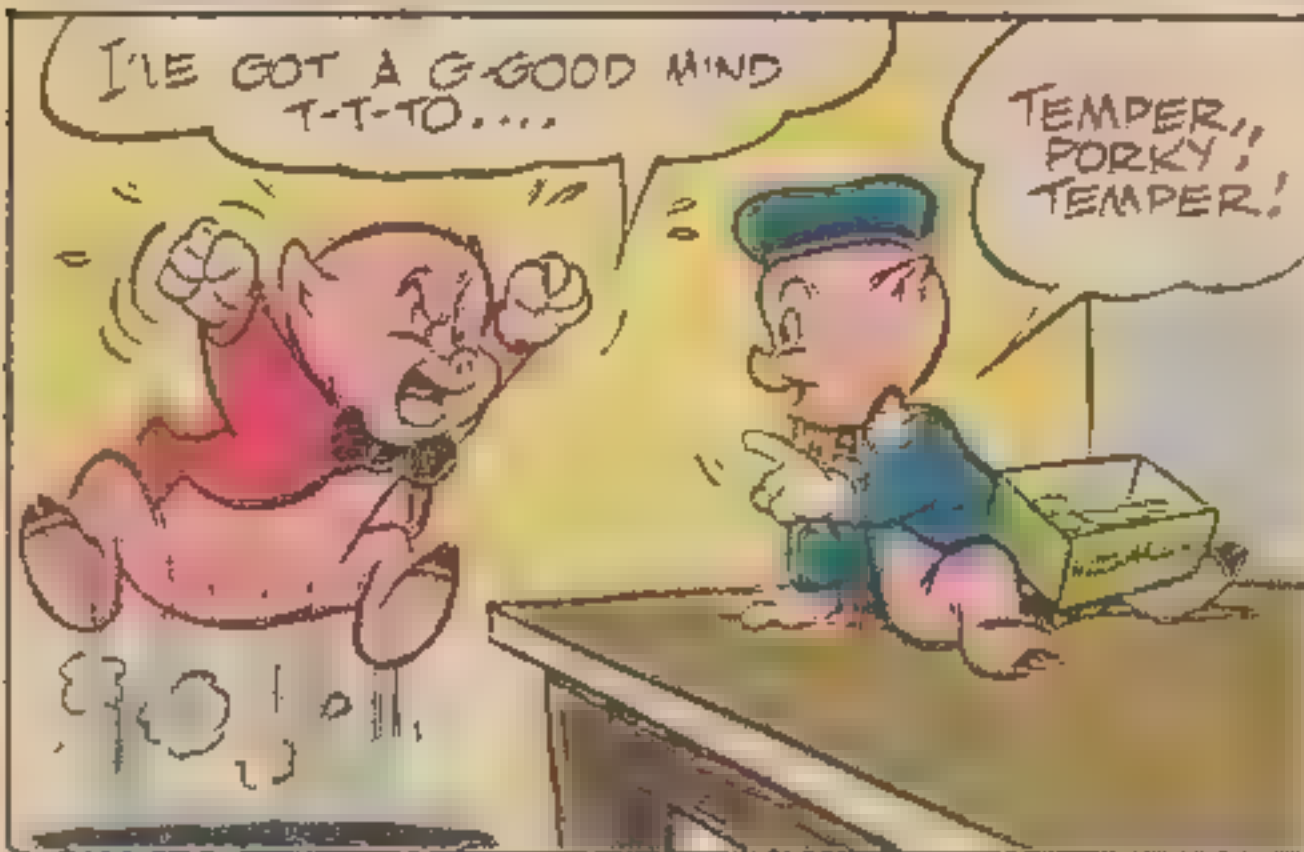
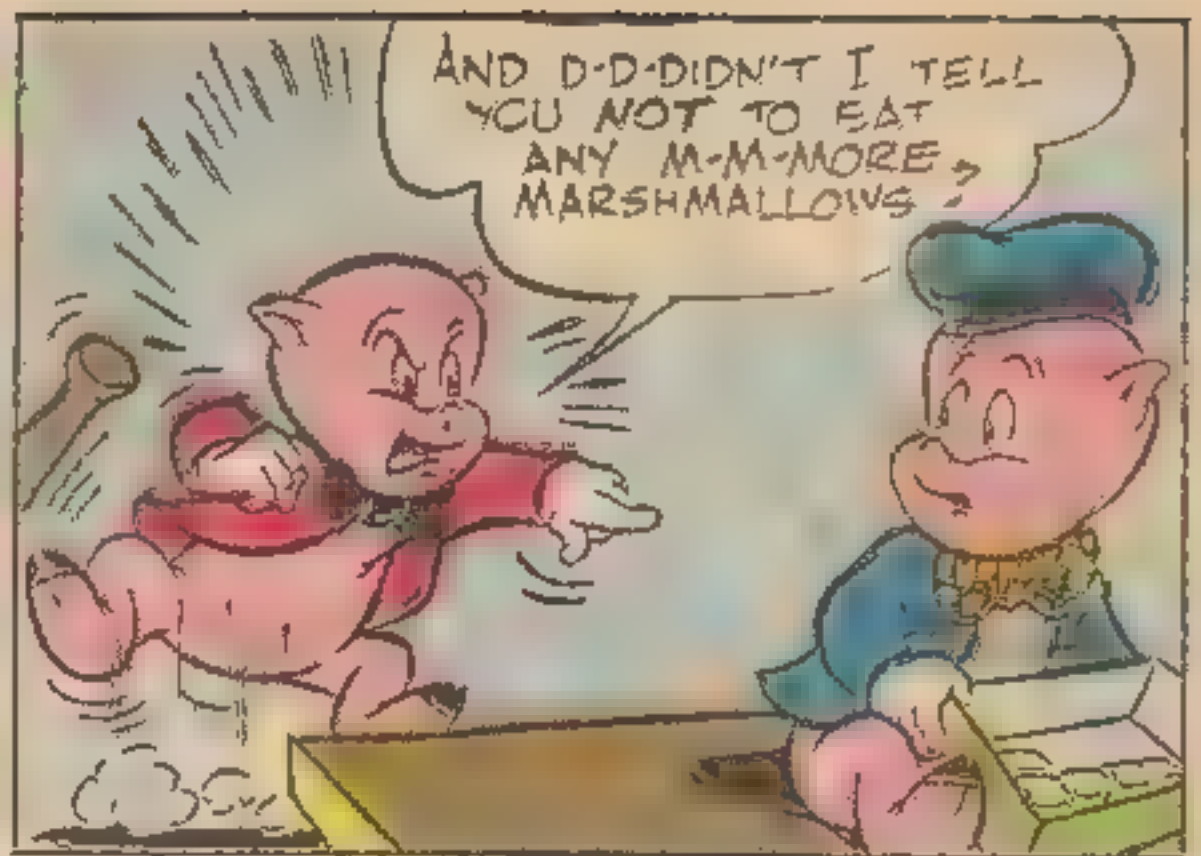
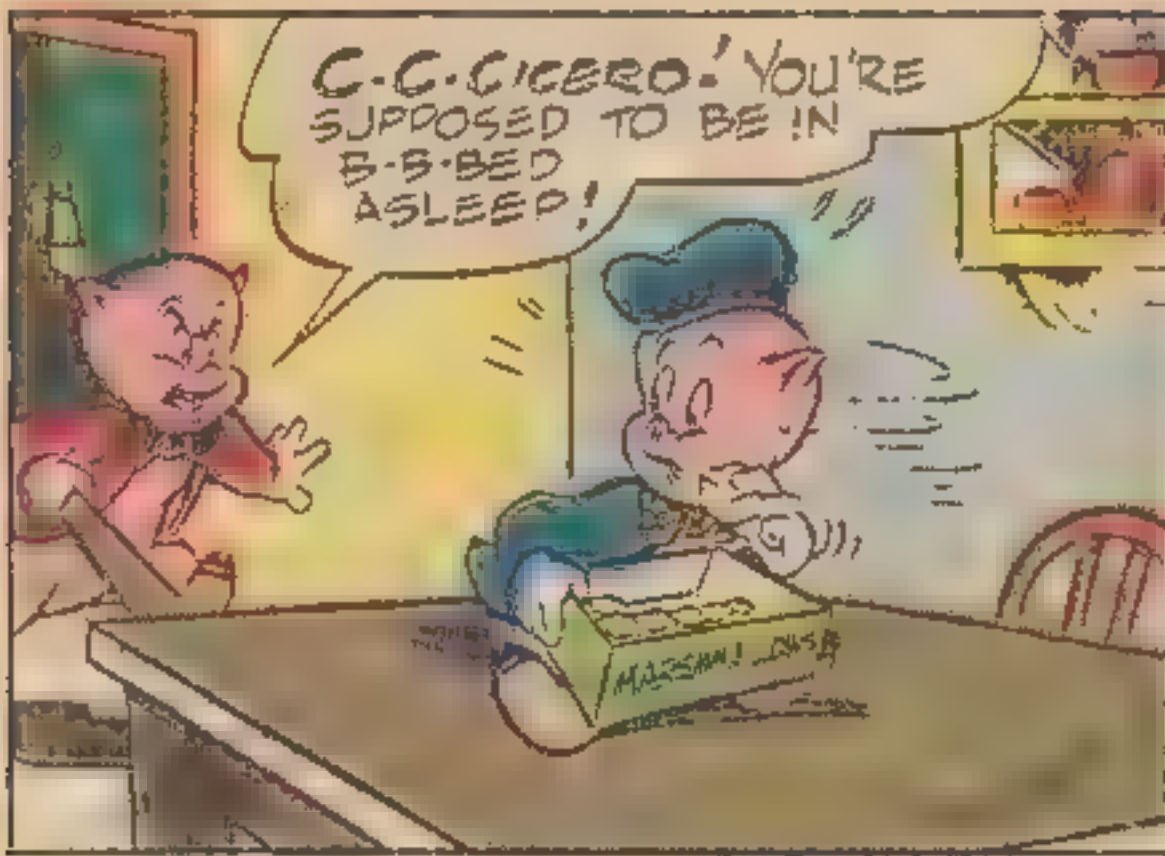
PRESENT

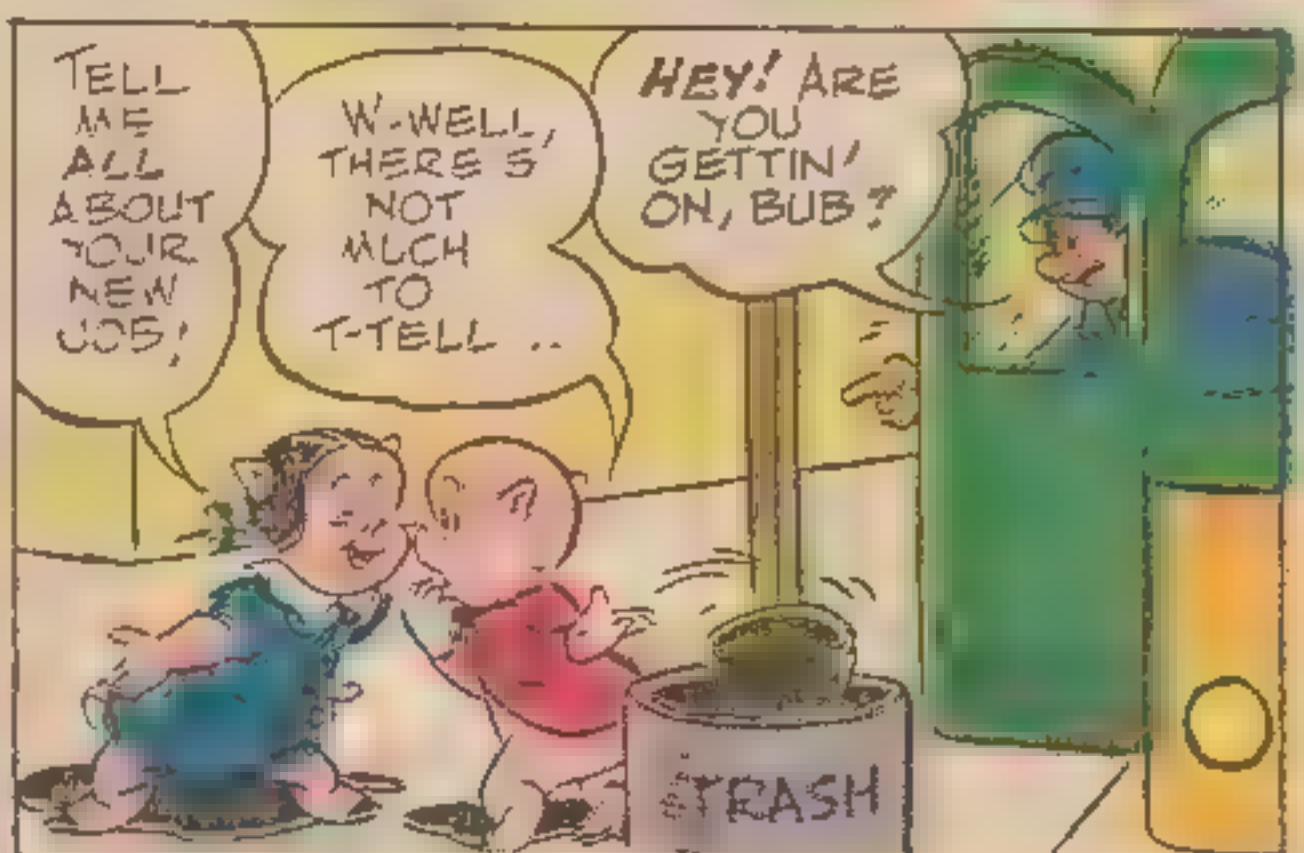
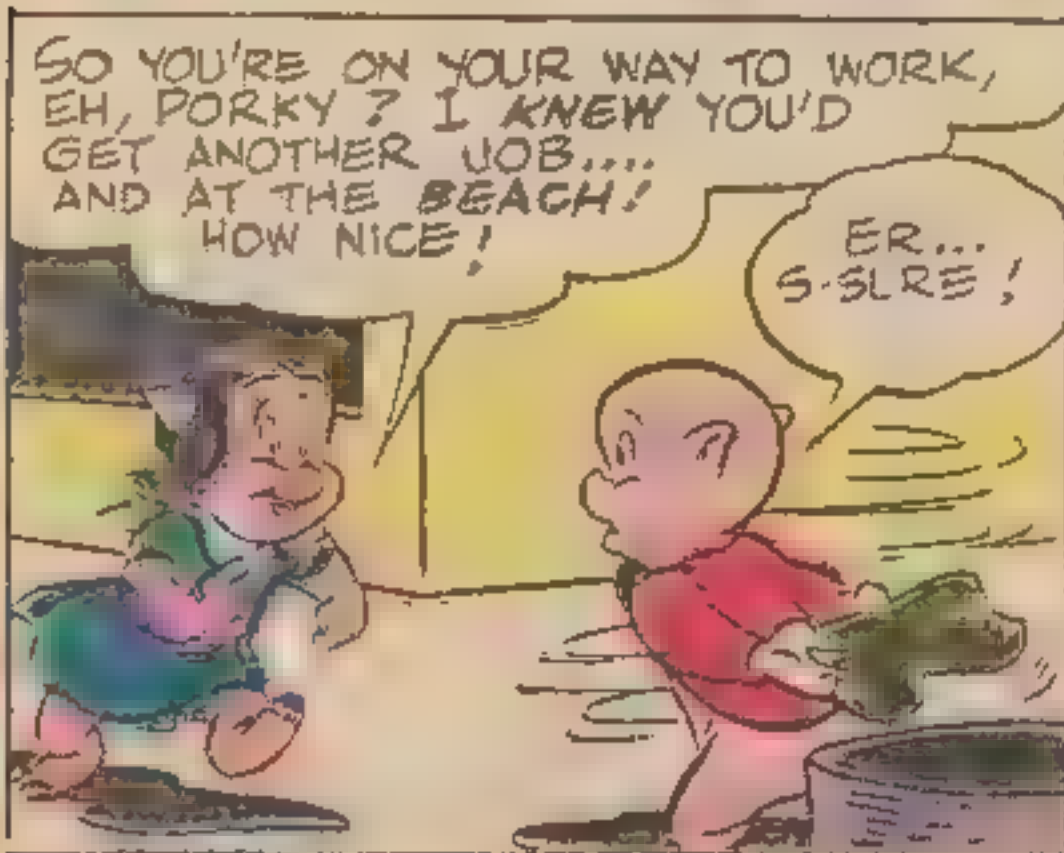
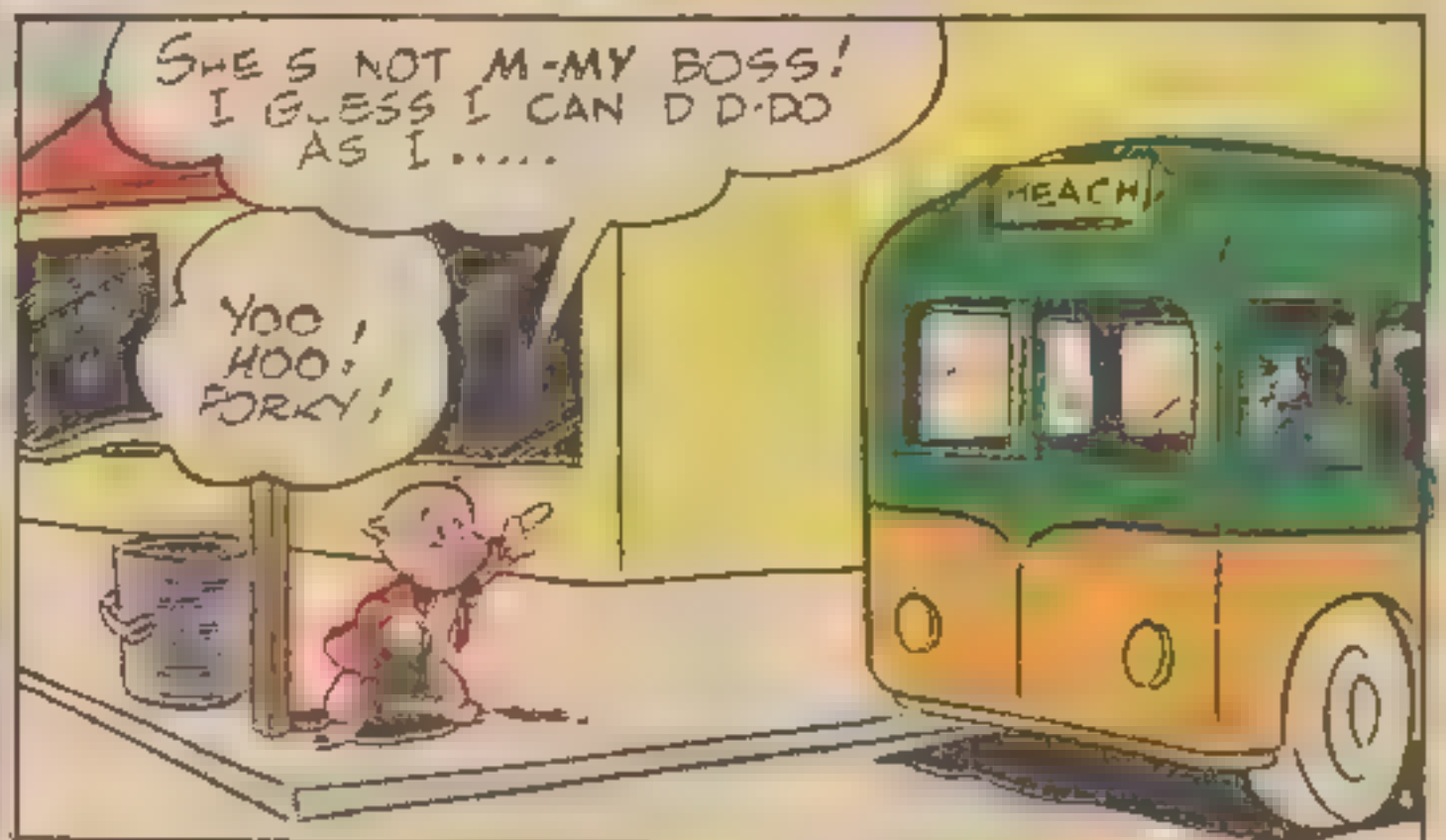
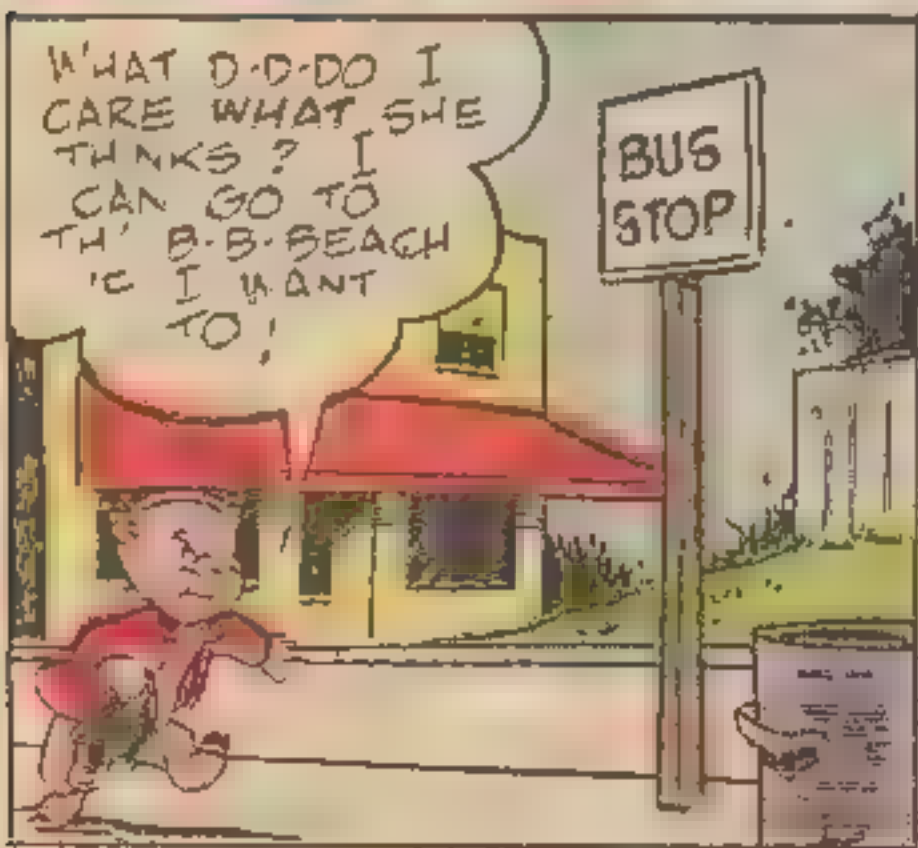
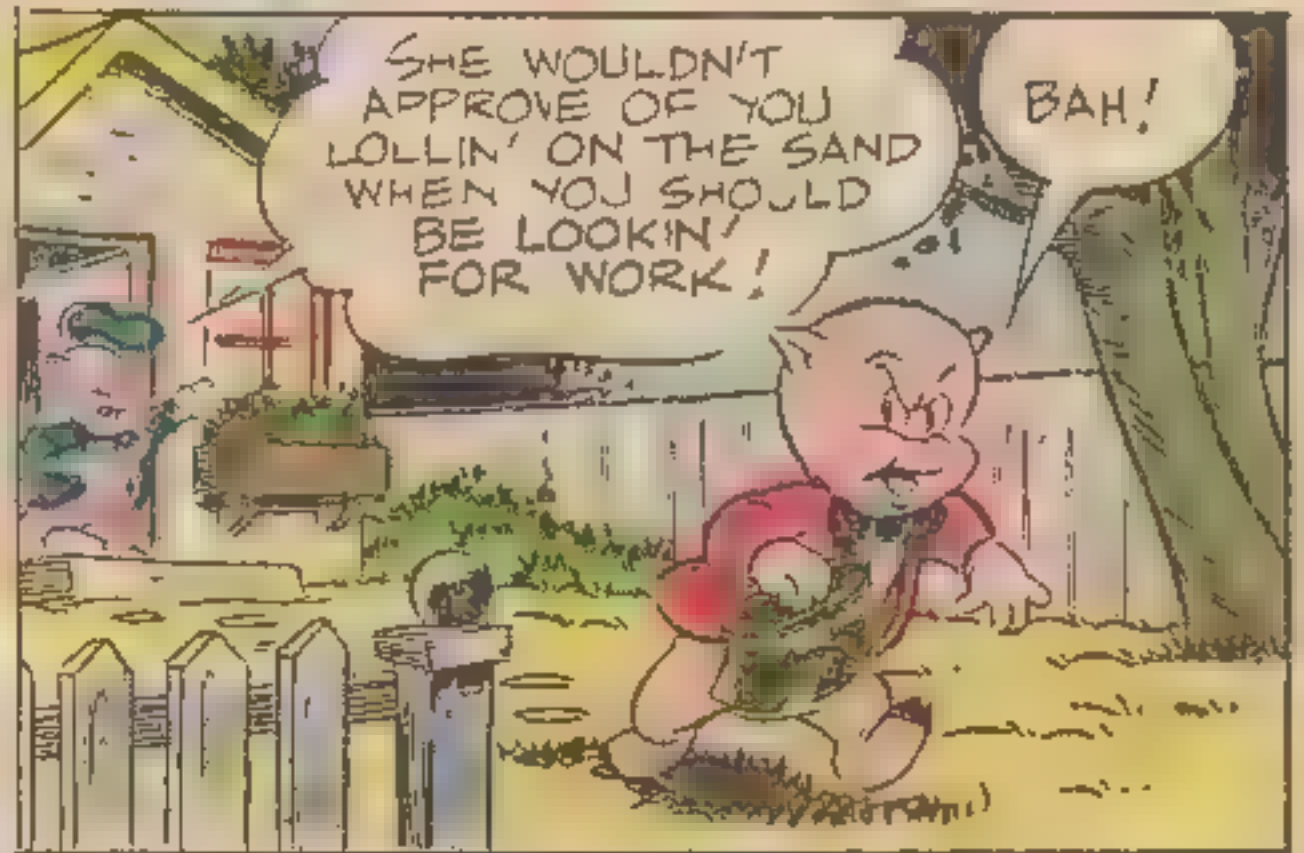
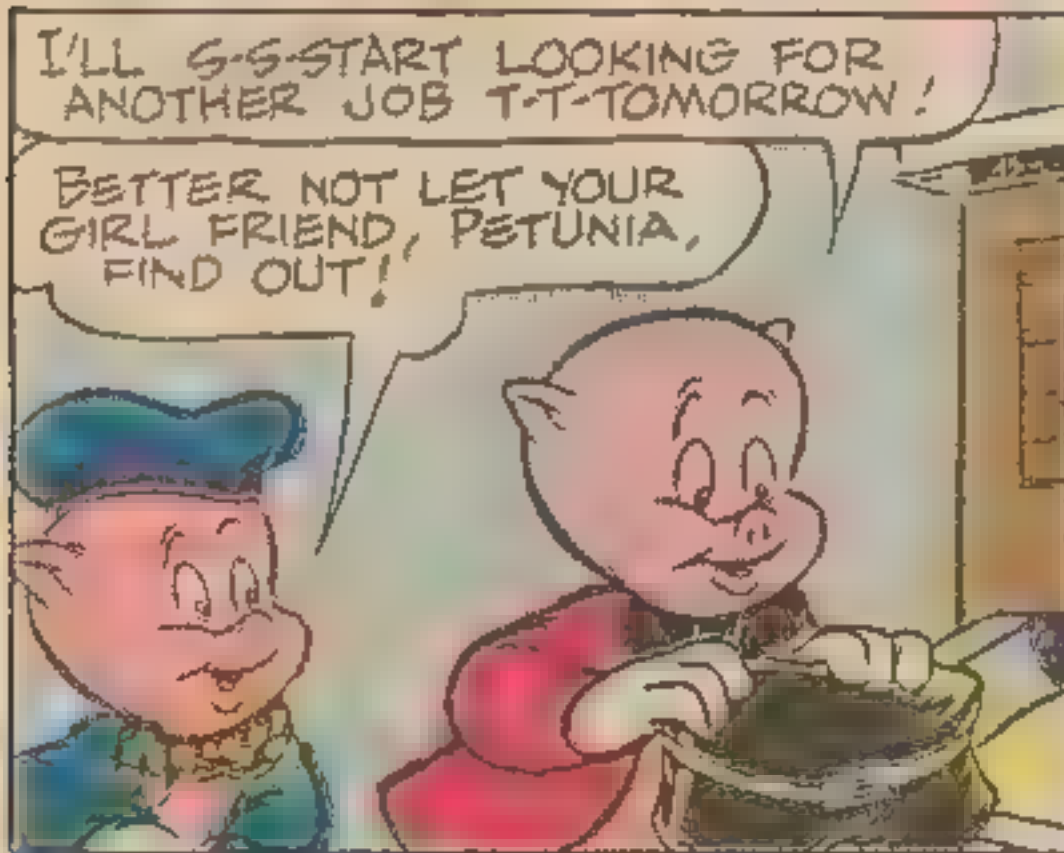
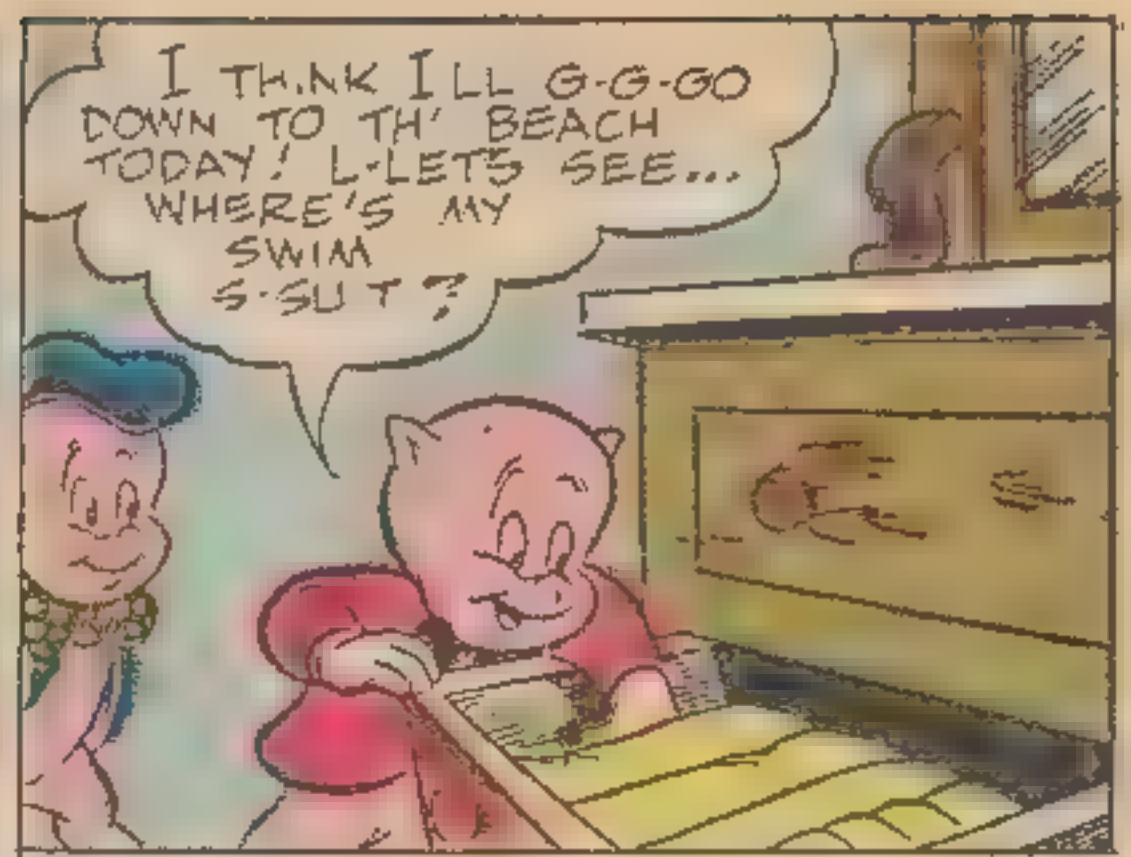
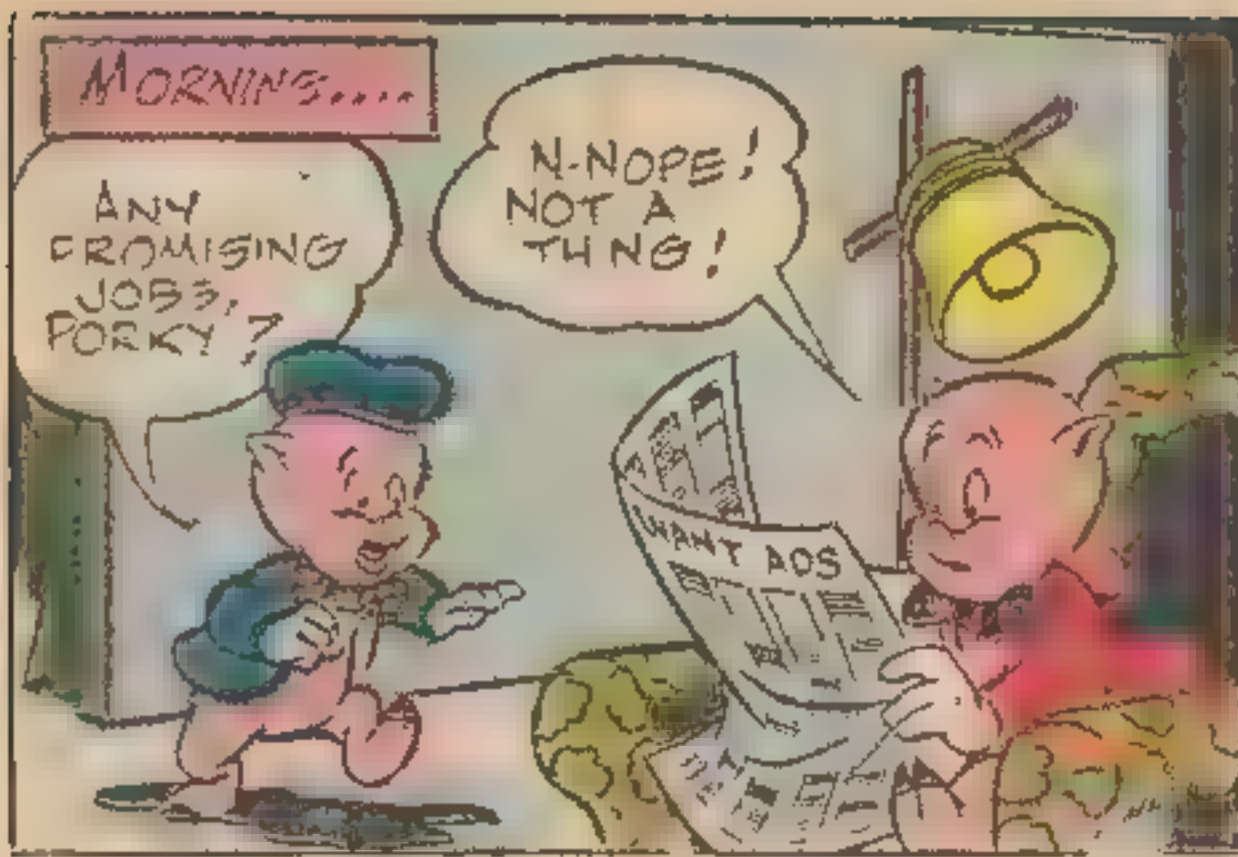
PORKY Pig

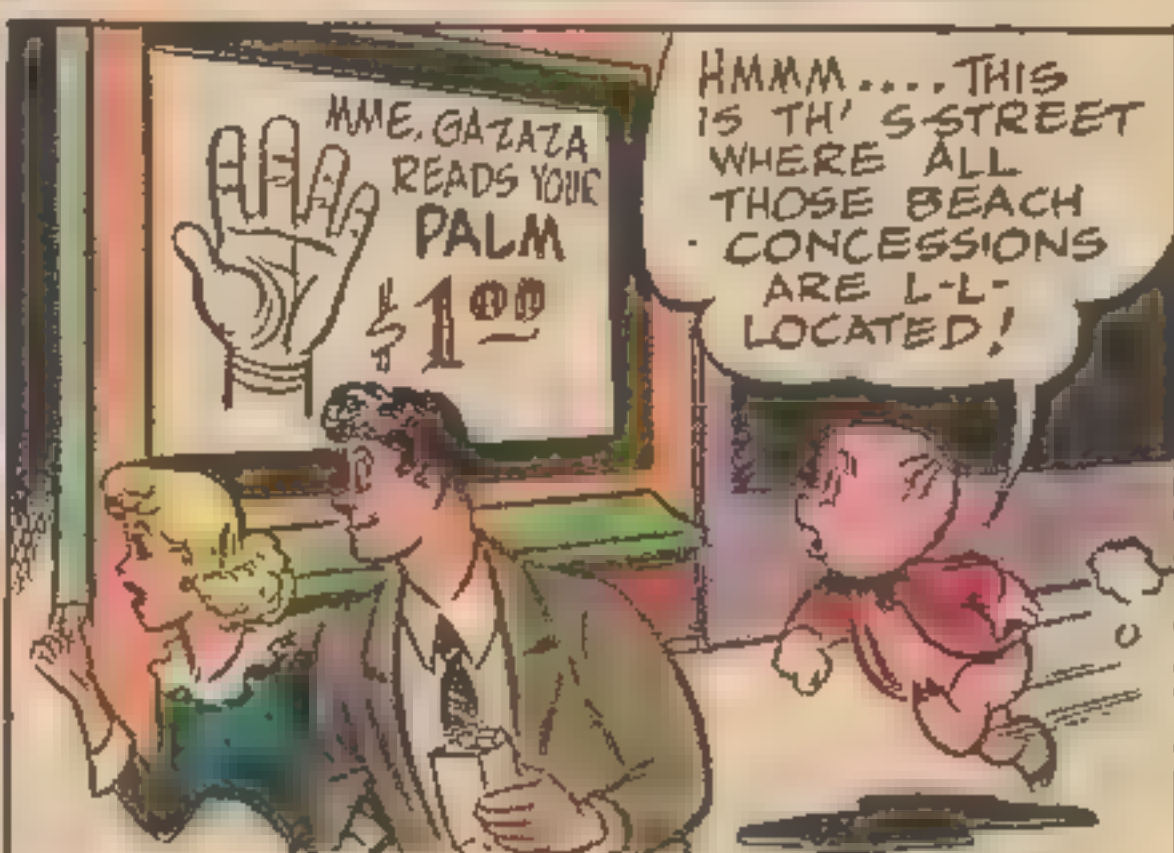
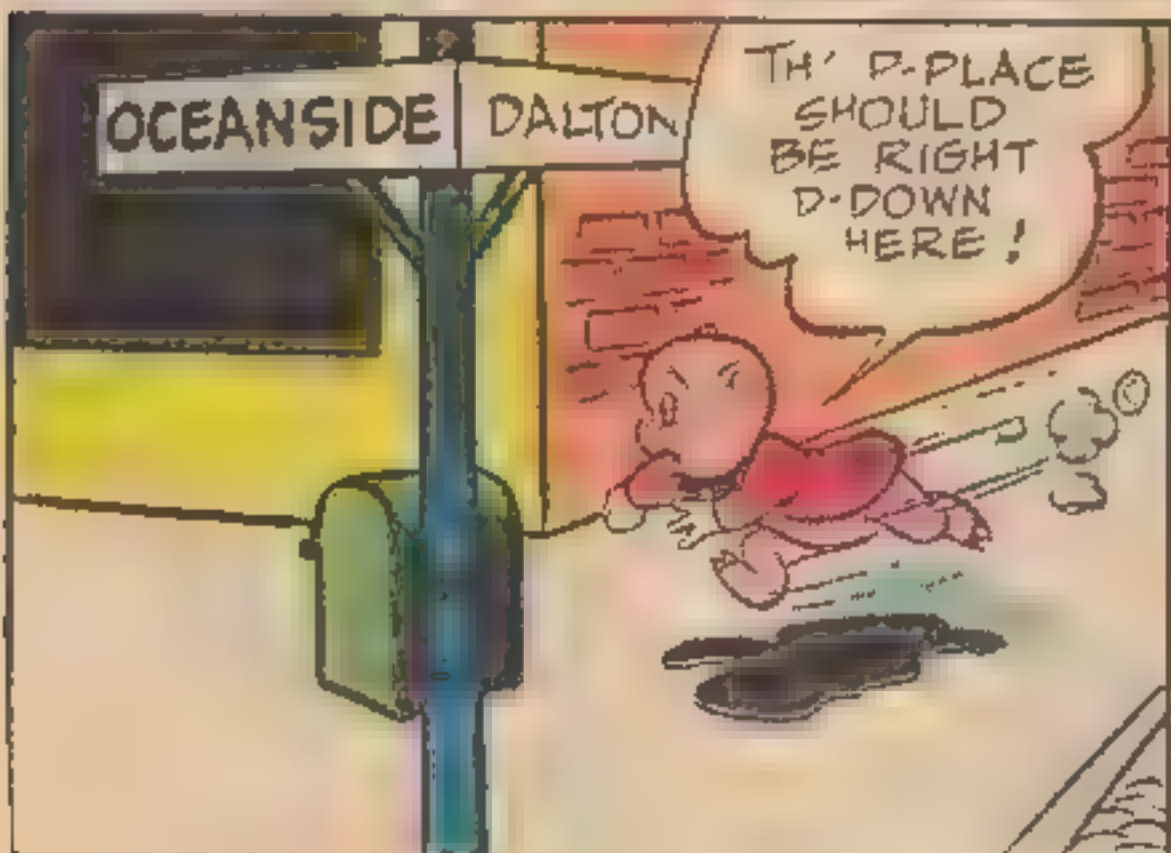
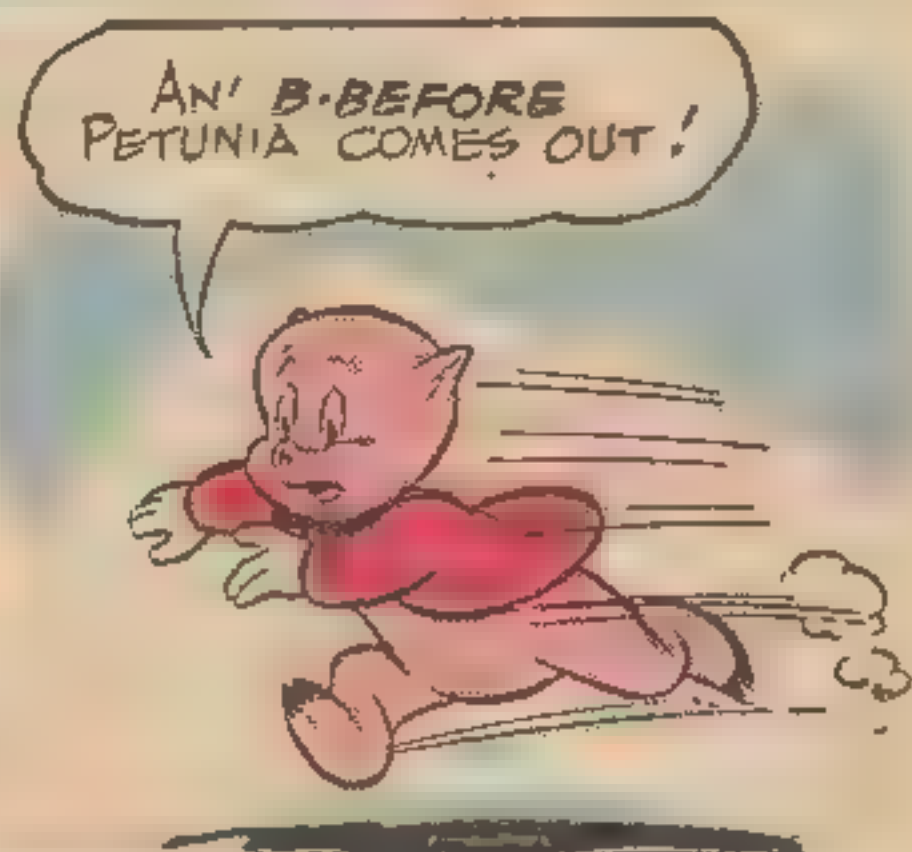
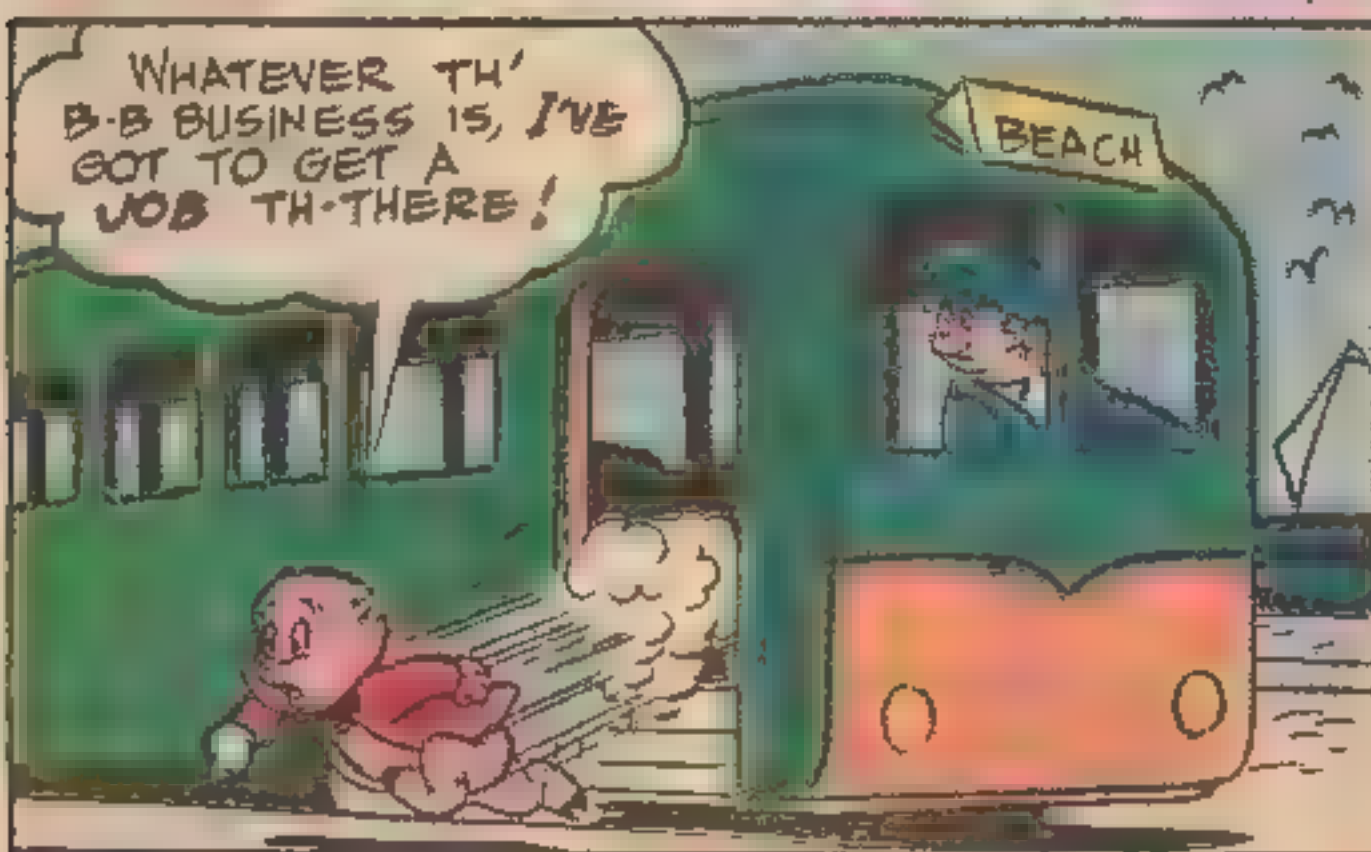
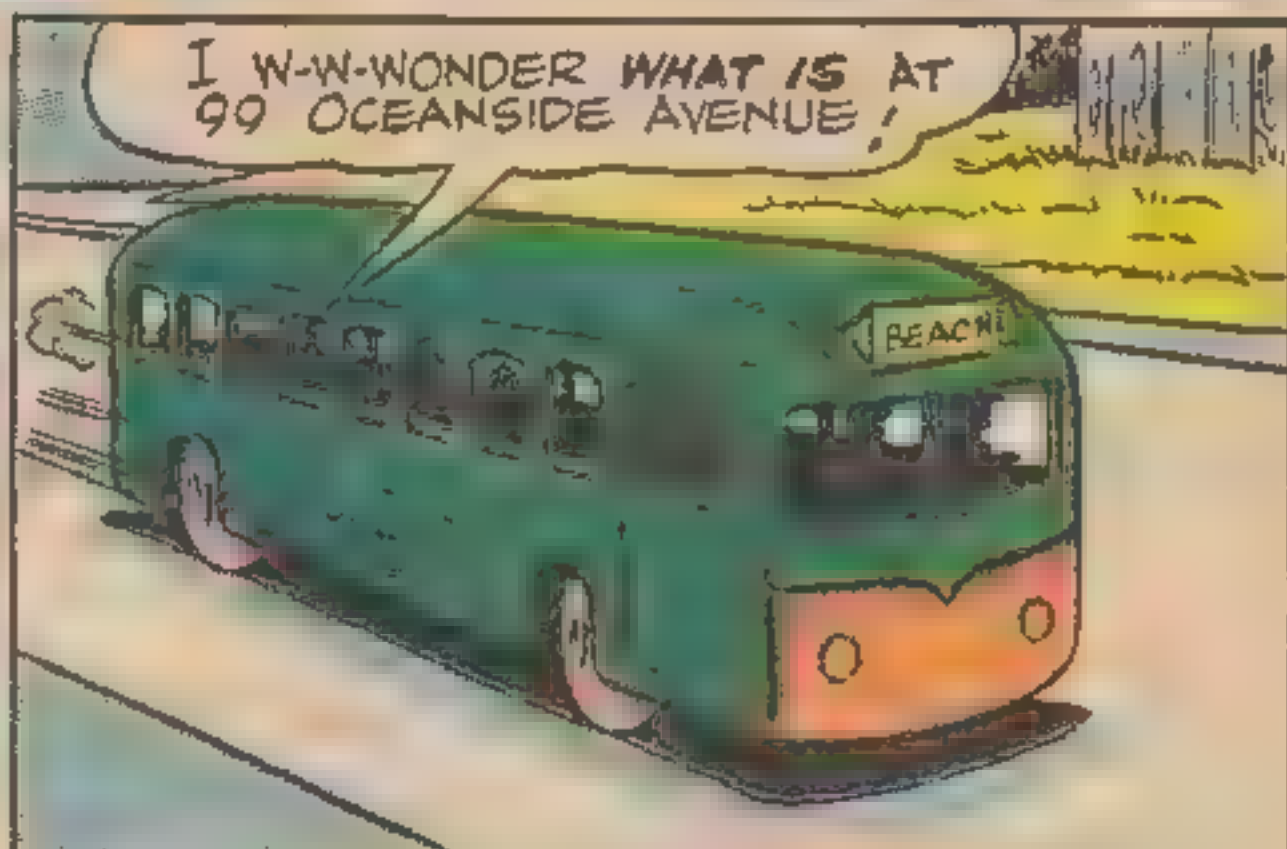
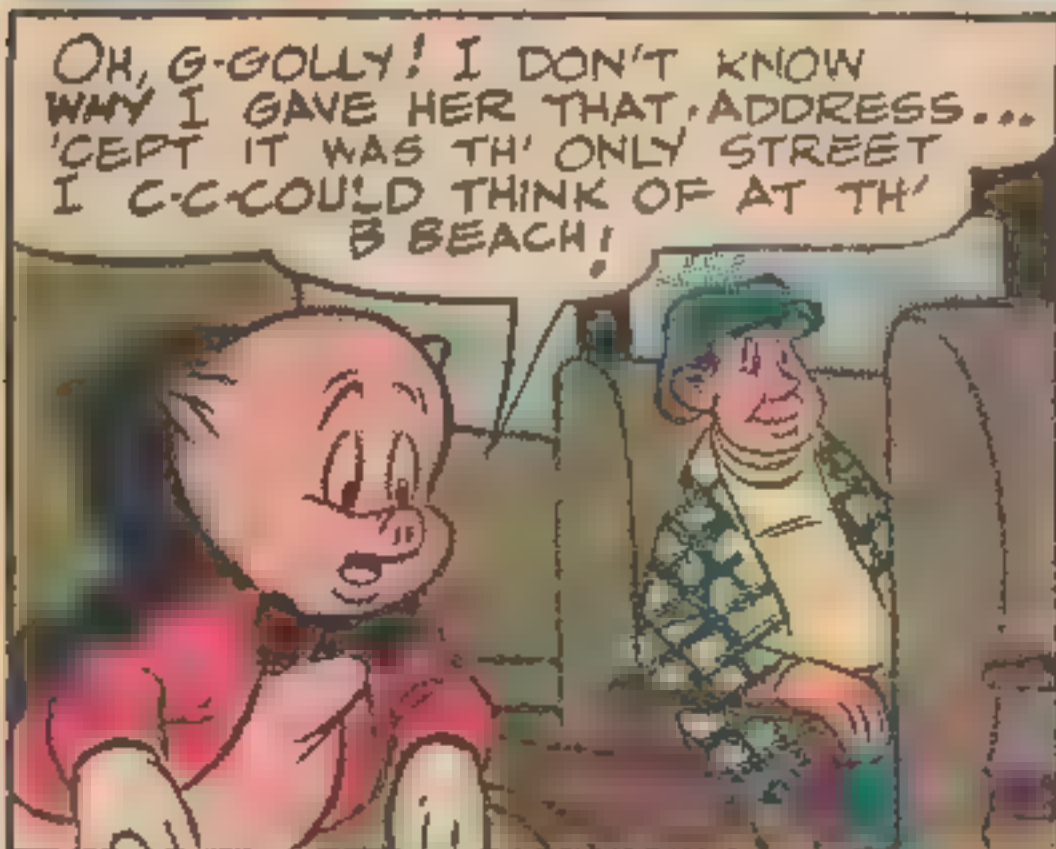
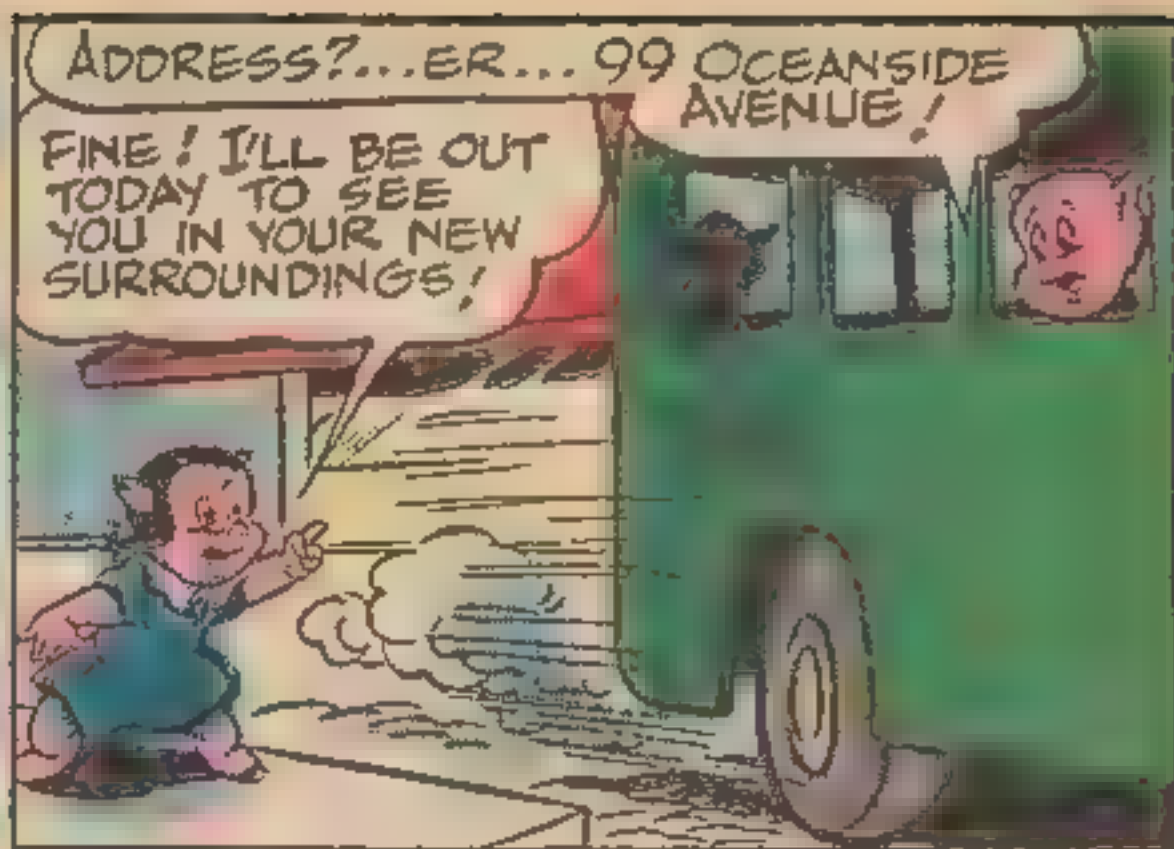
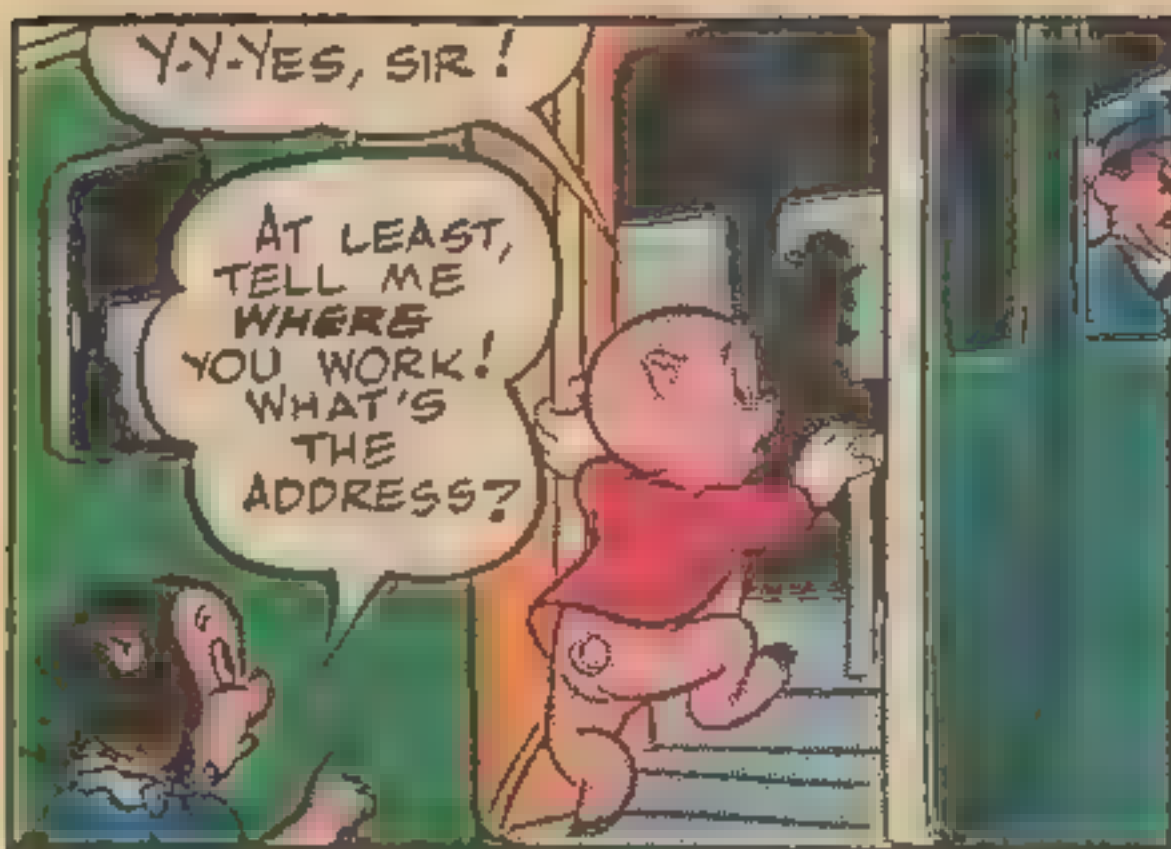


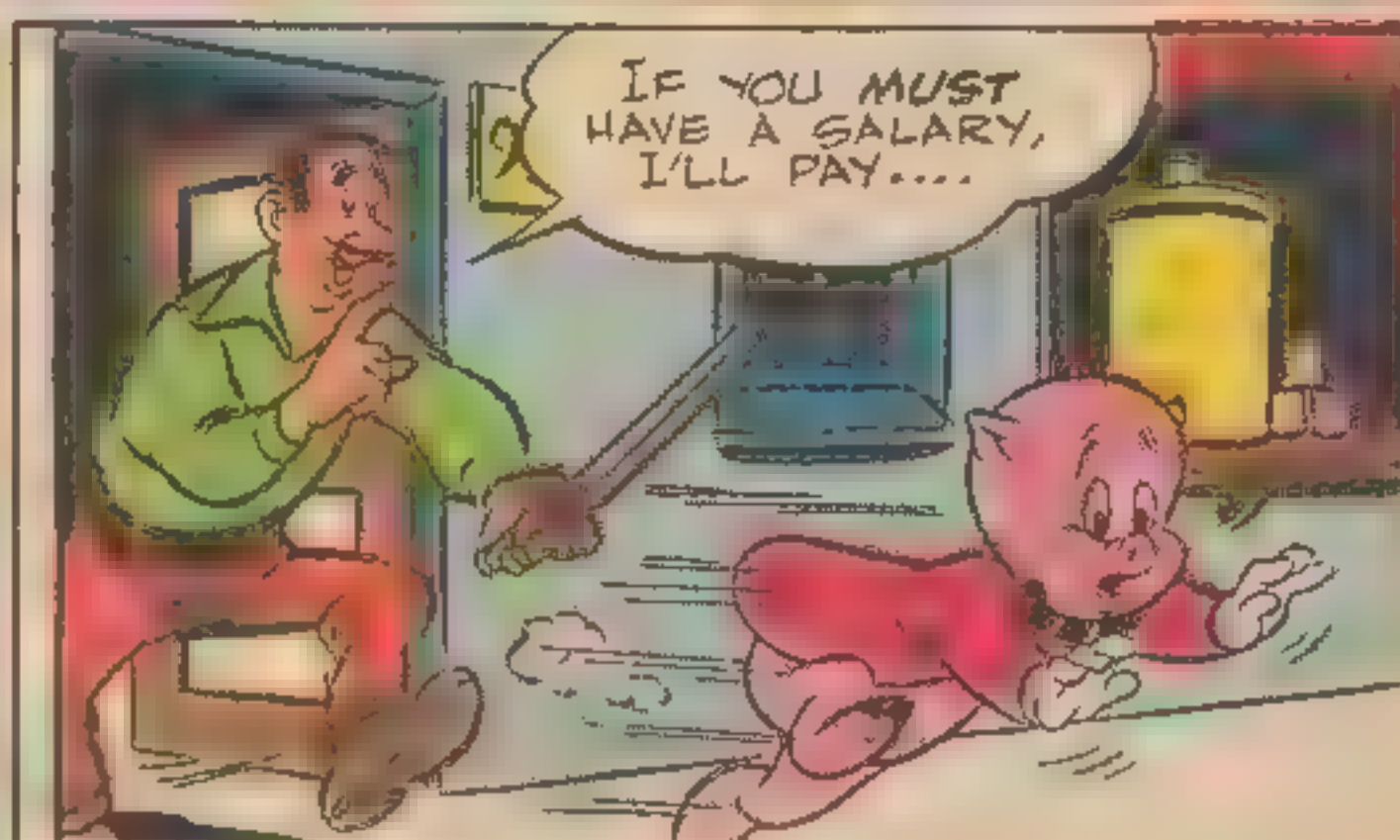
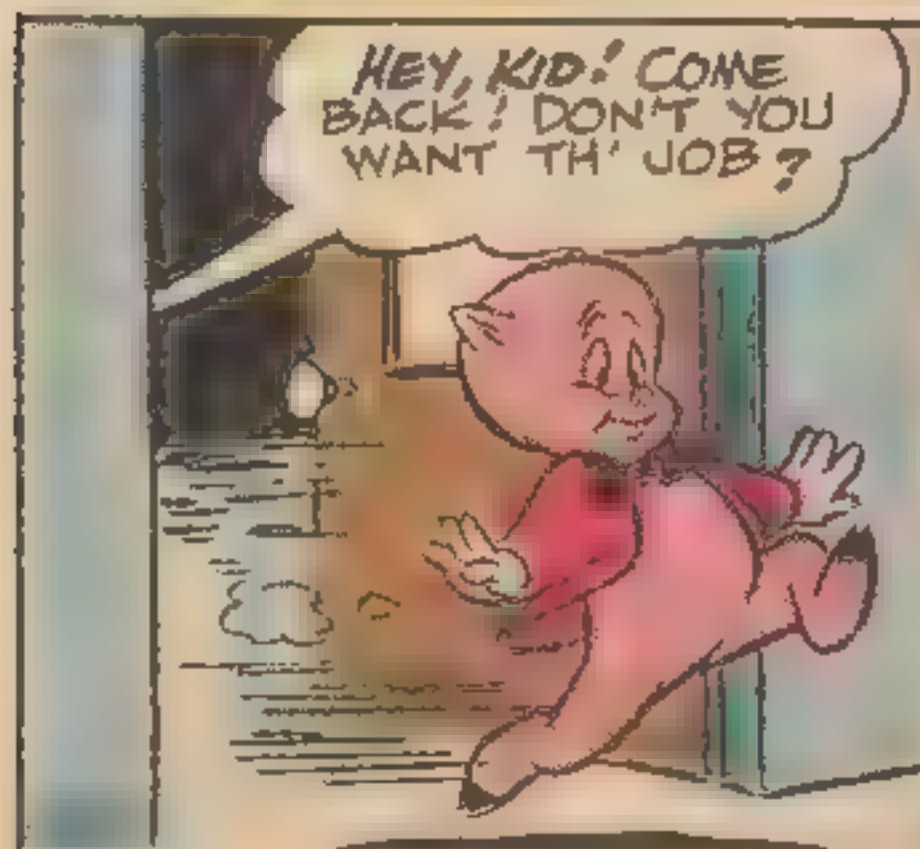
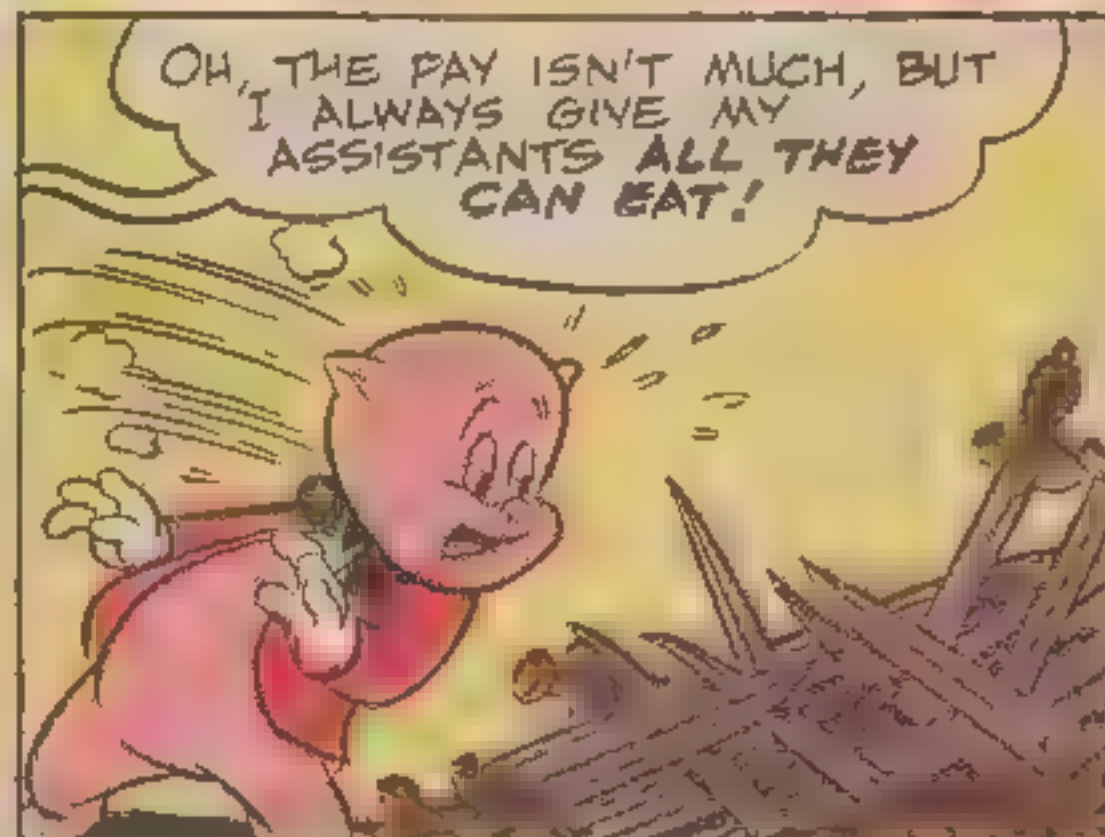
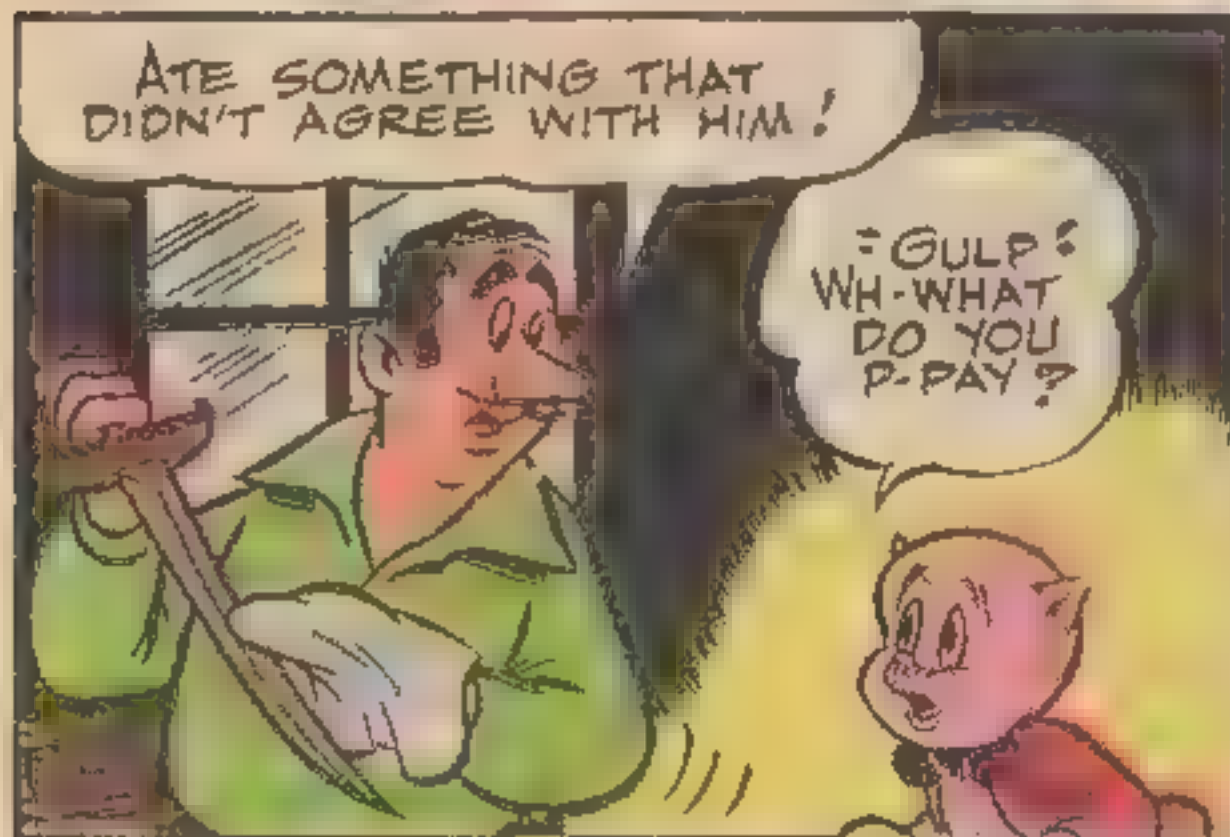
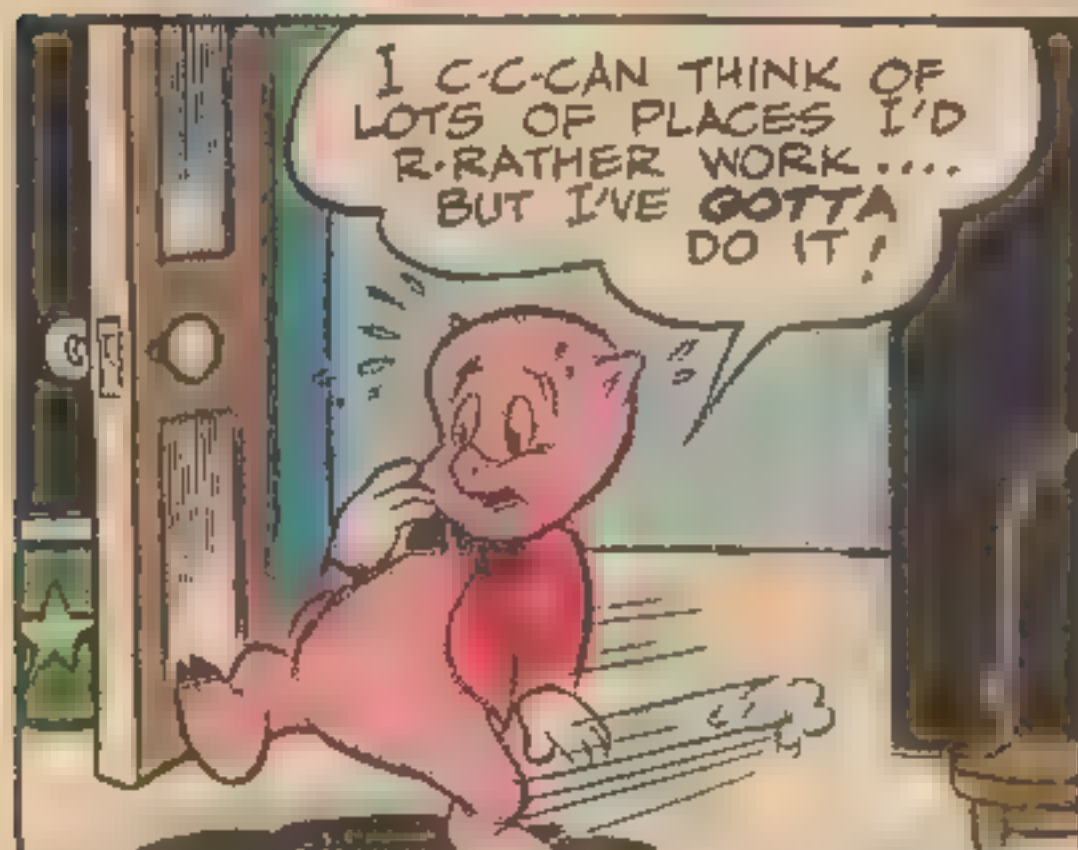
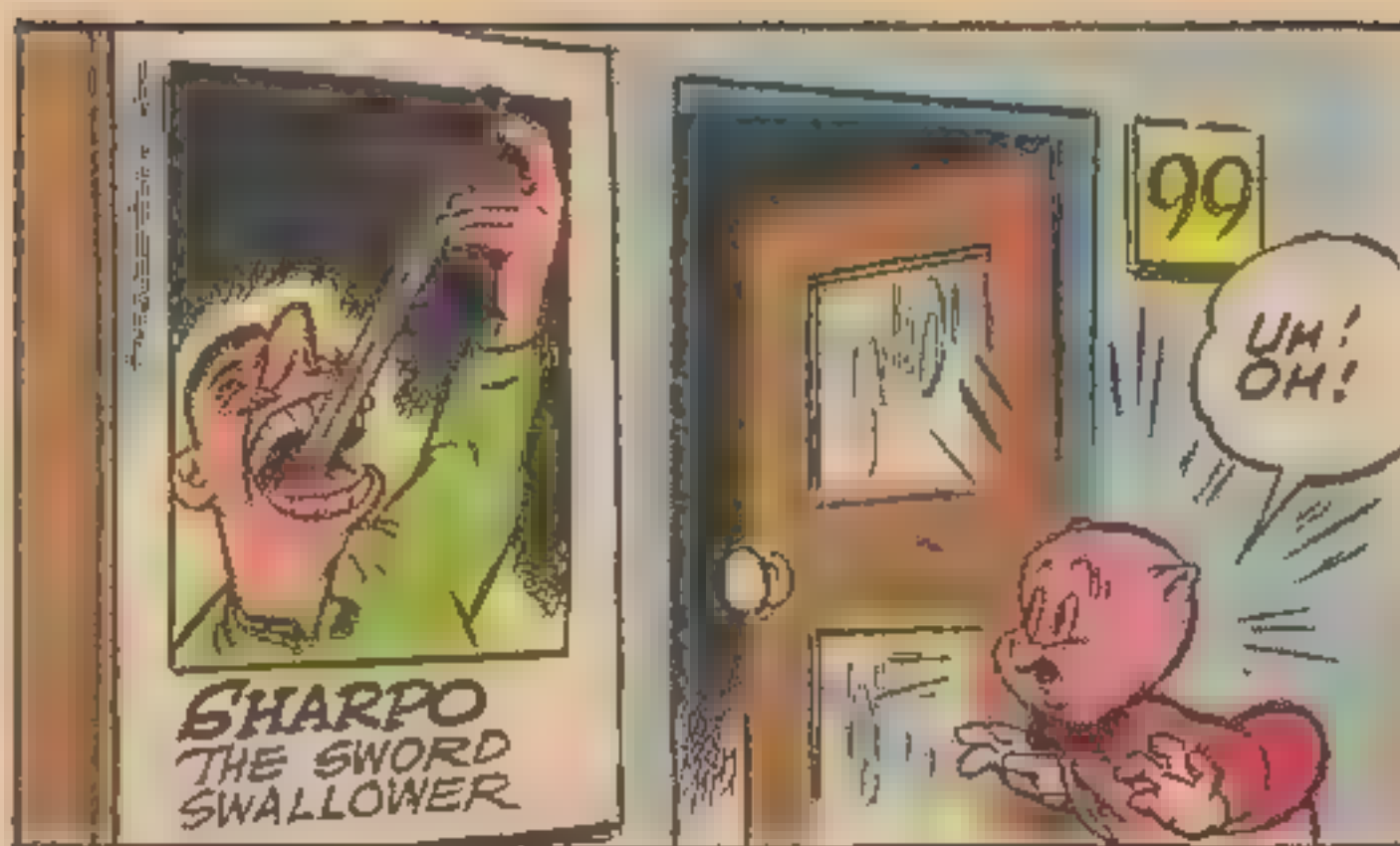
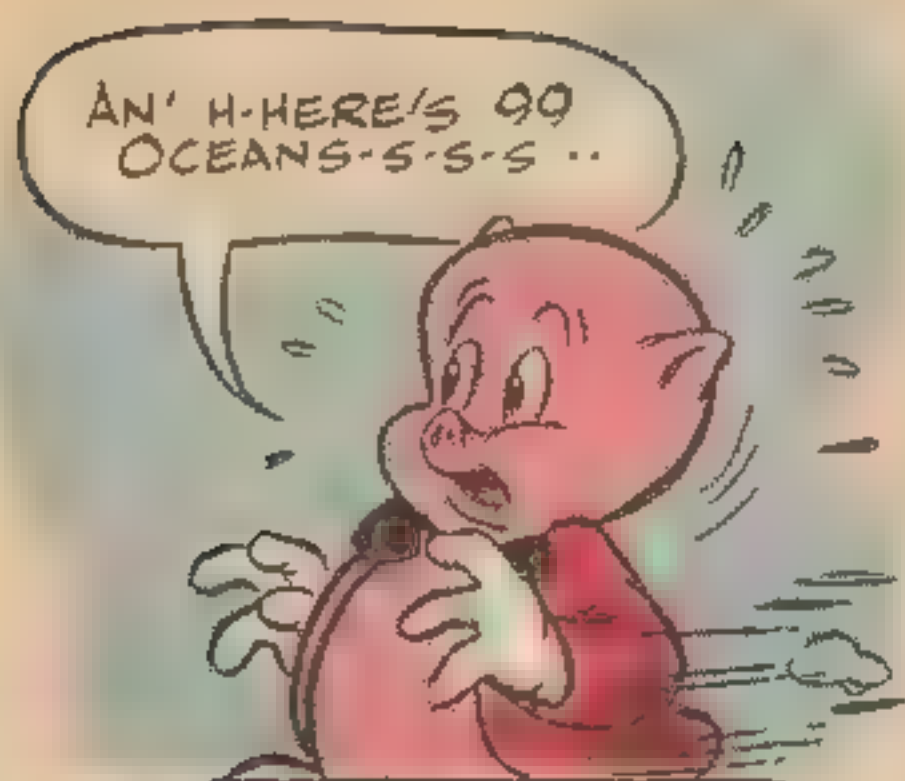


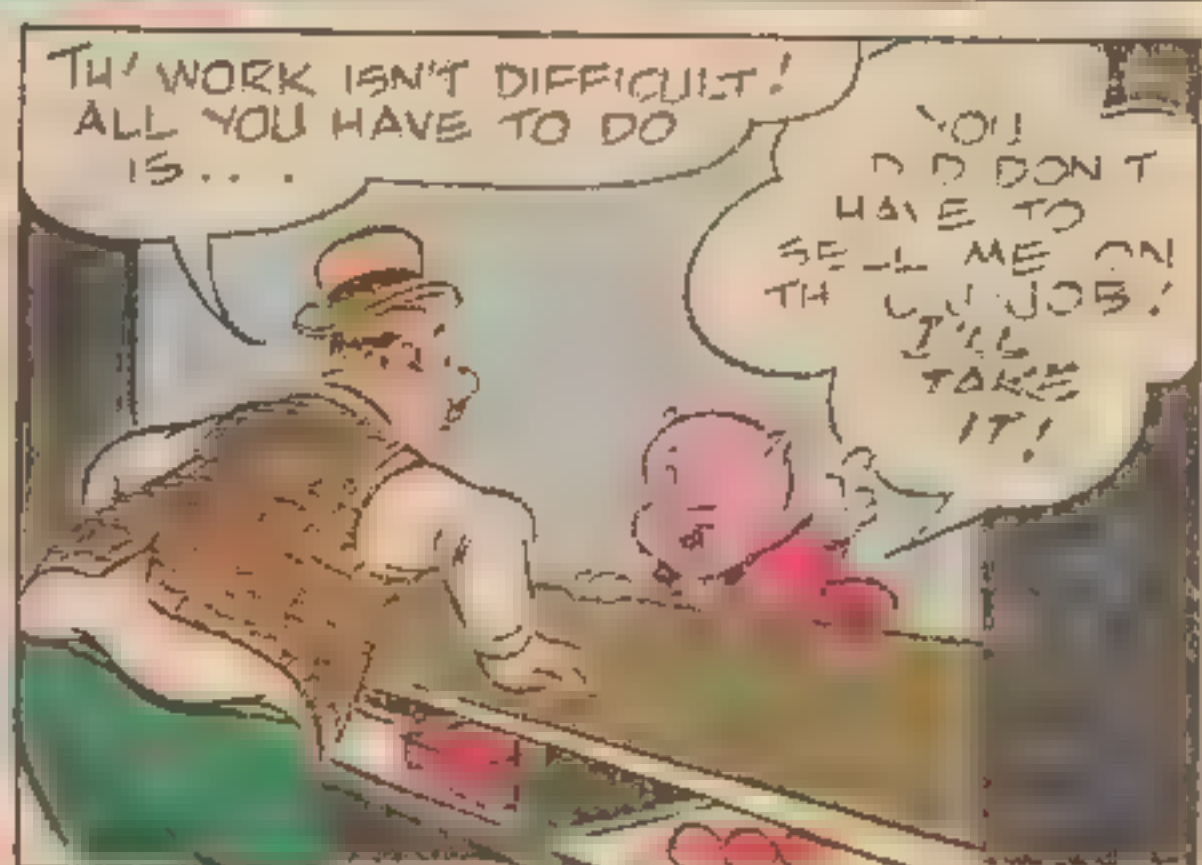
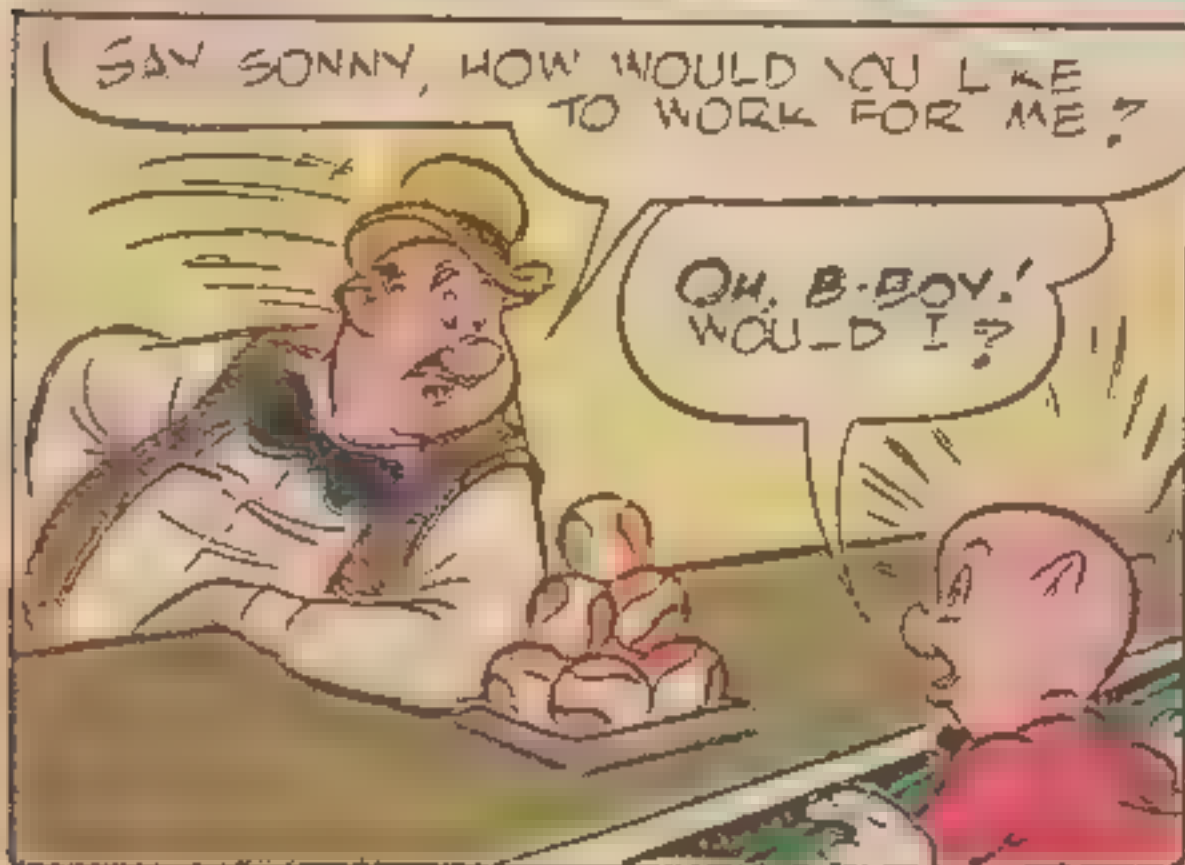
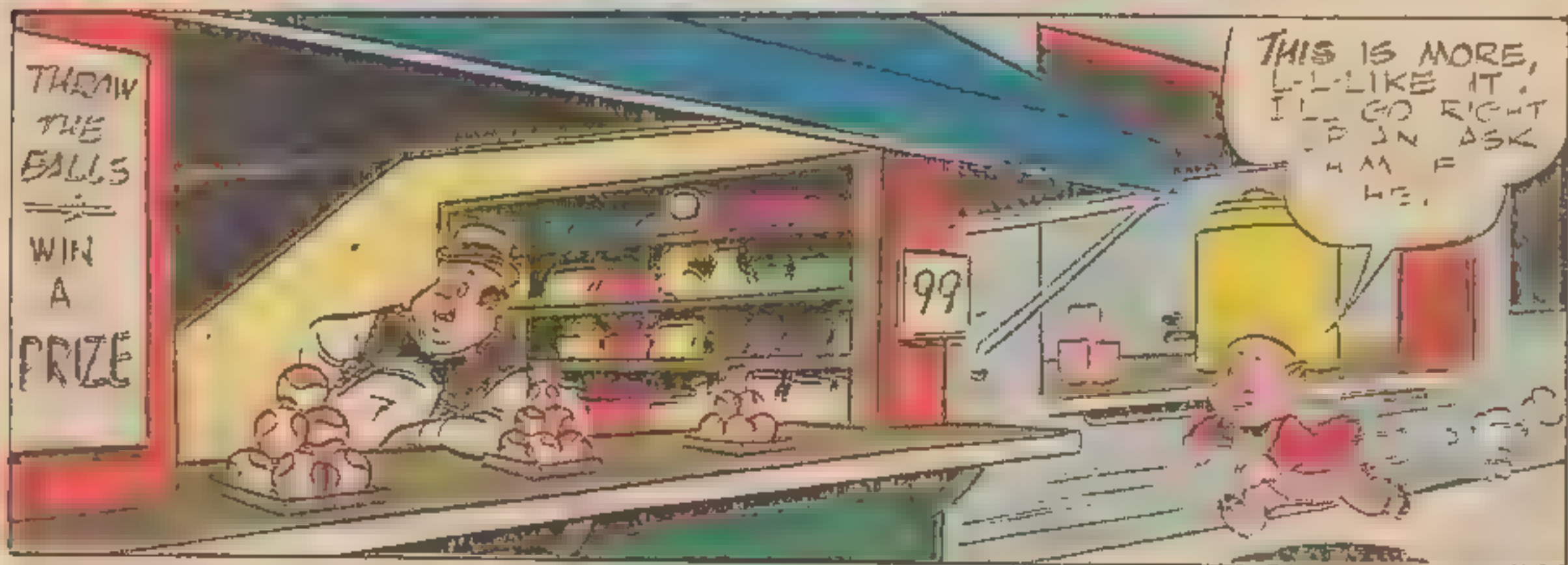
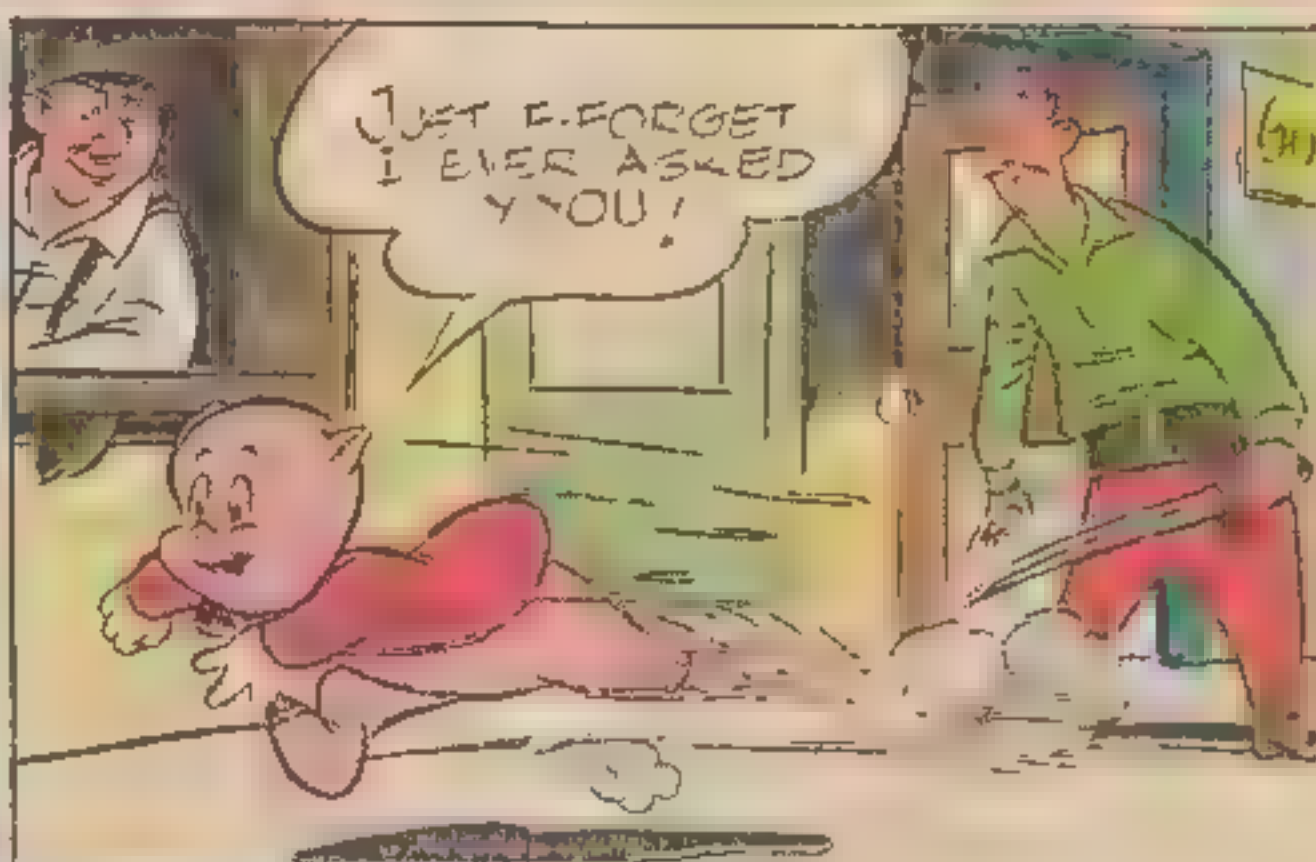
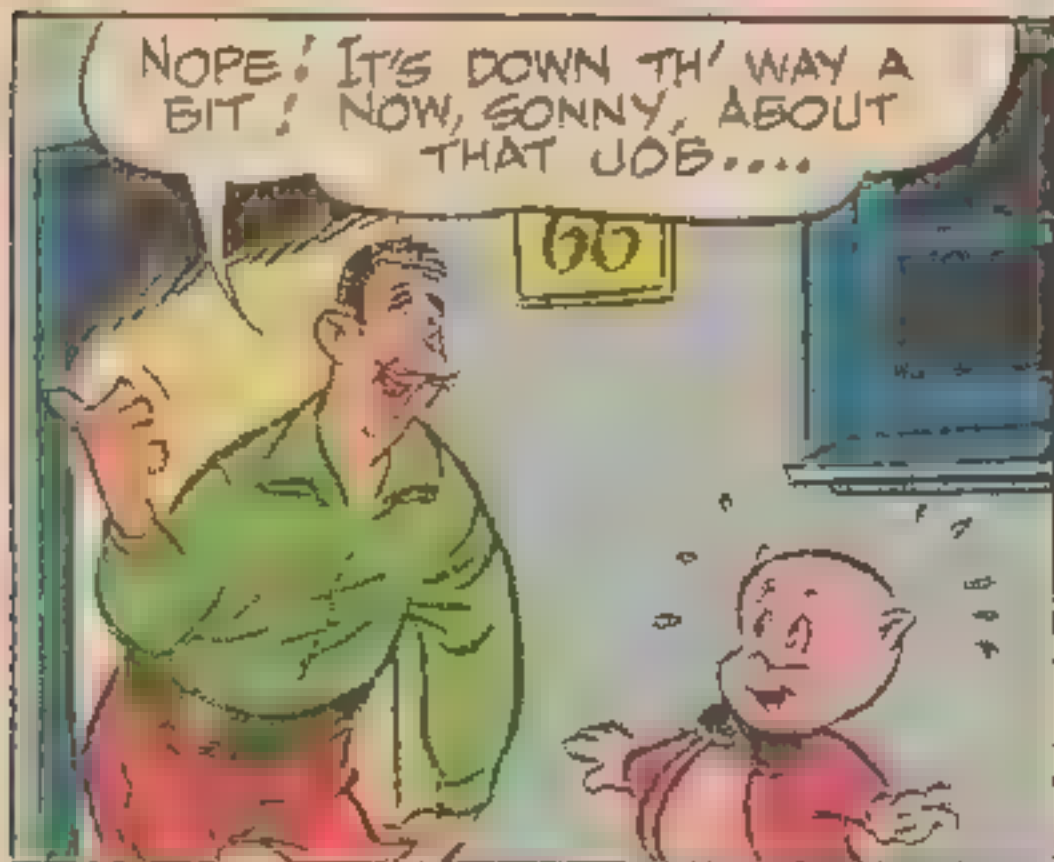
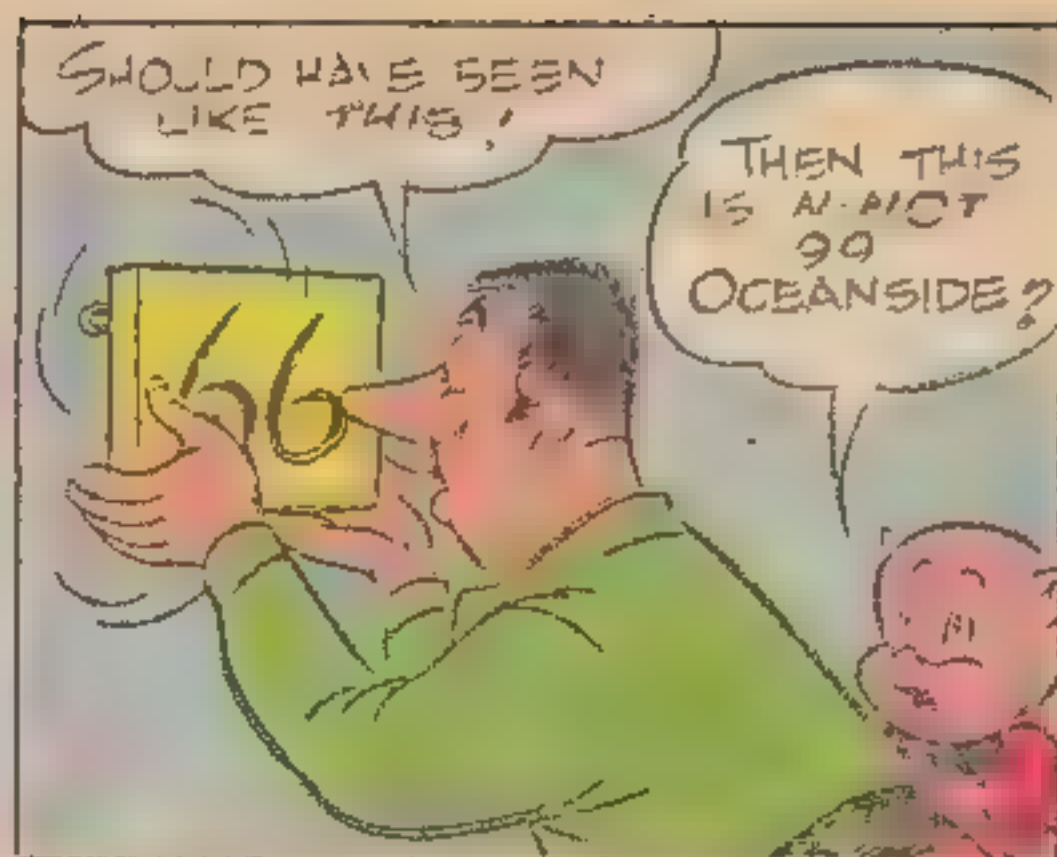
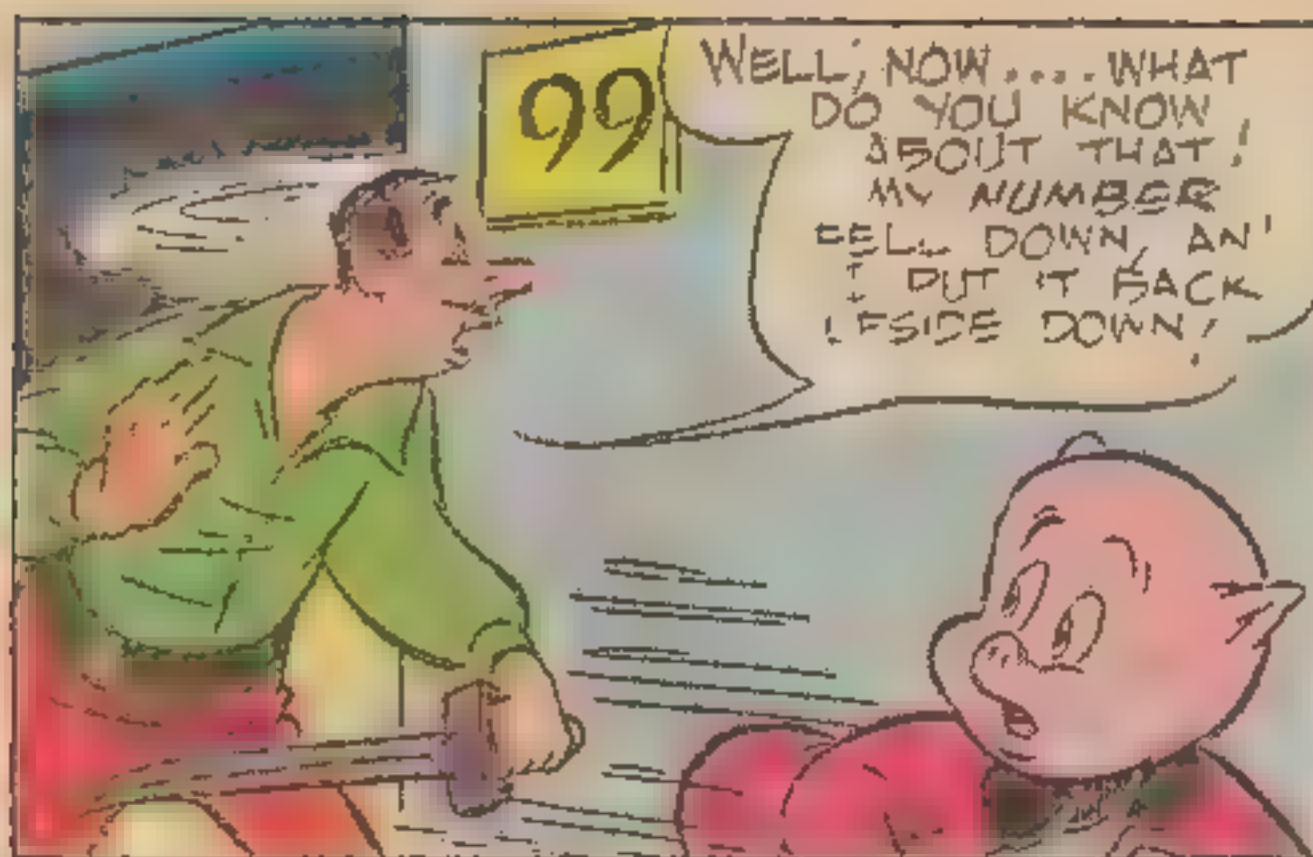












AFTERNOON...

I'M SO EXCITED! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT KIND OF POSITION PORKY HAS THIS TIME!

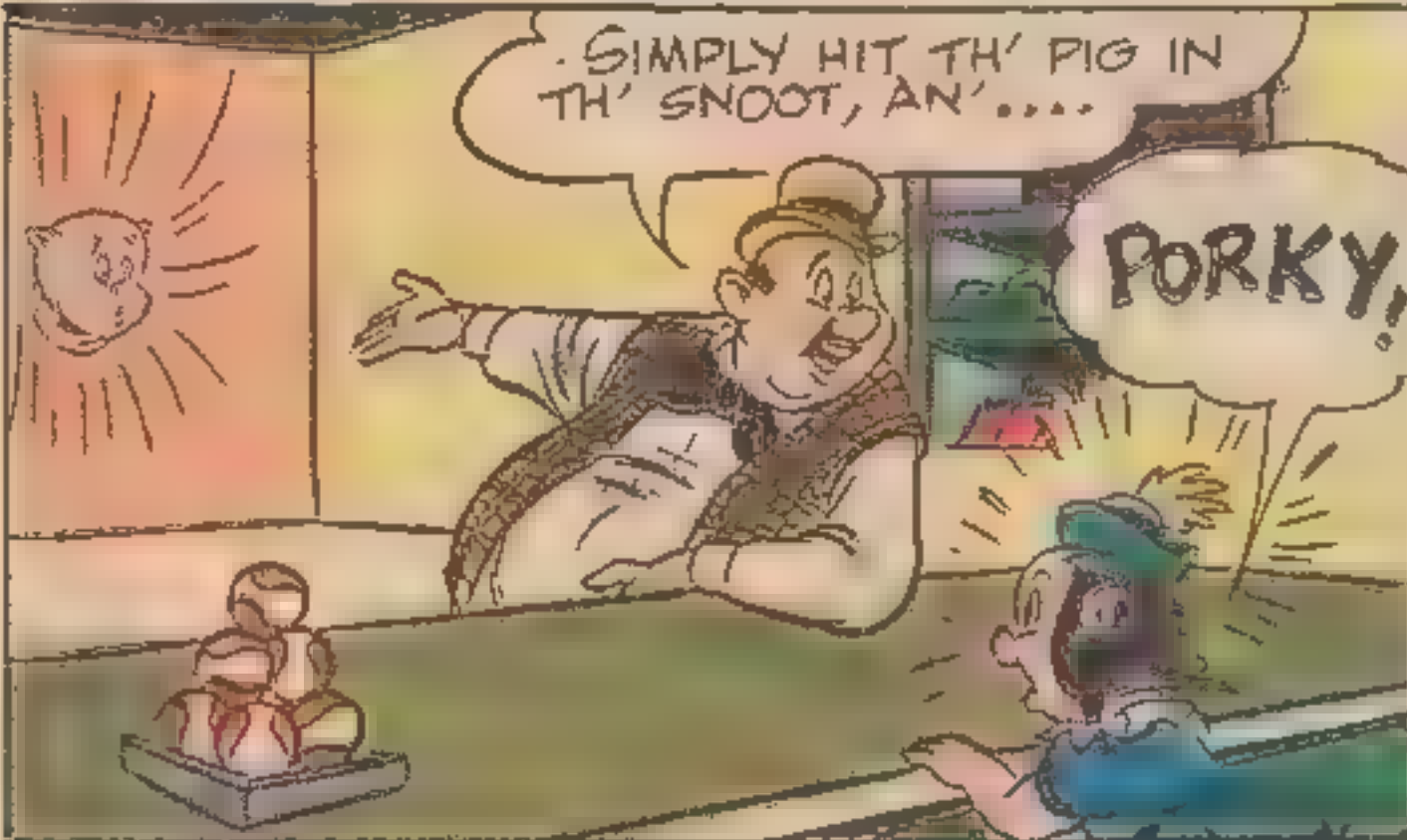


RIGHT THIS WAY, MISS! TRY YOUR SKILL! WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE! IT'S EASY! IT'S FASCINATIN'!



SIMPLY HIT TH' PIG IN TH' SNOOT, AN'....

PORKY!

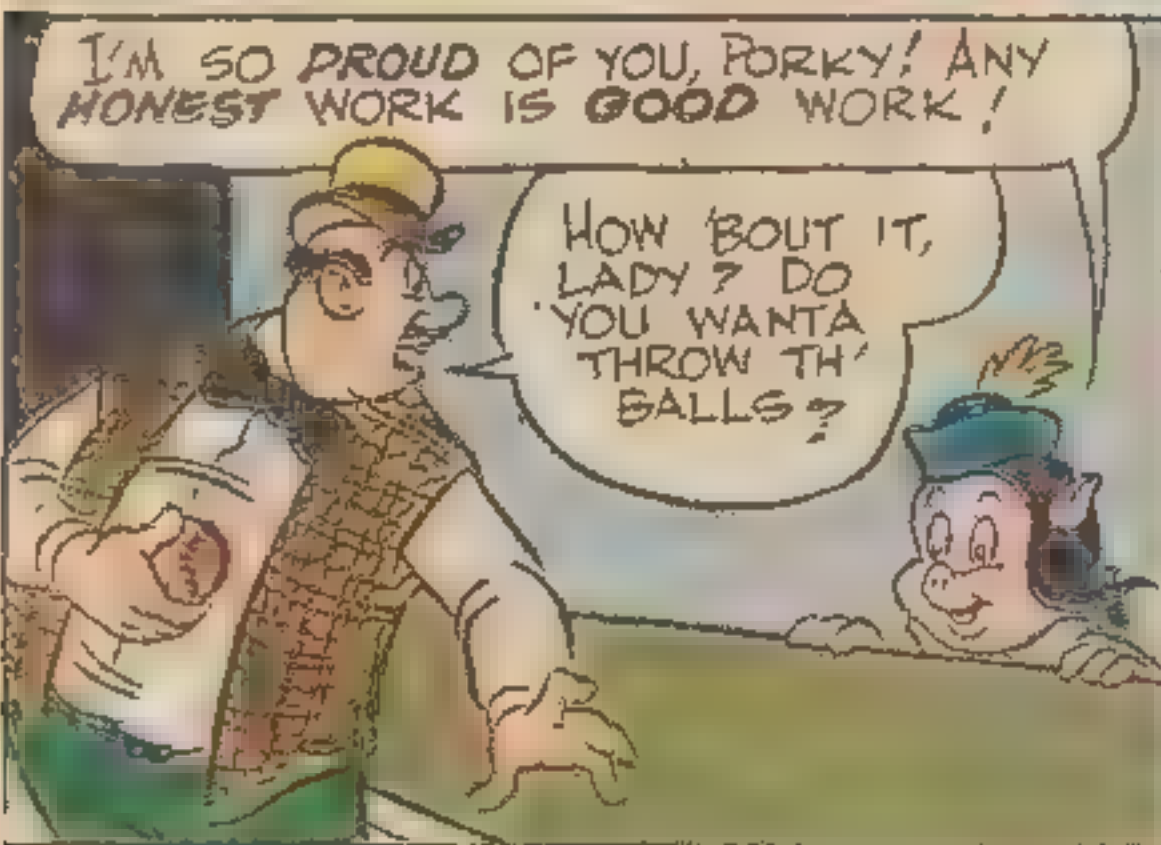


H-H-HELLO, PETUNIA! ANYWAY, I'VE G-GOT A JOB!



I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, PORKY! ANY HONEST WORK IS GOOD WORK!

HOW 'BOUT IT, LADY? DO YOU WANTA THROW TH' BALLS?



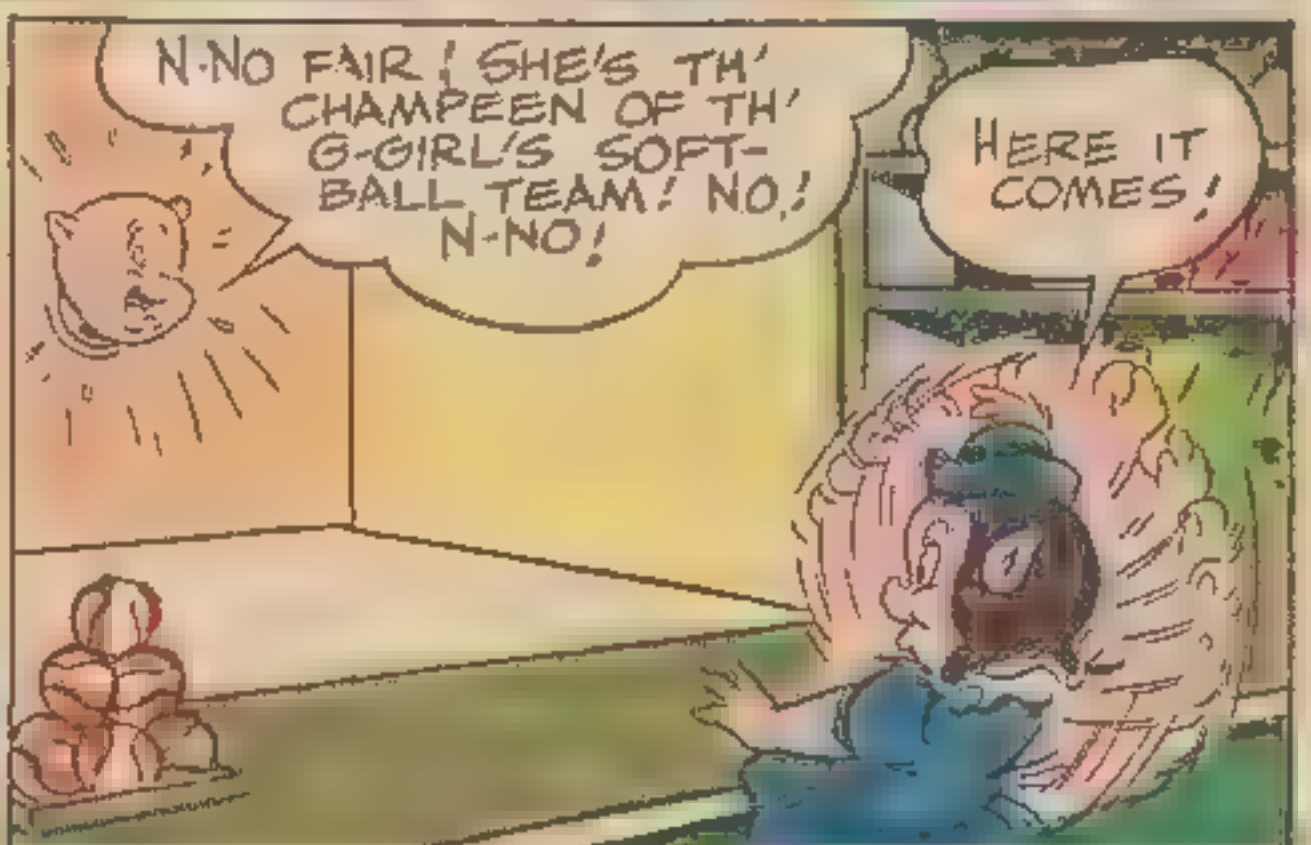
YES, INDEEDY! I'LL BE GLAD TO PATRONIZE ANY FIRM WHERE MY BOY FRIEND IS EMPLOYED!

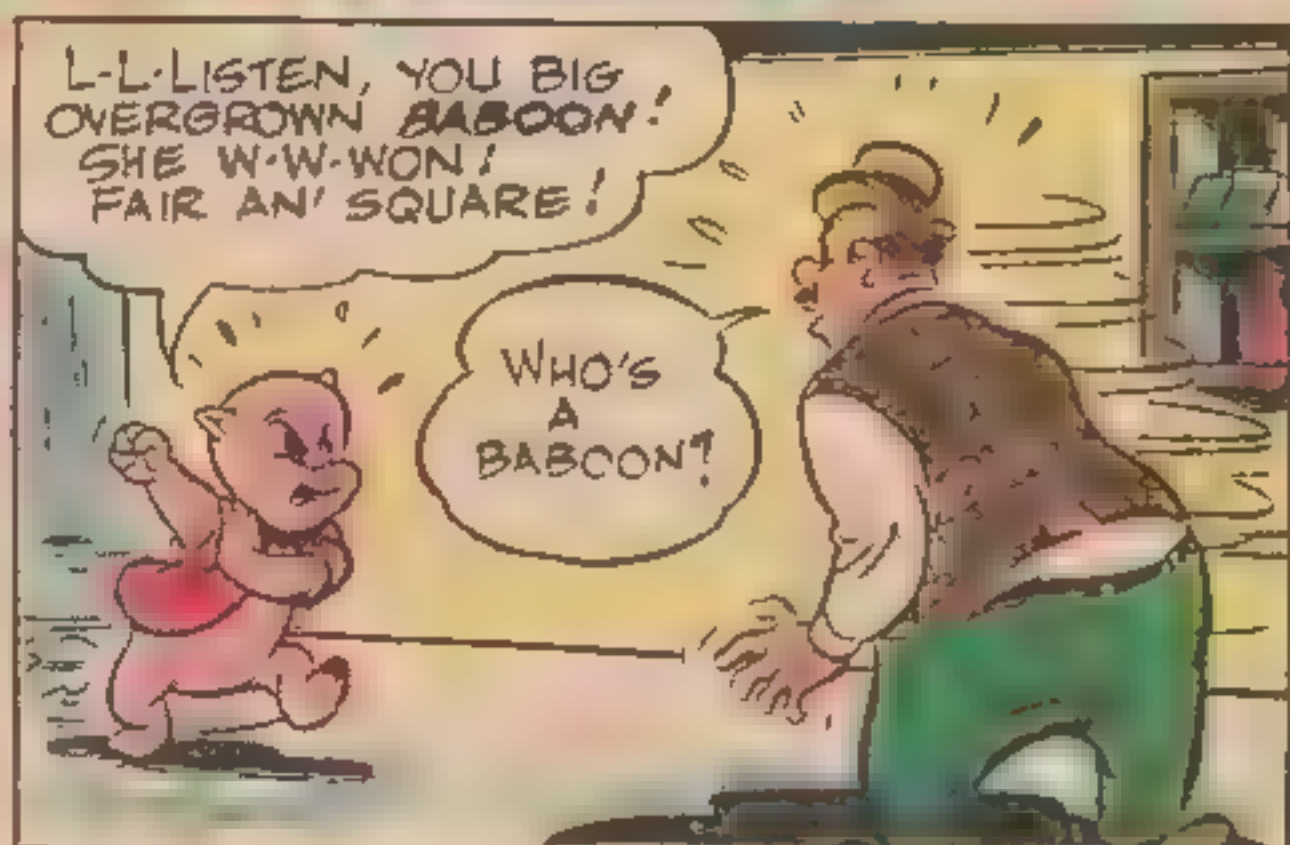
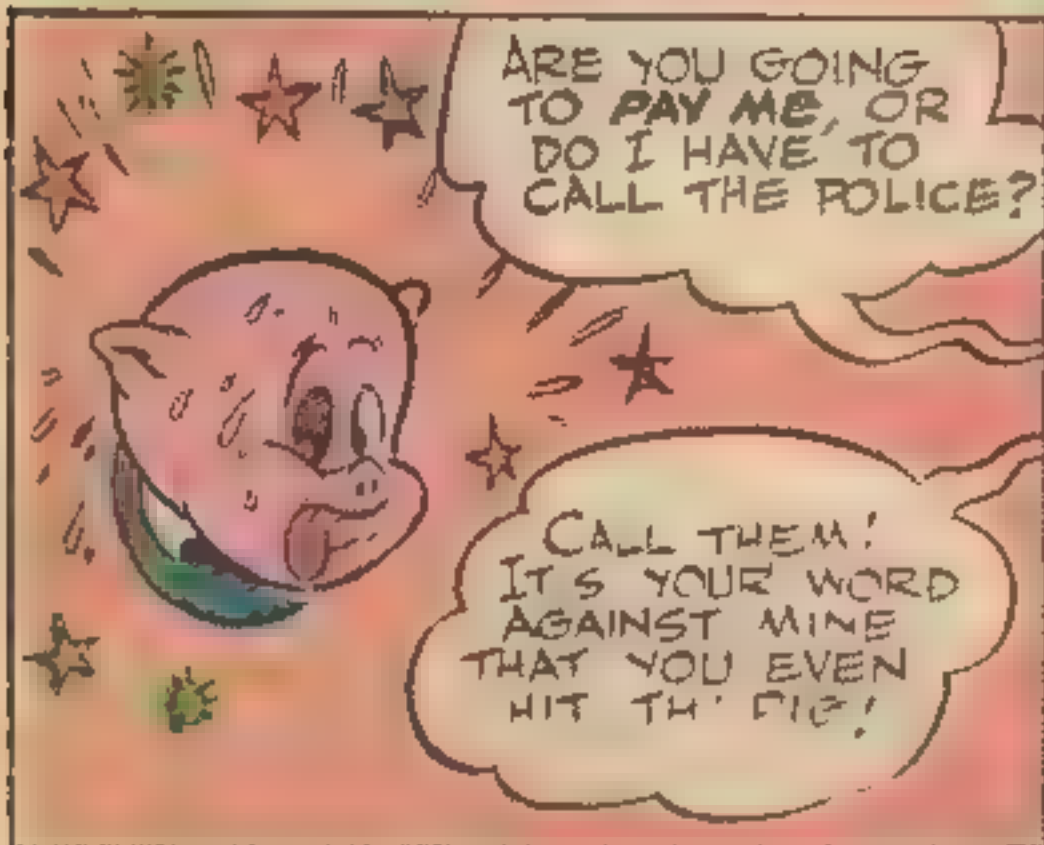
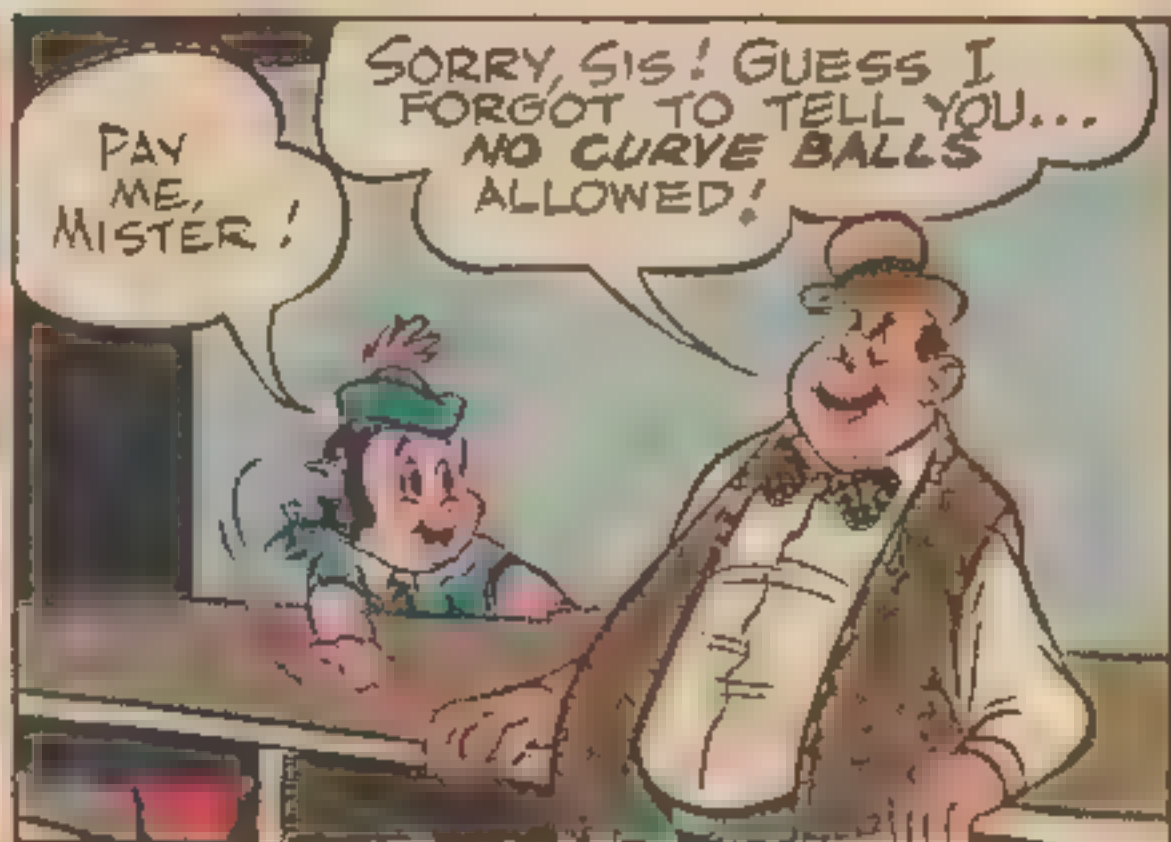
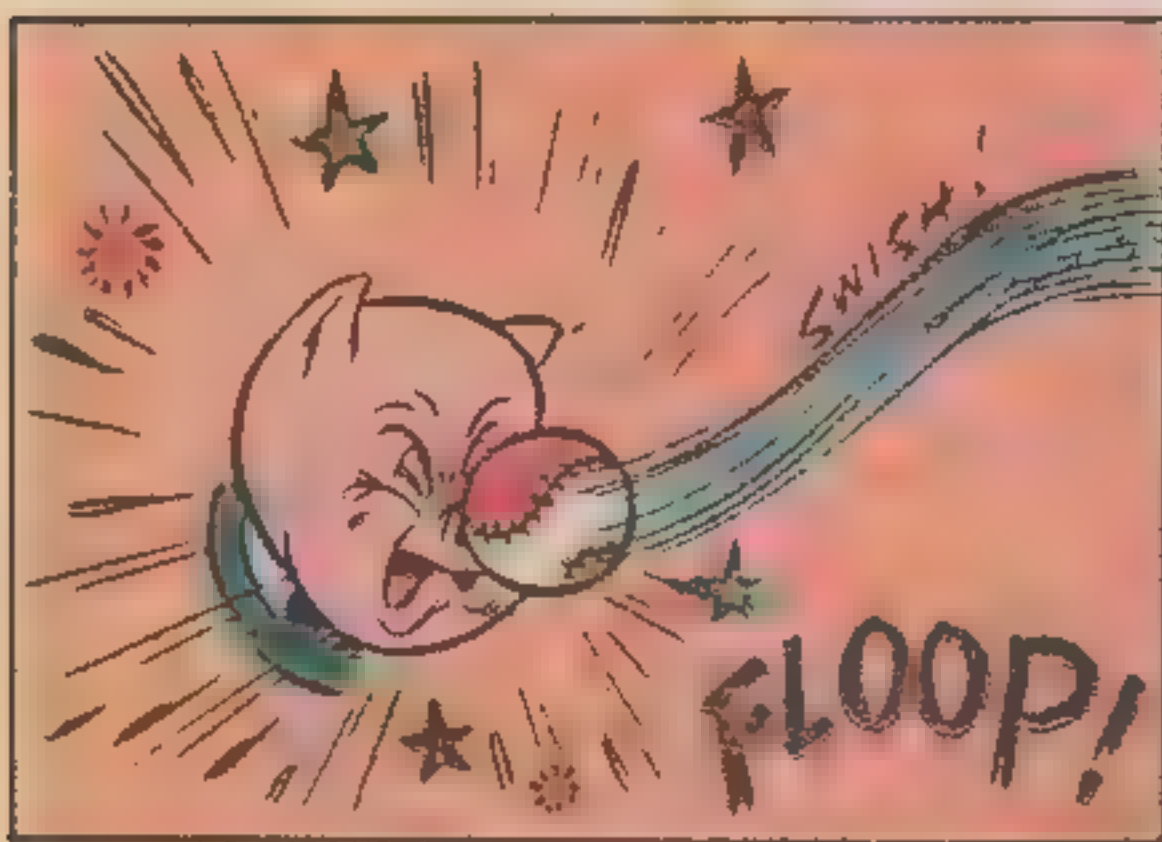
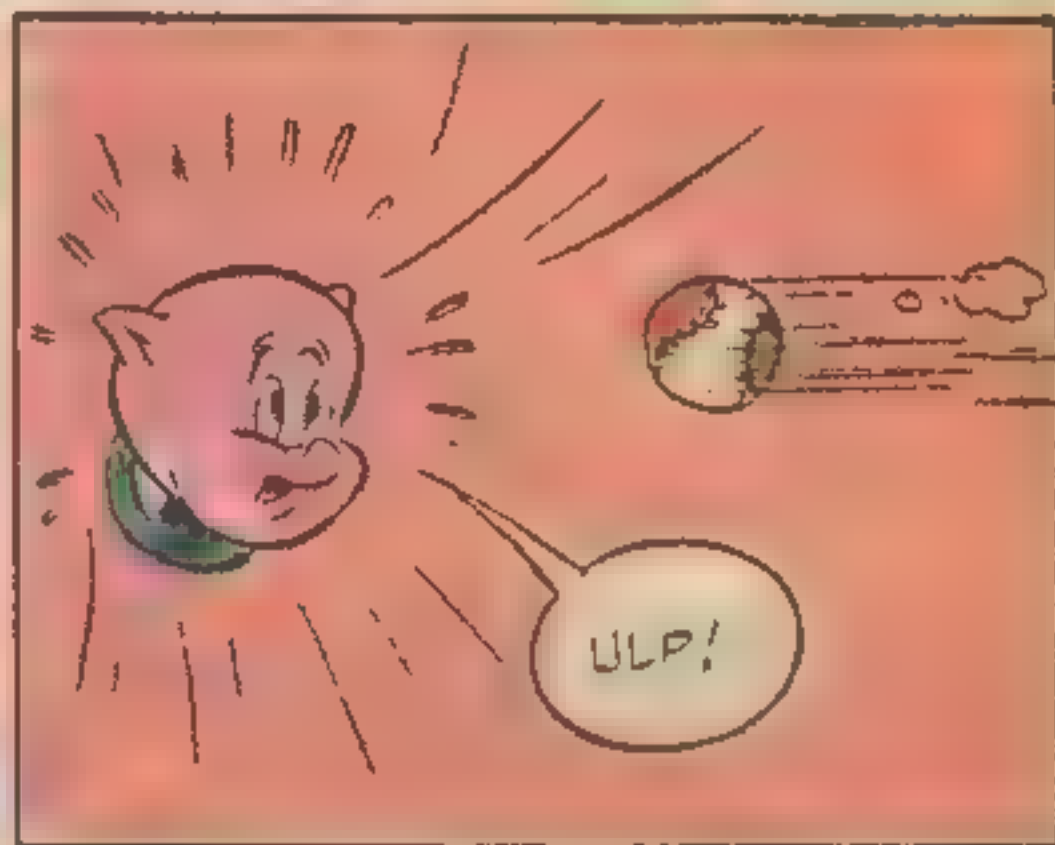
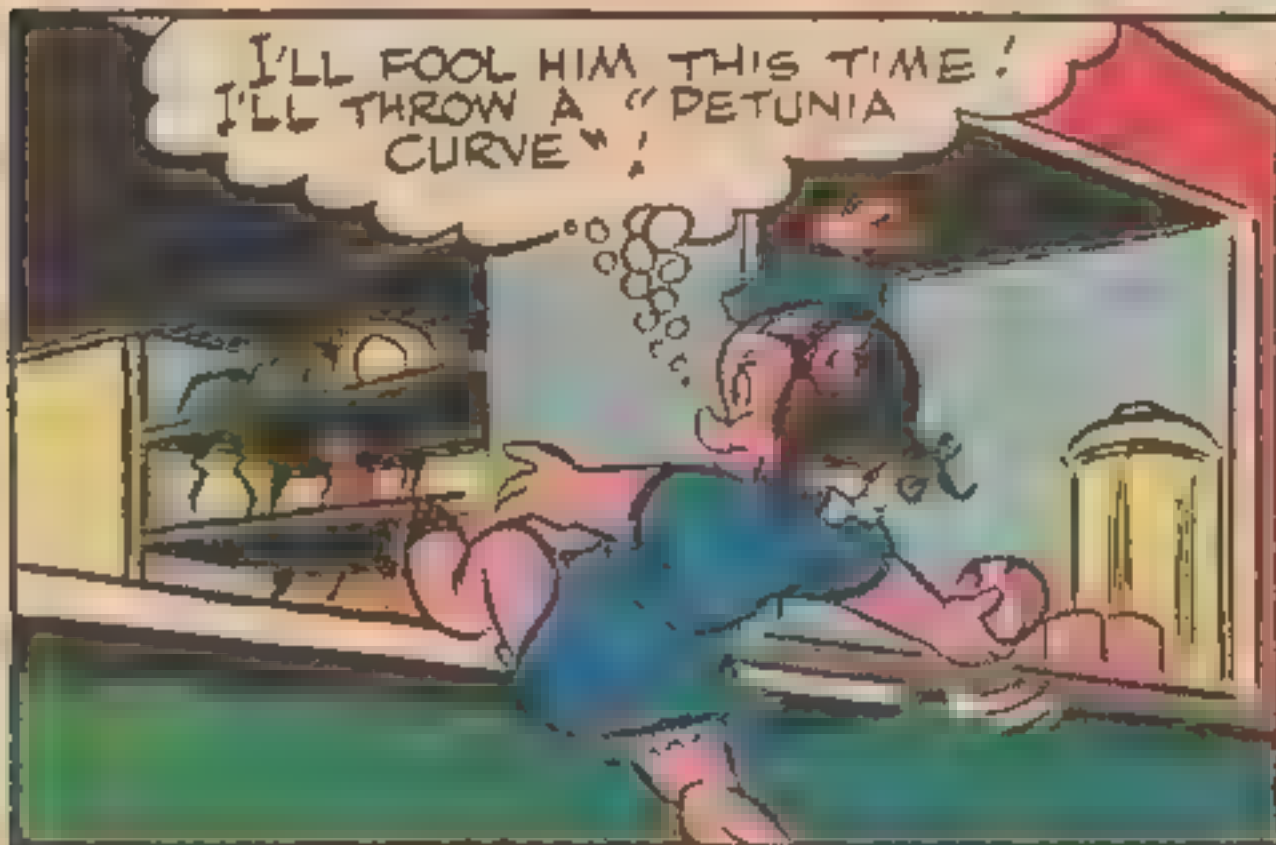
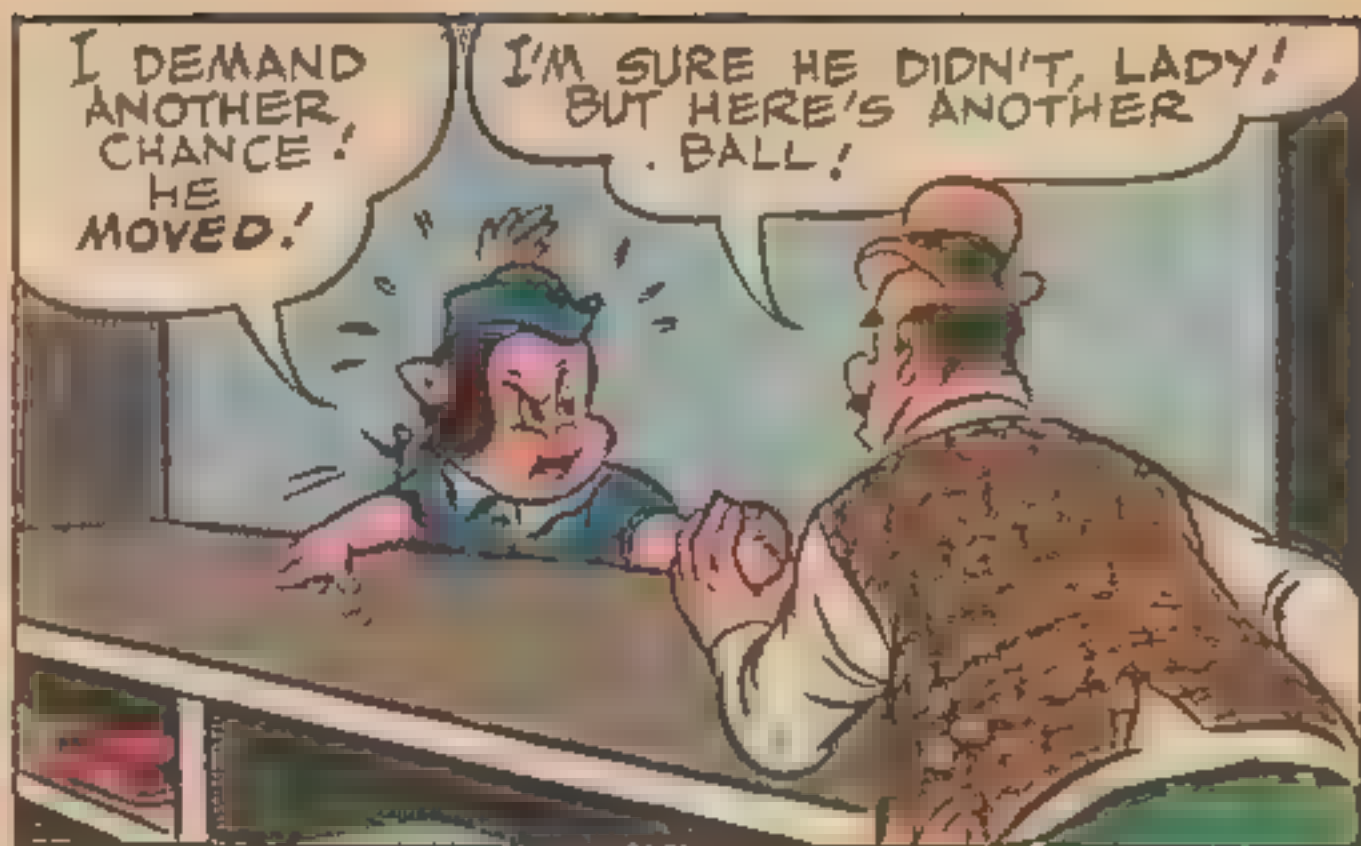
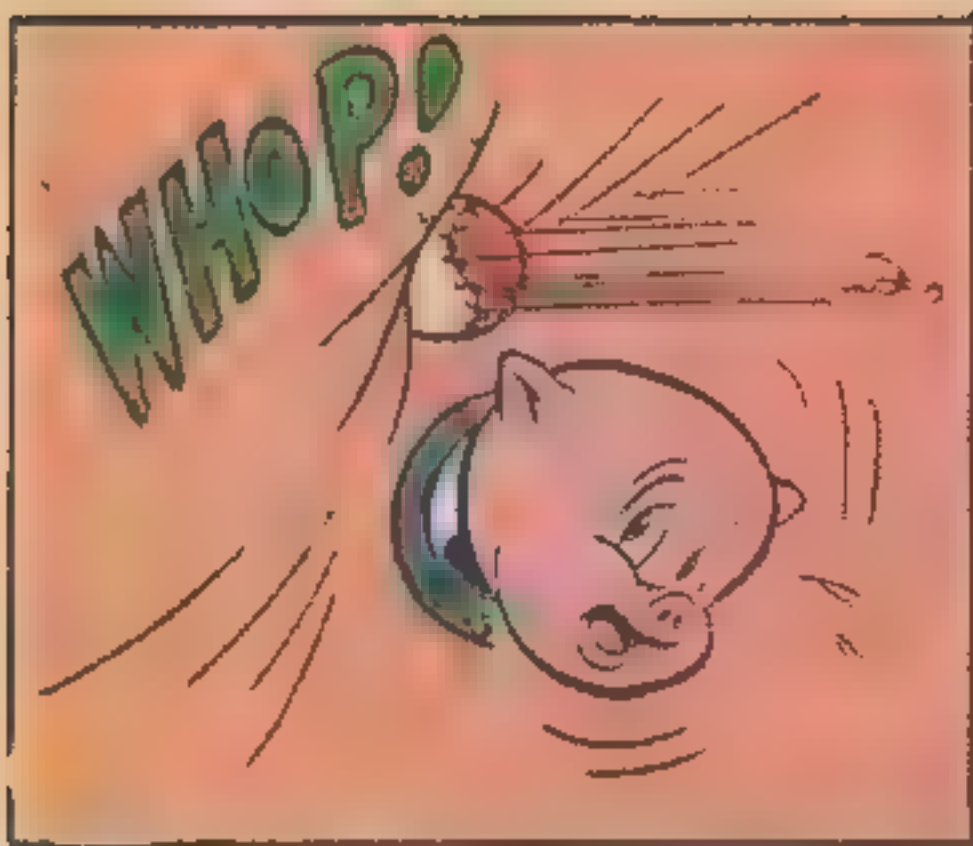


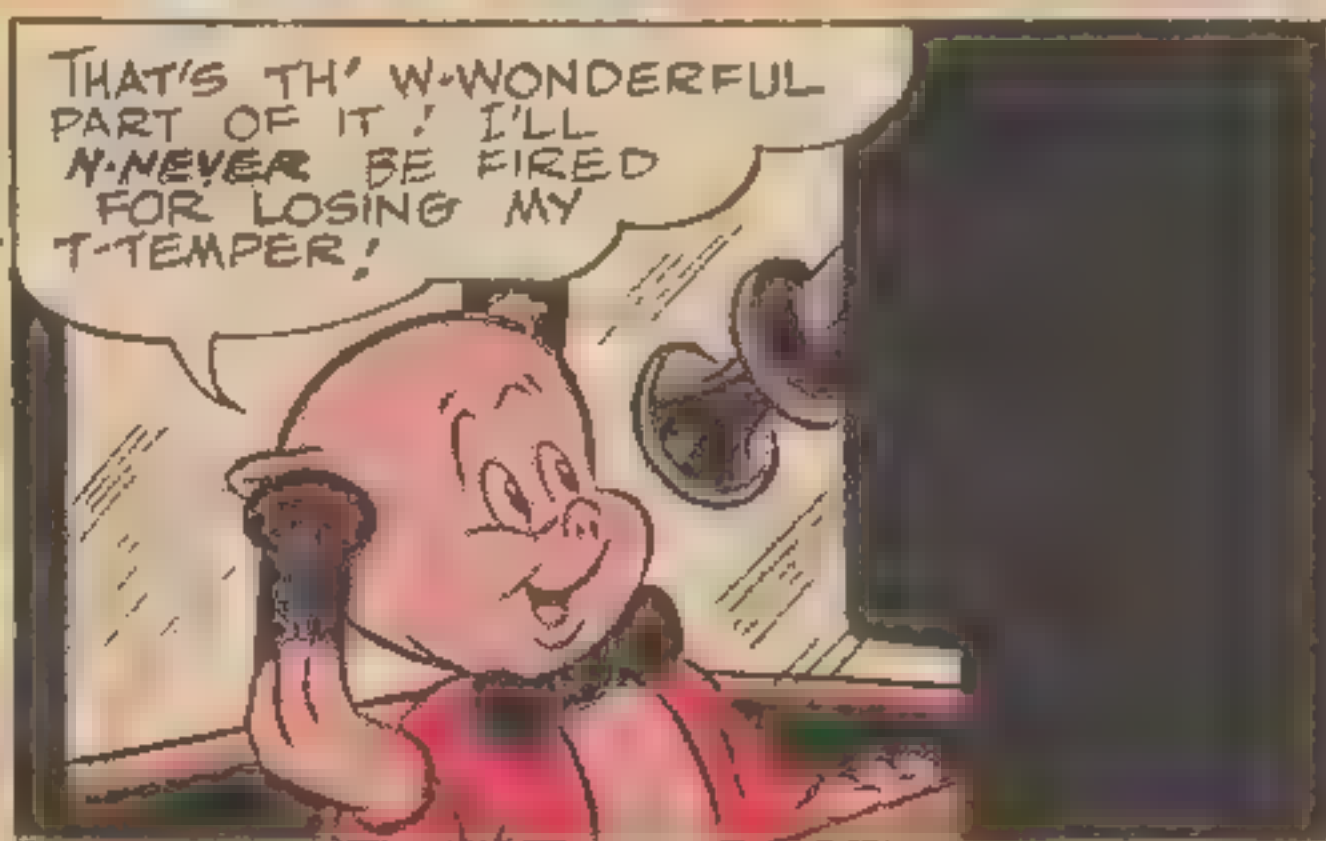
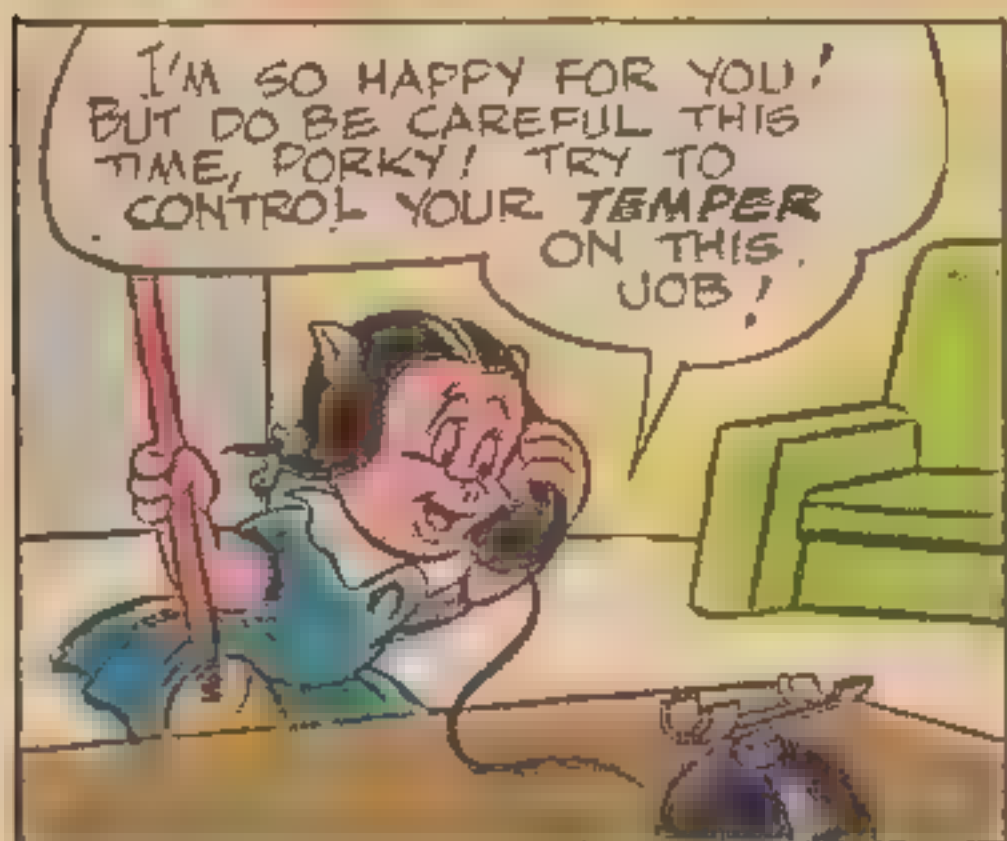
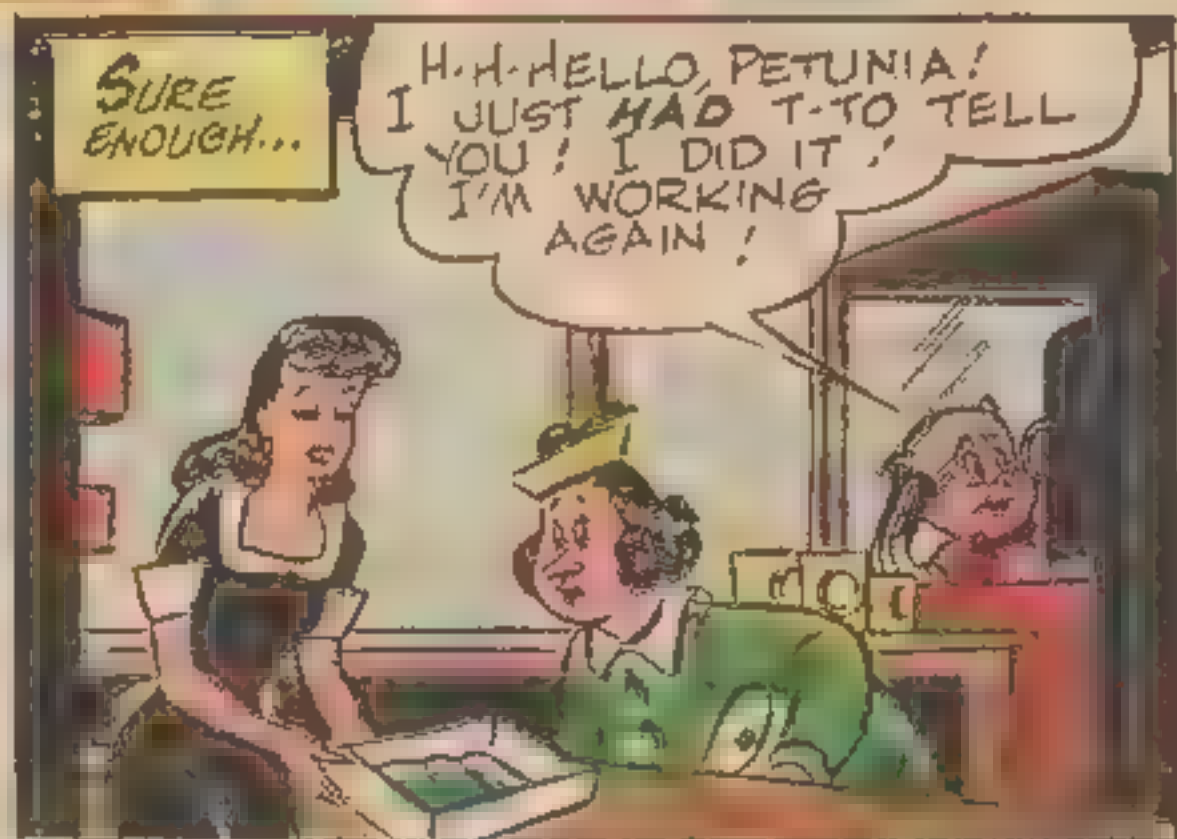
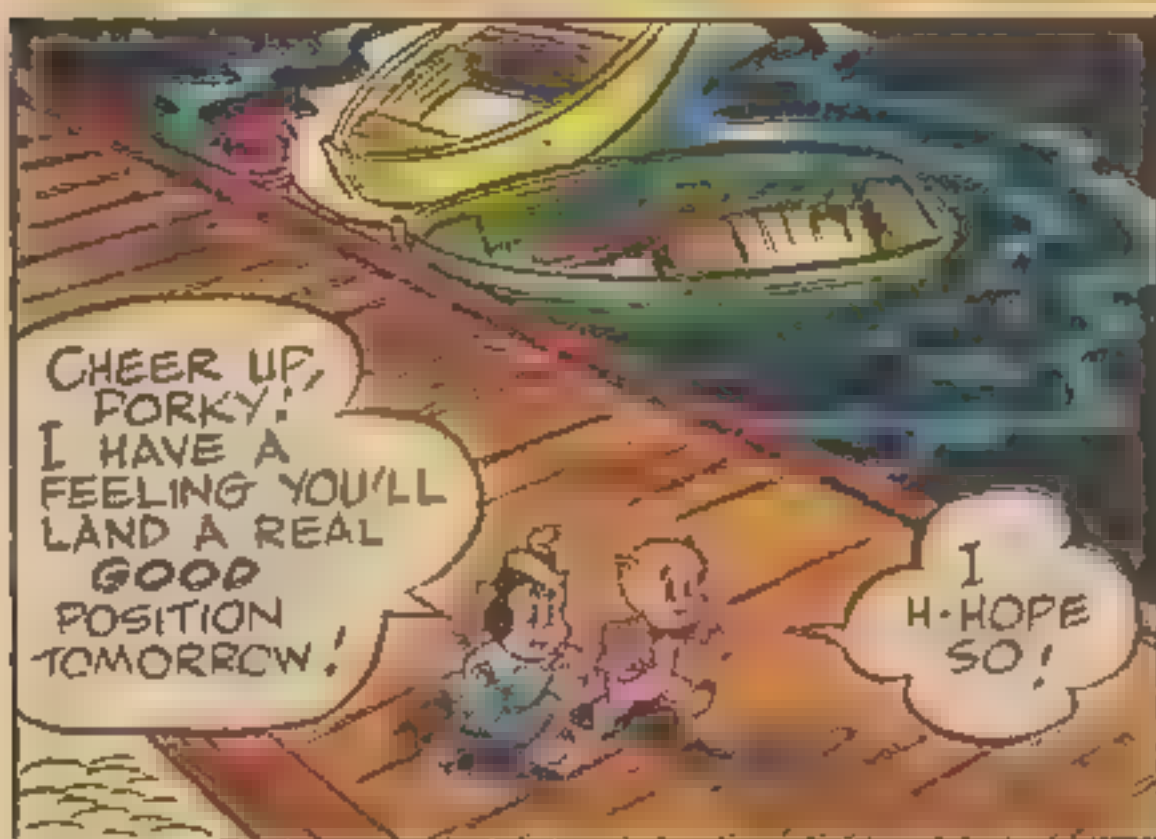
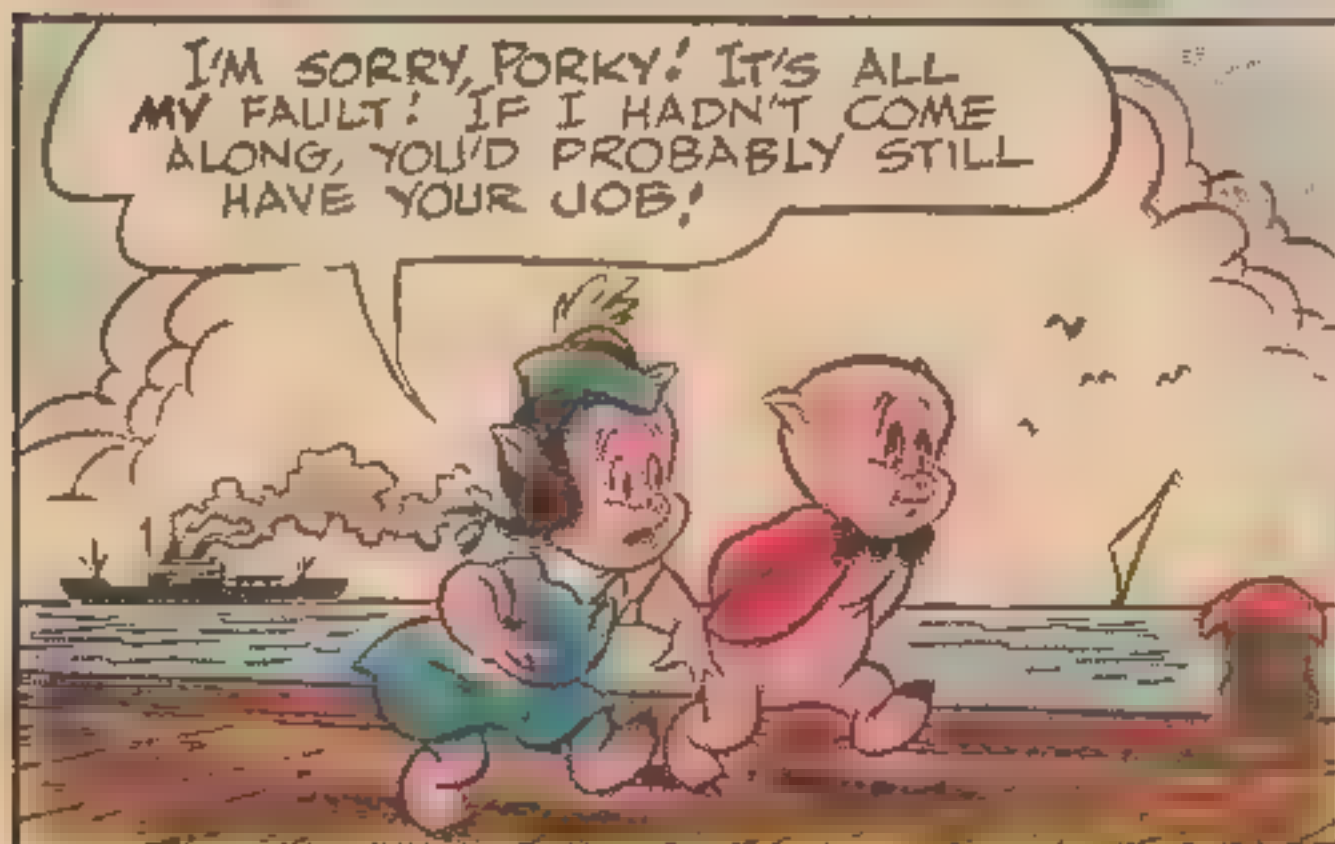
N-NO, NO, PETUNIA! THAT'S NOT FAIR! DON'T L-L-LET HER DO IT, MISTER!

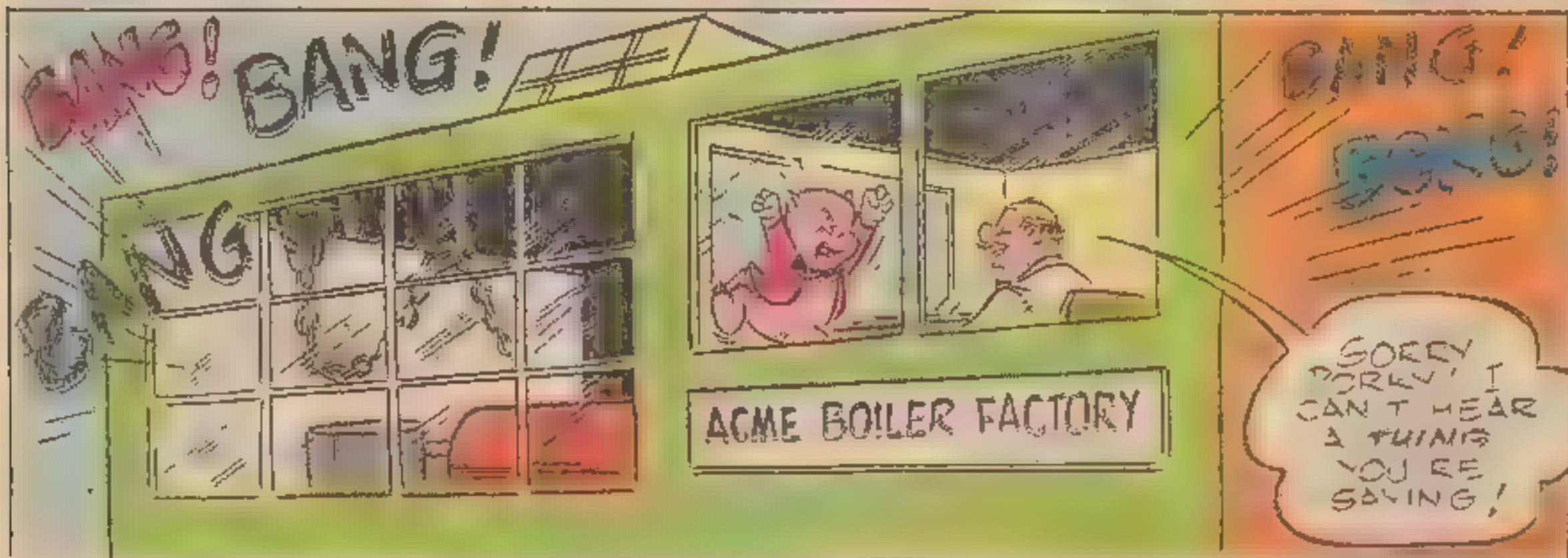
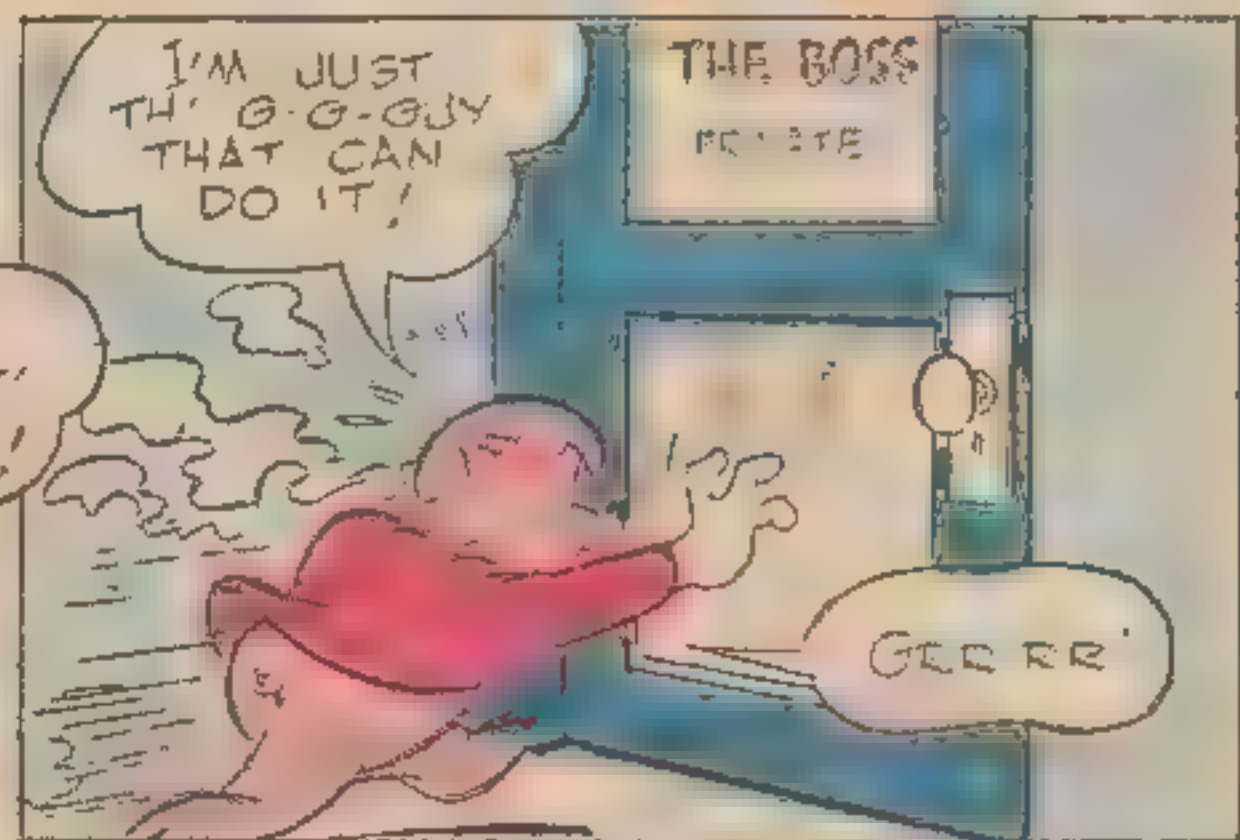
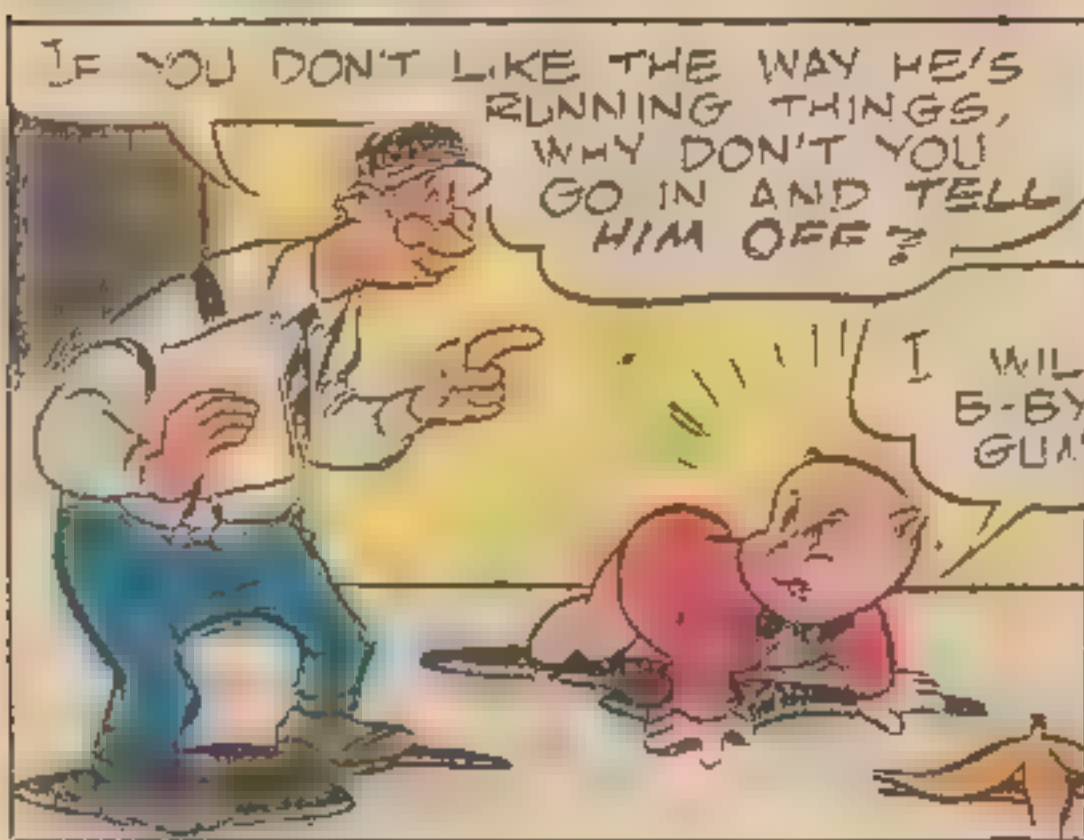
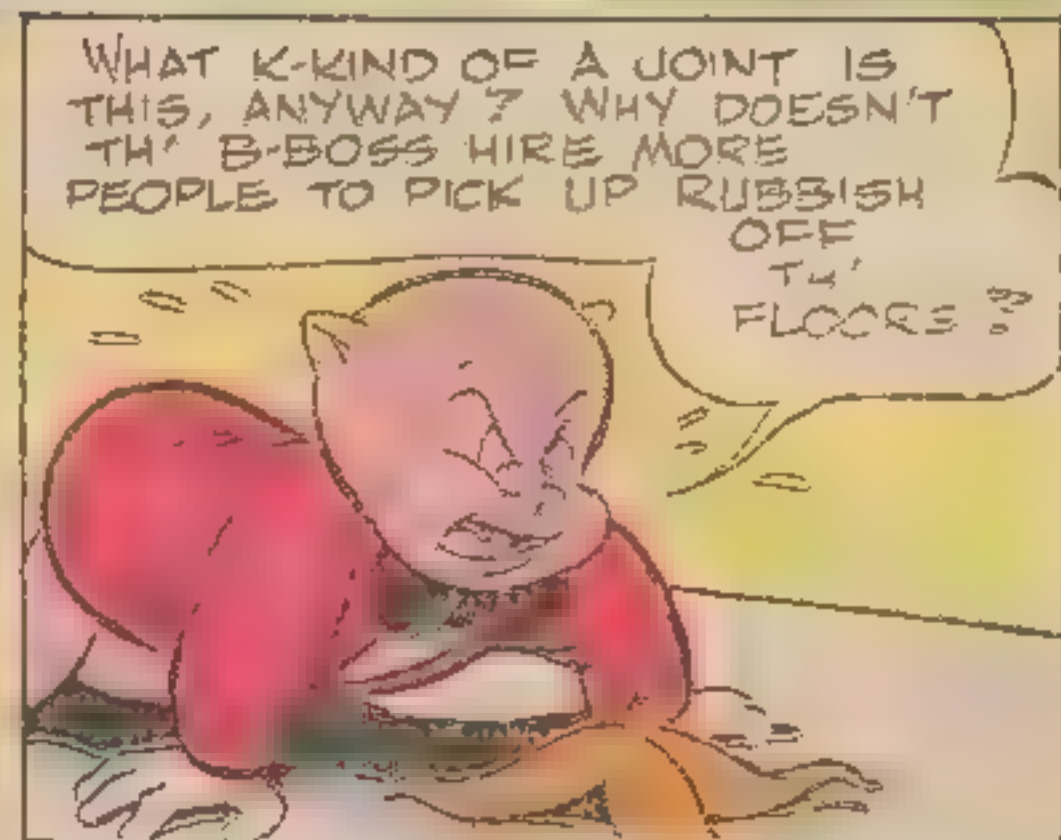
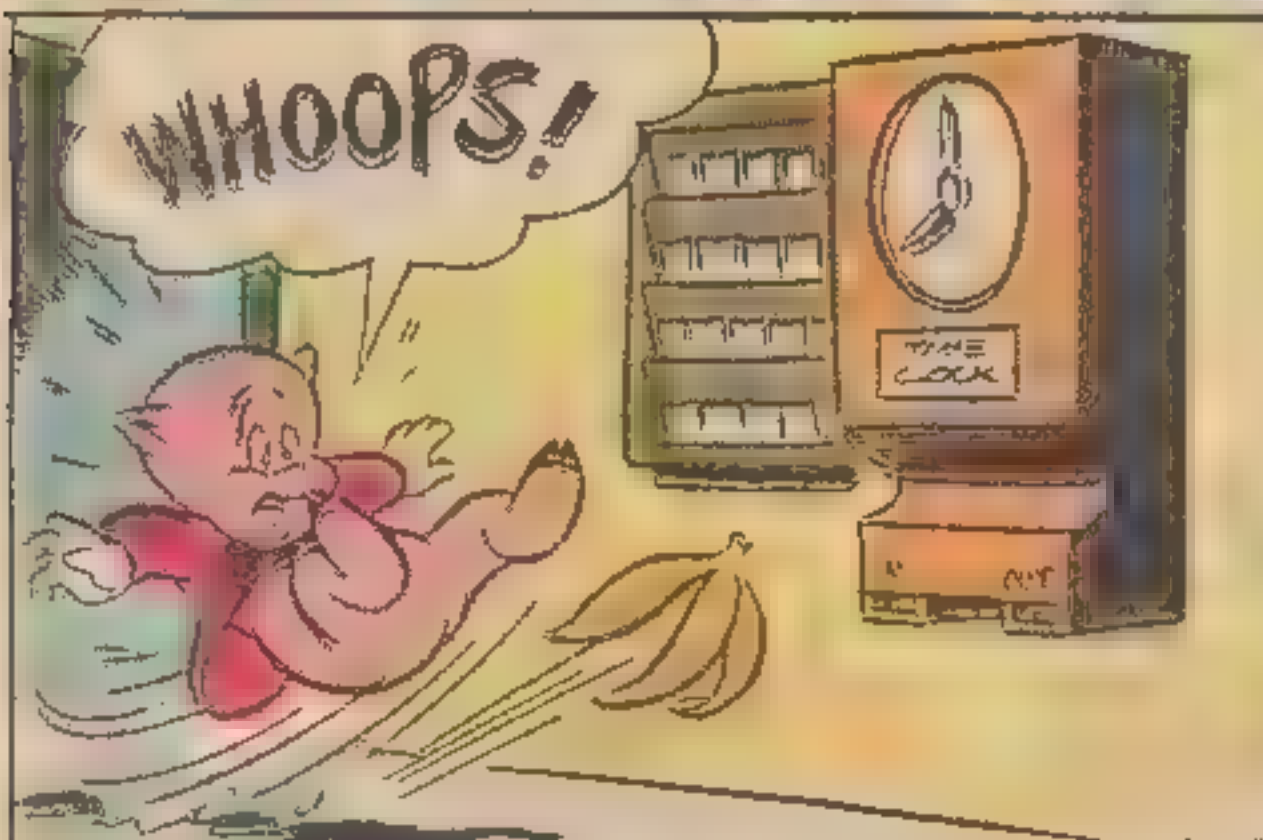
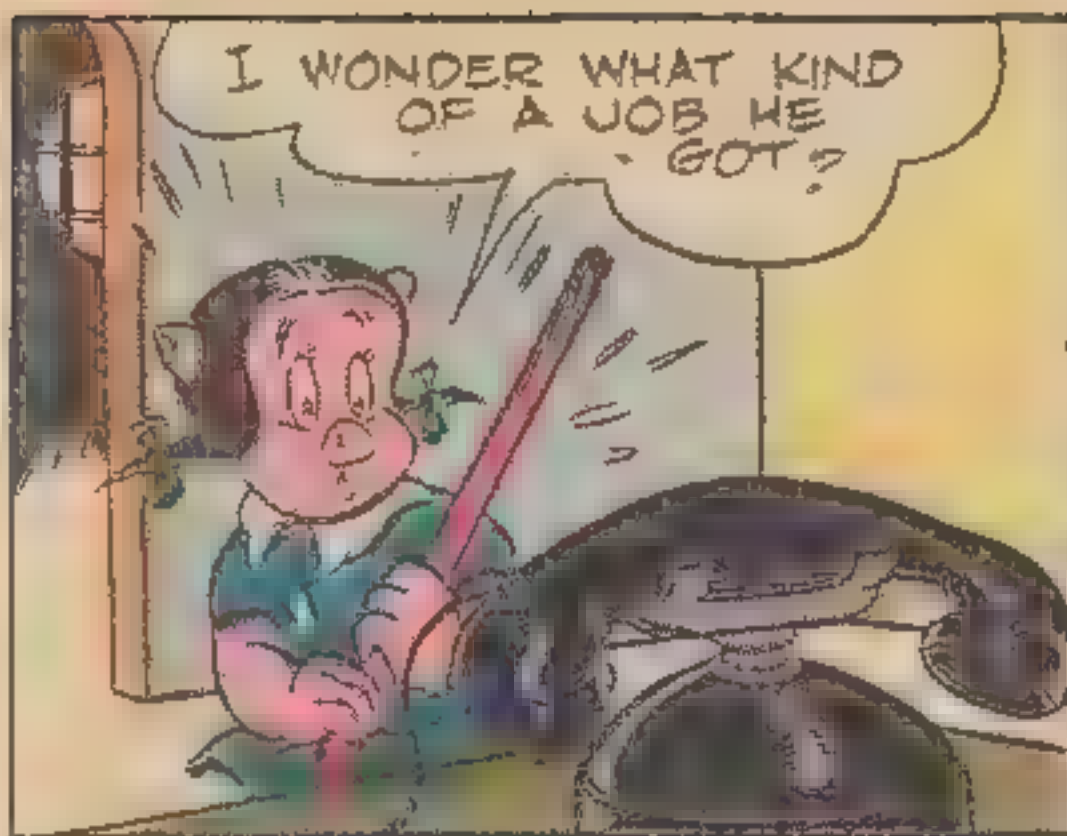
N-NO FAIR! SHE'S TH' CHAMPEEN OF TH' G-GIRL'S SOFT-BALL TEAM! NO! N-NO!

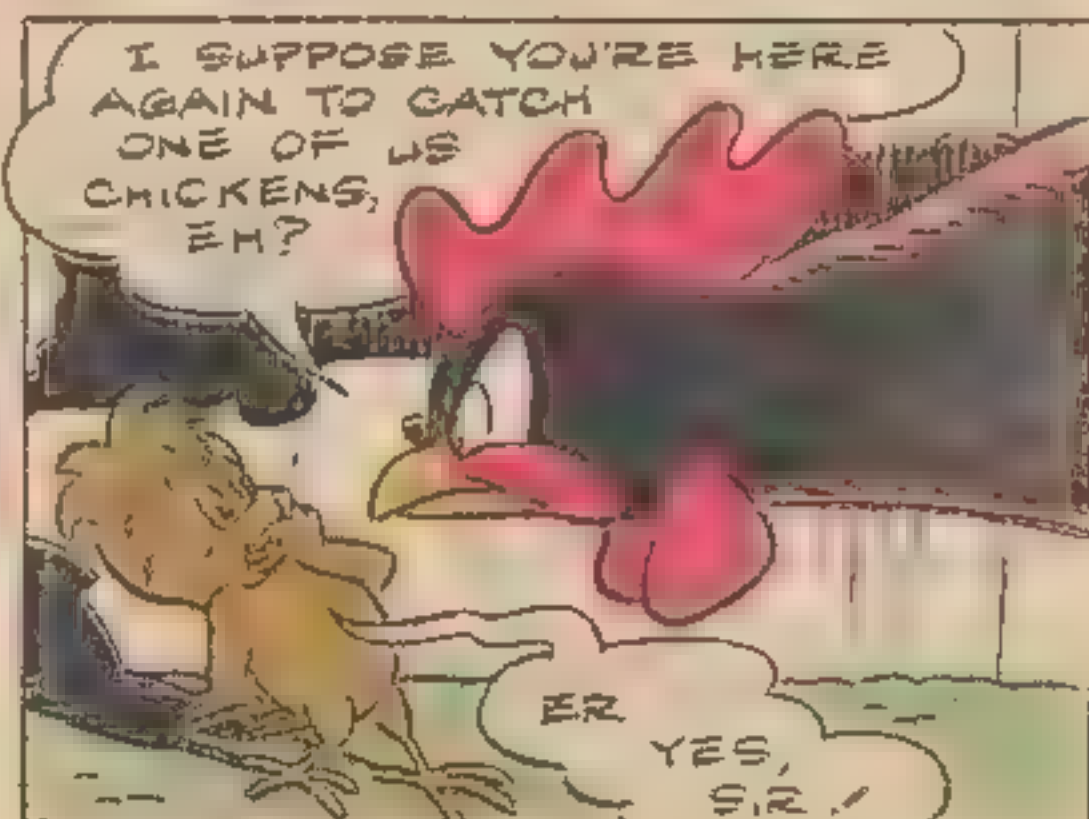
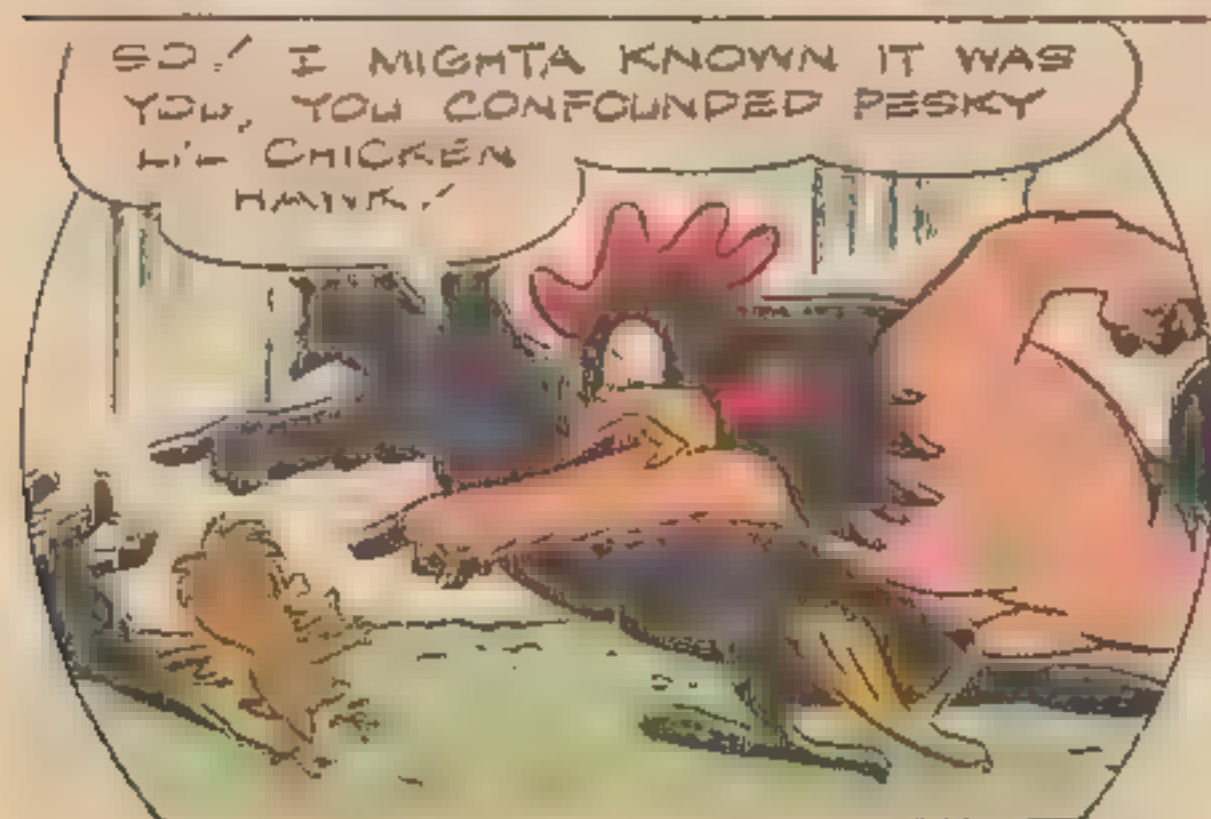
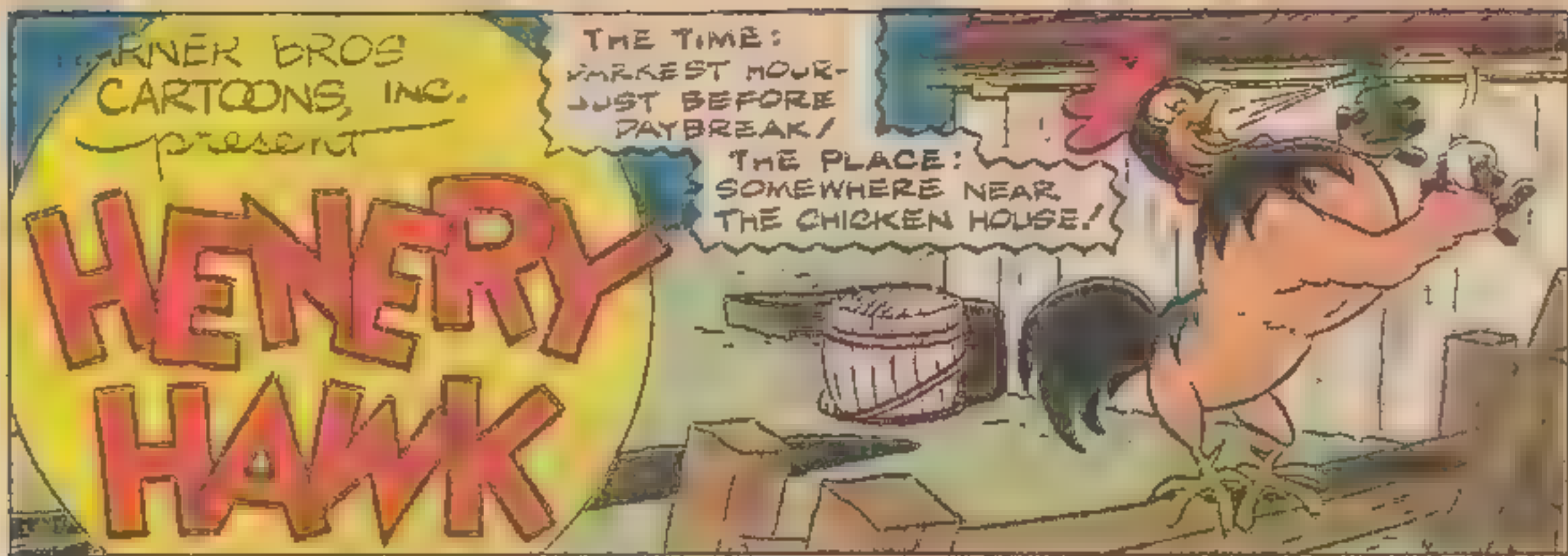
HERE IT COMES!

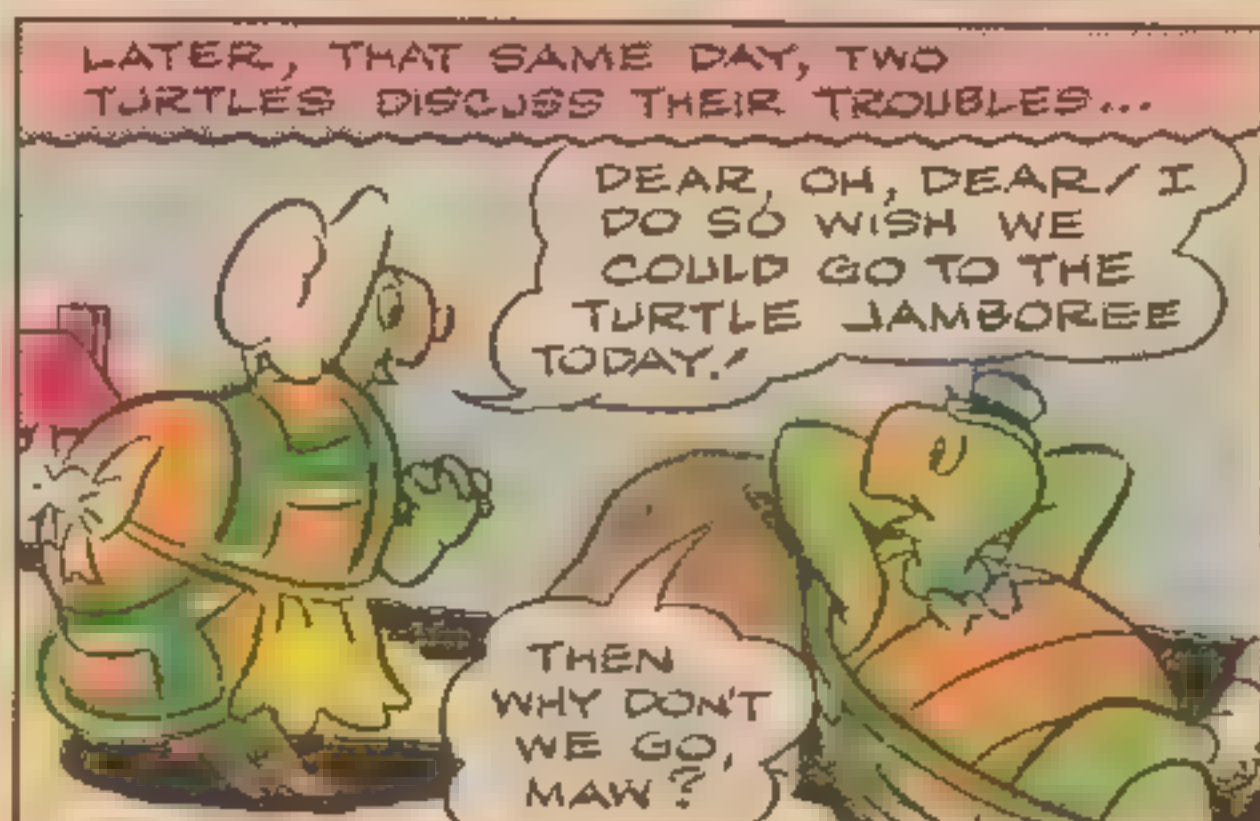
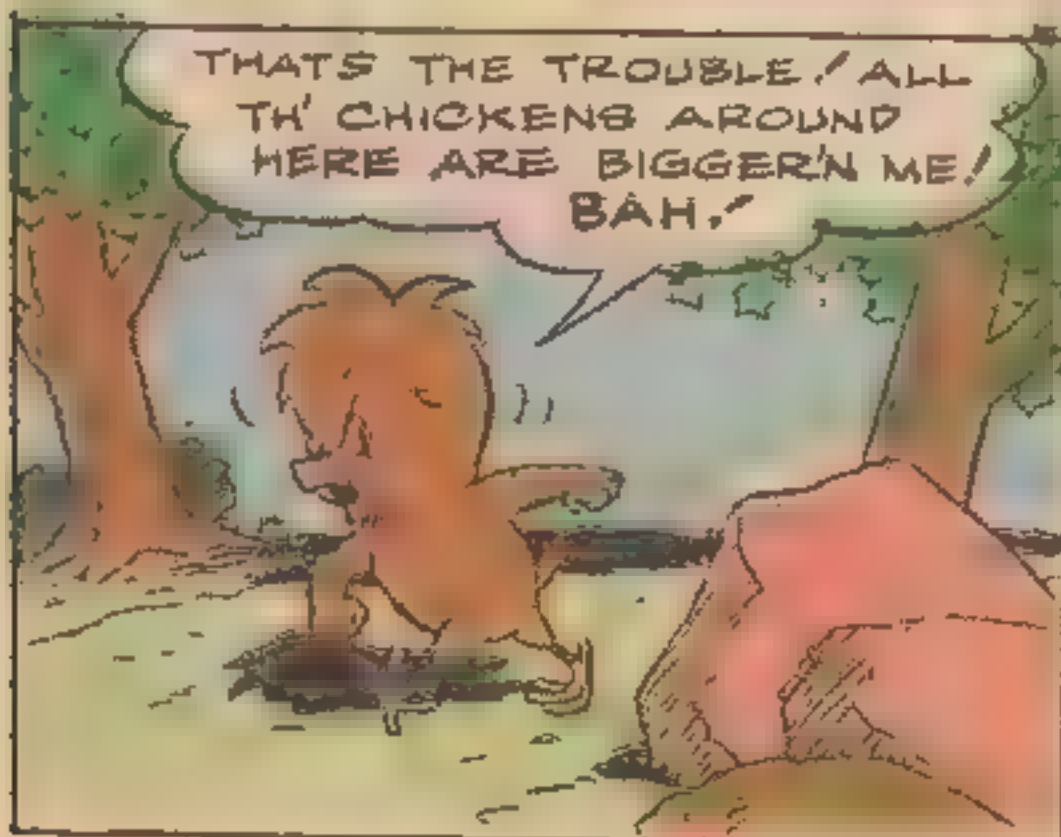
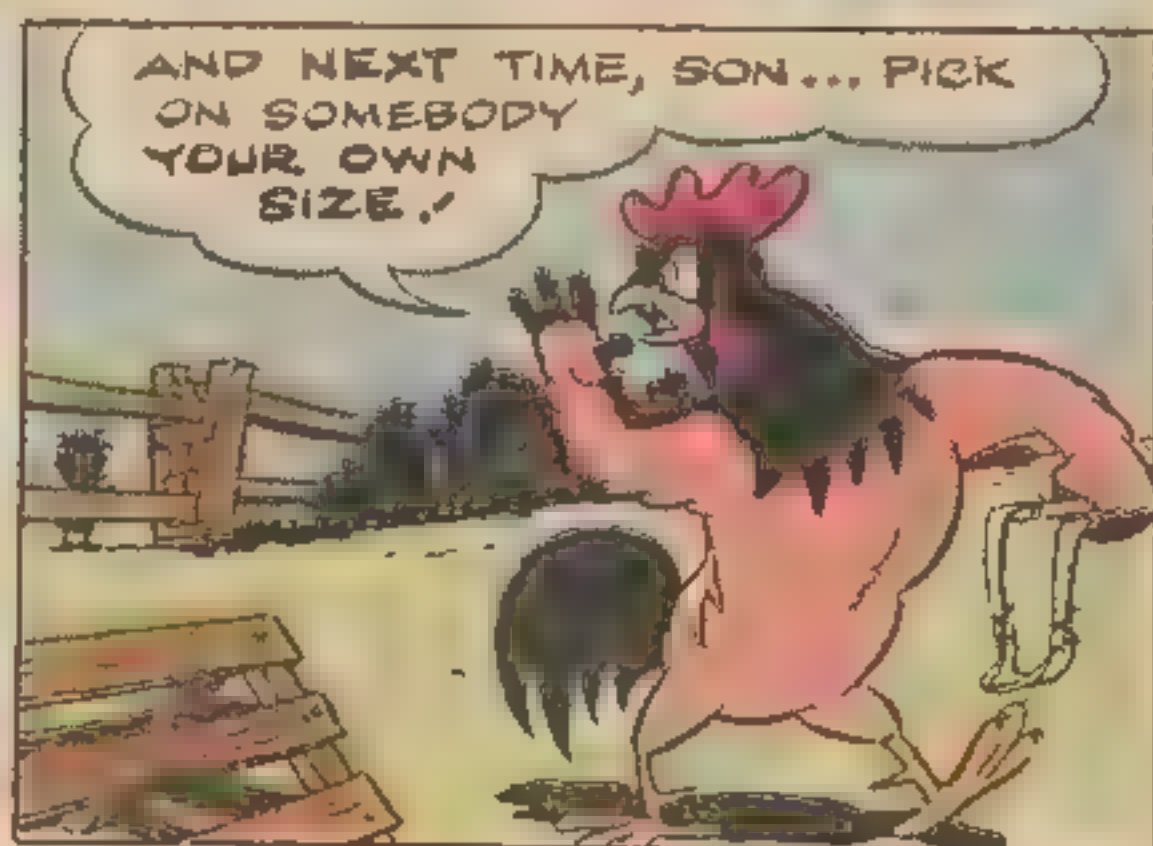
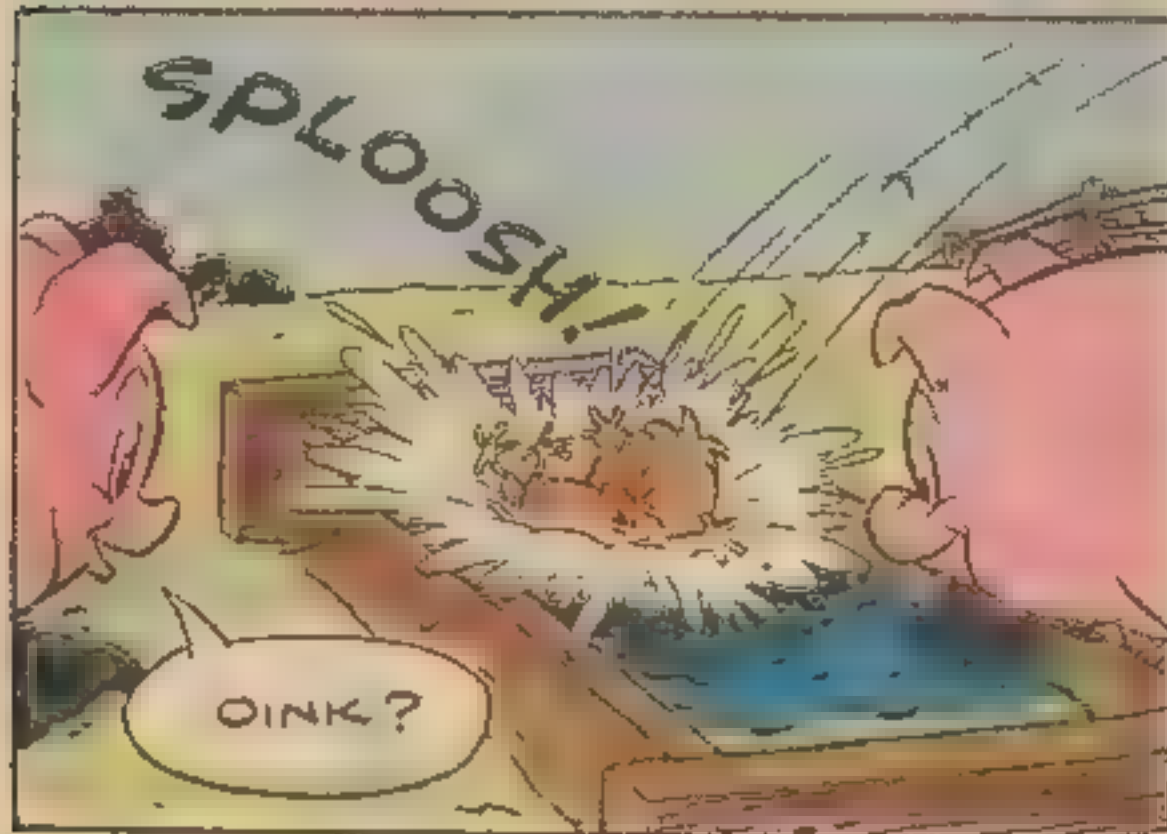
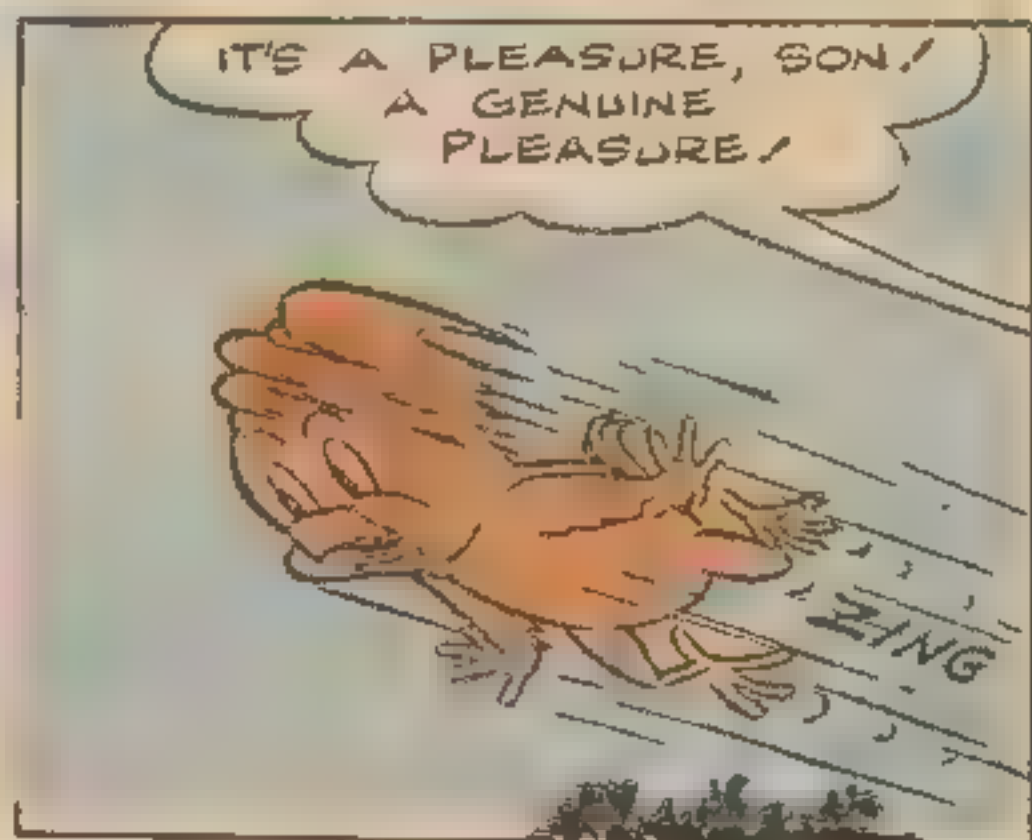
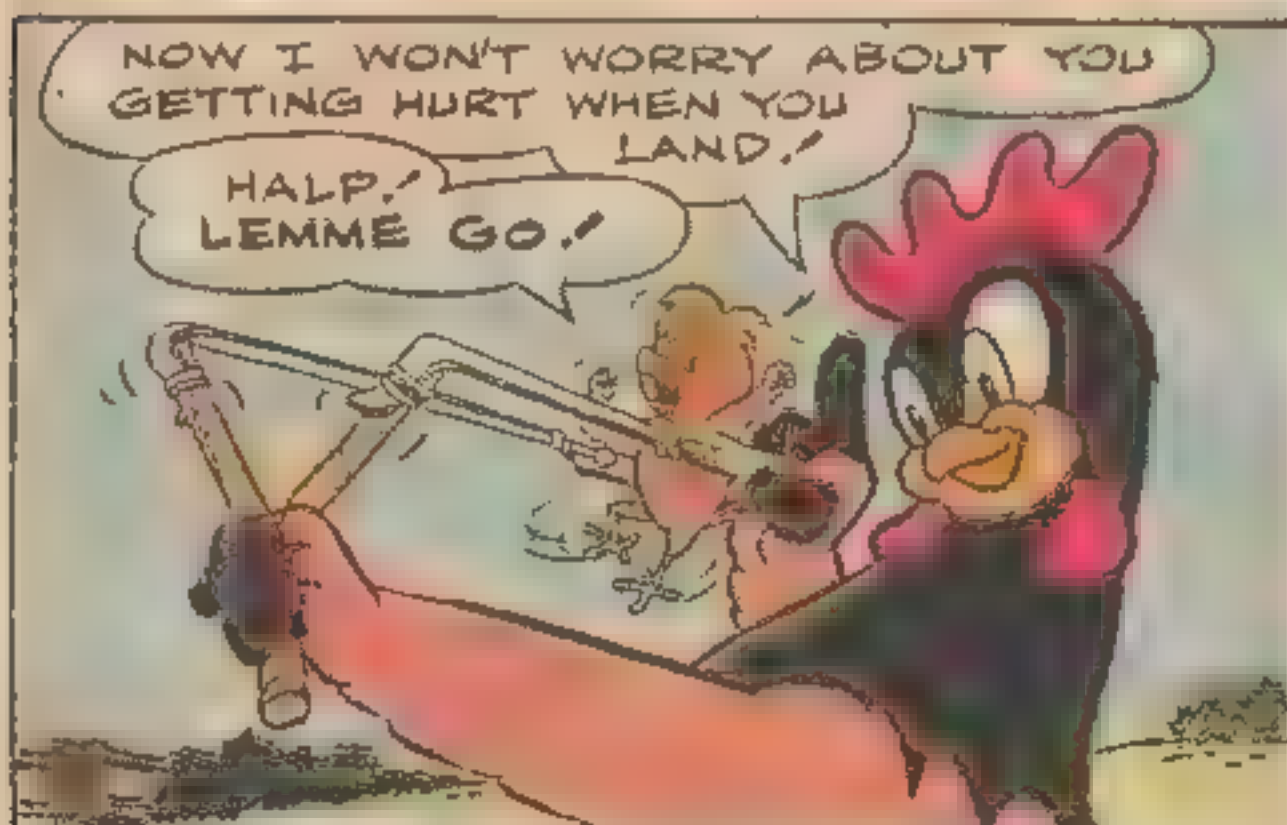
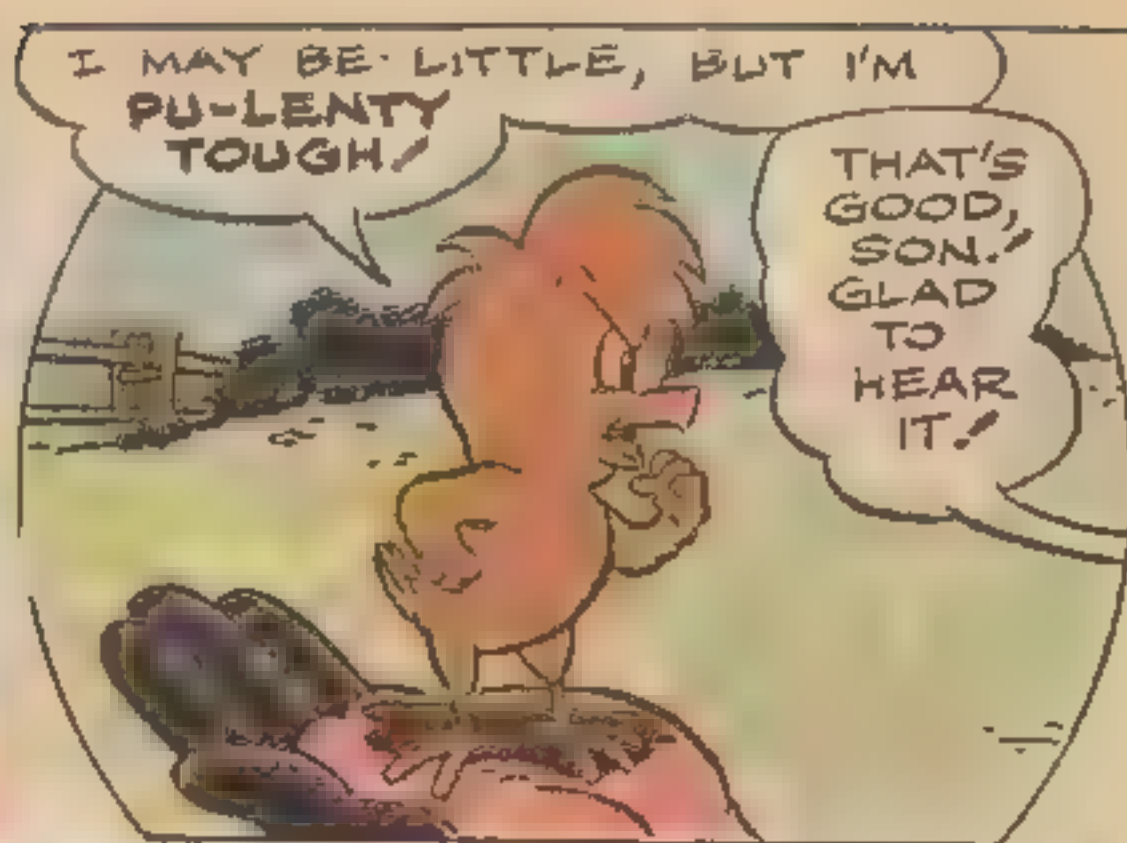
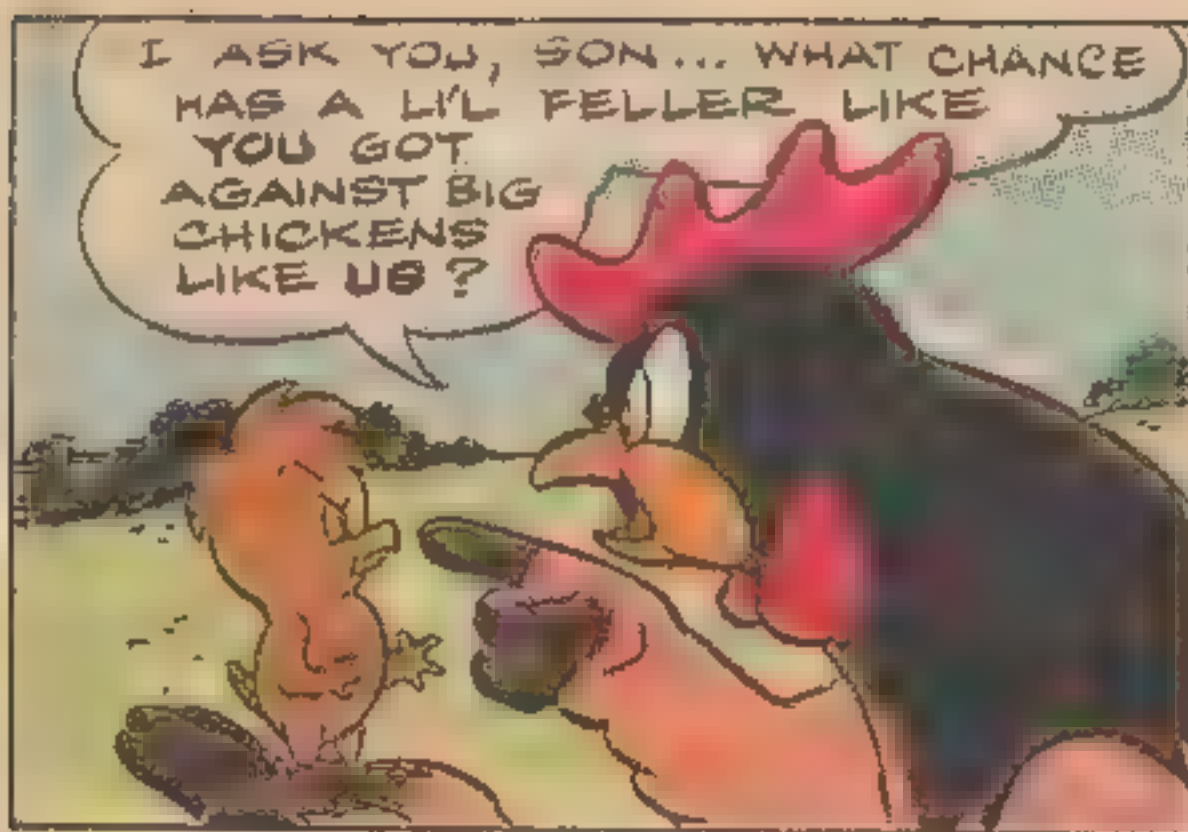


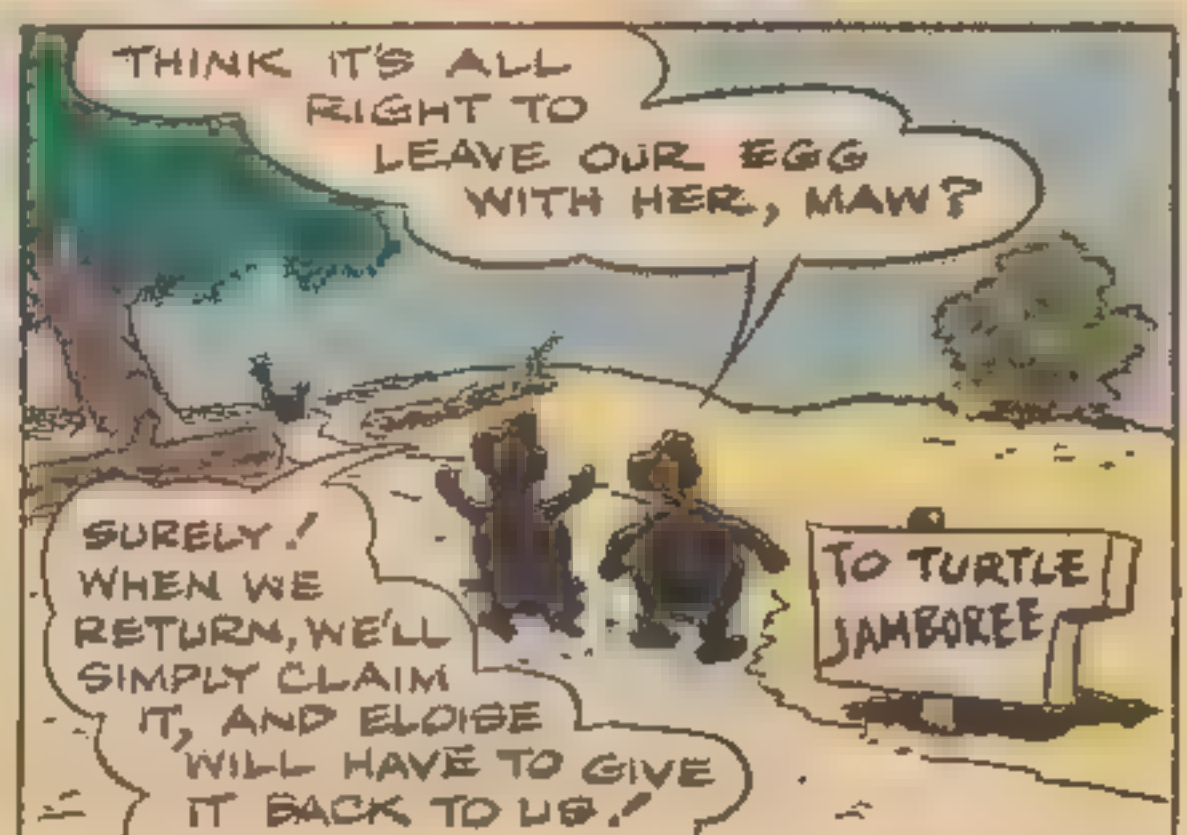
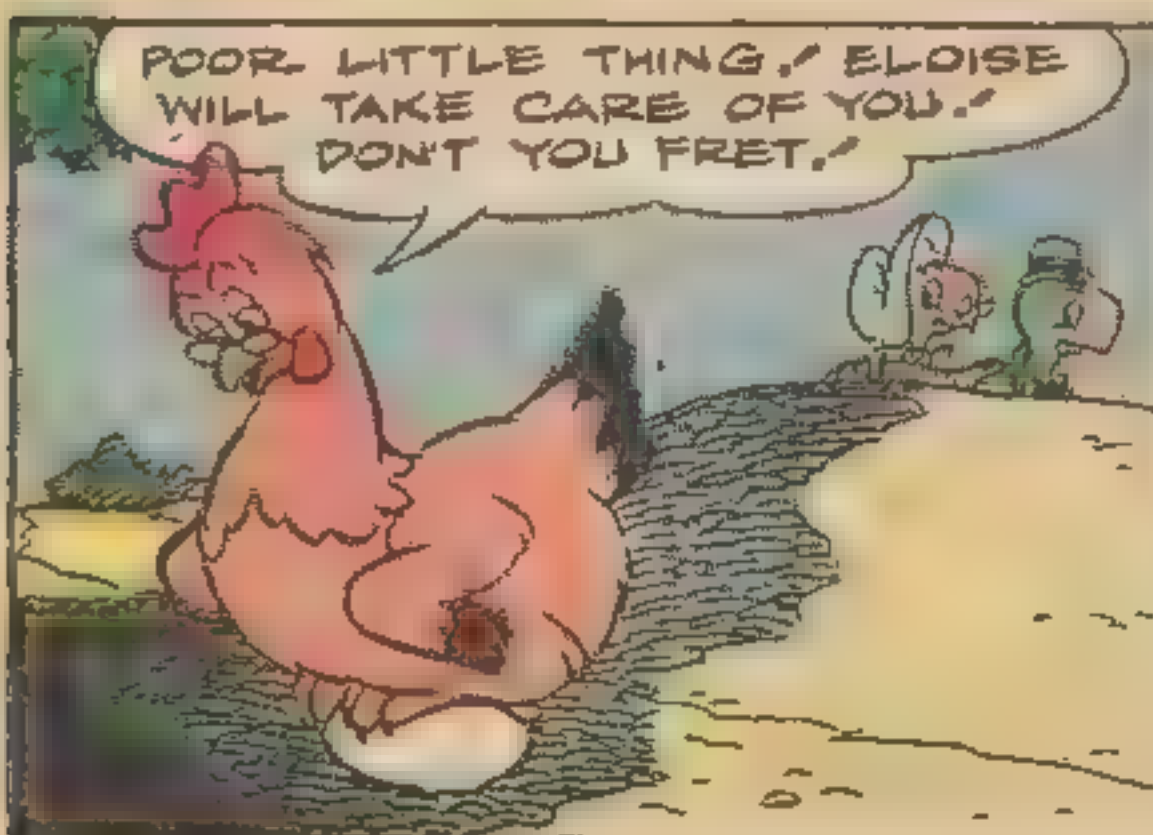
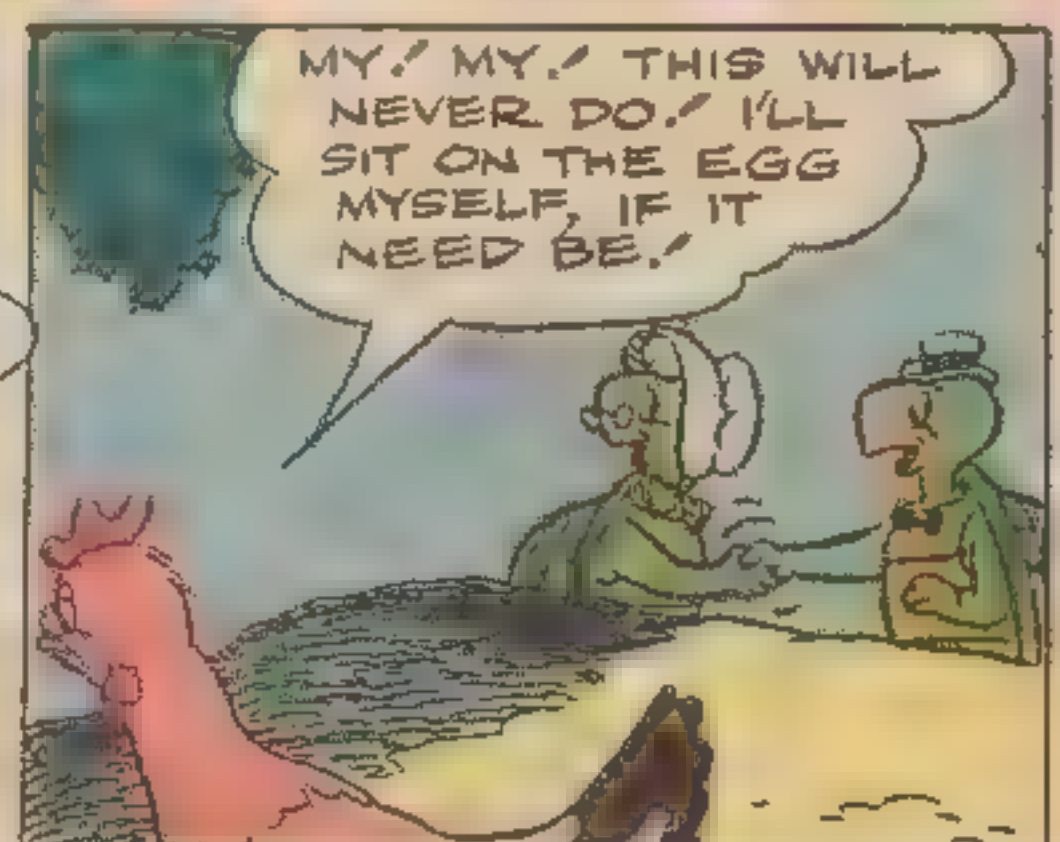
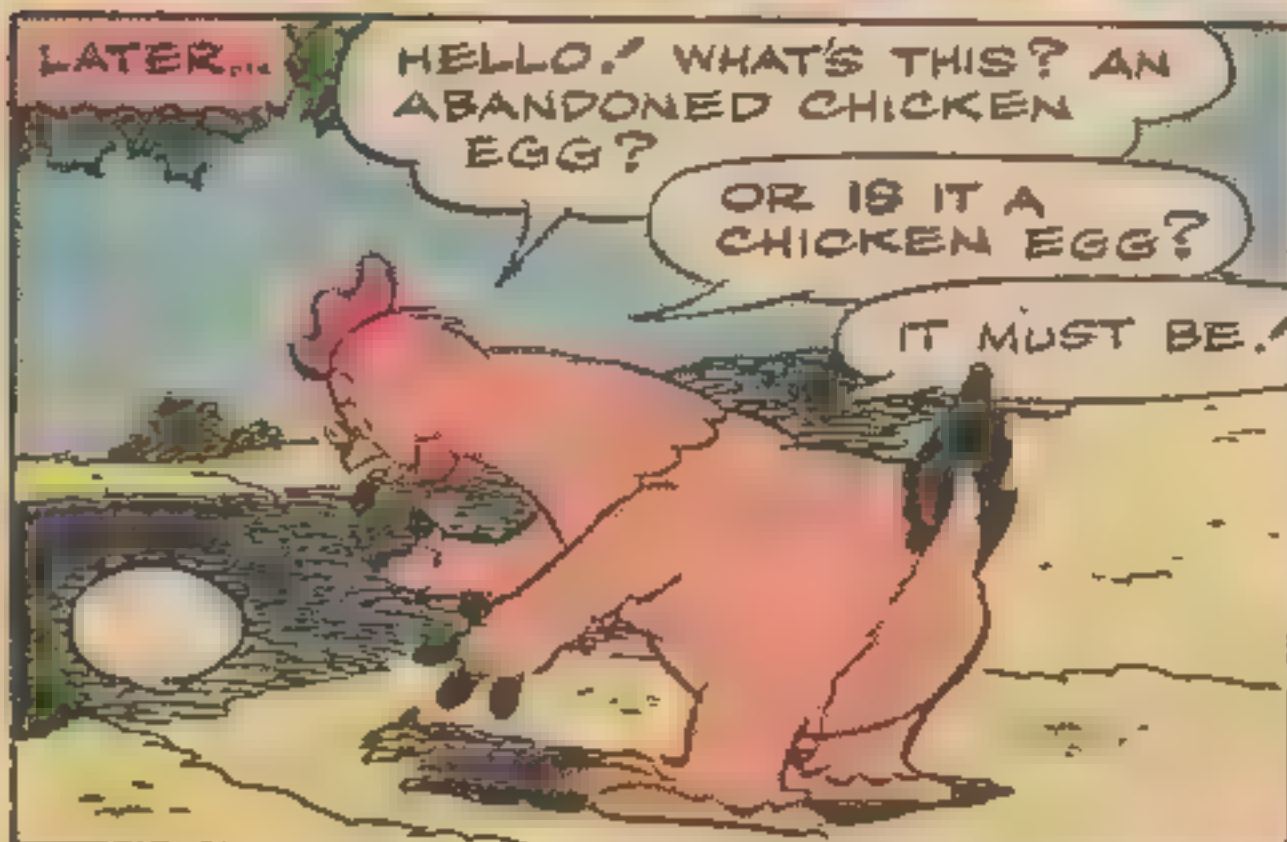
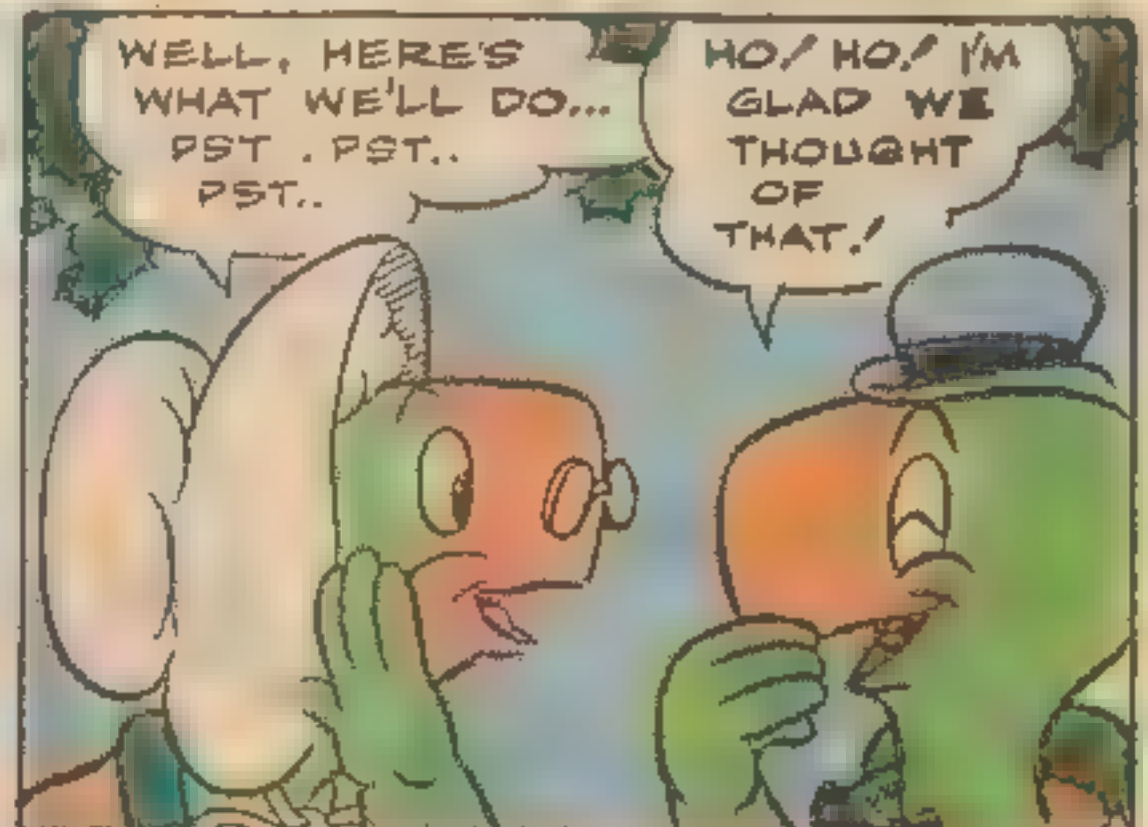
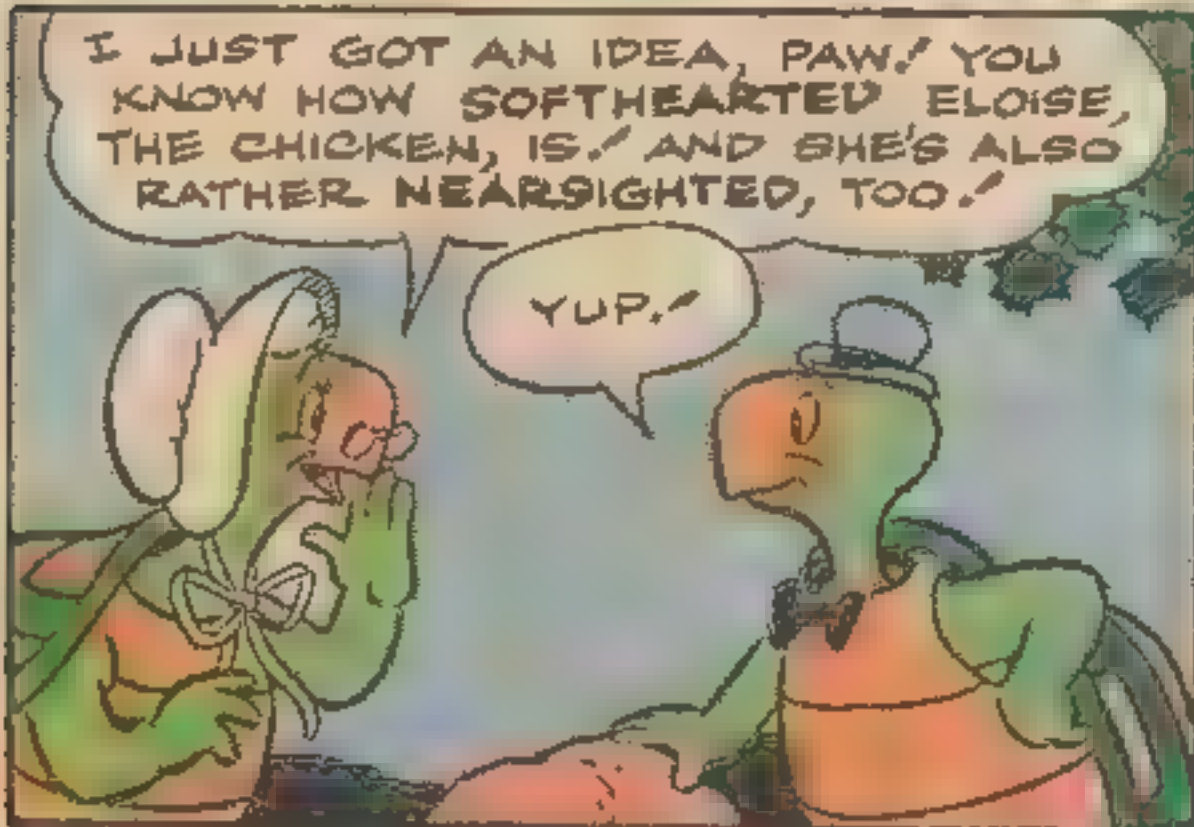
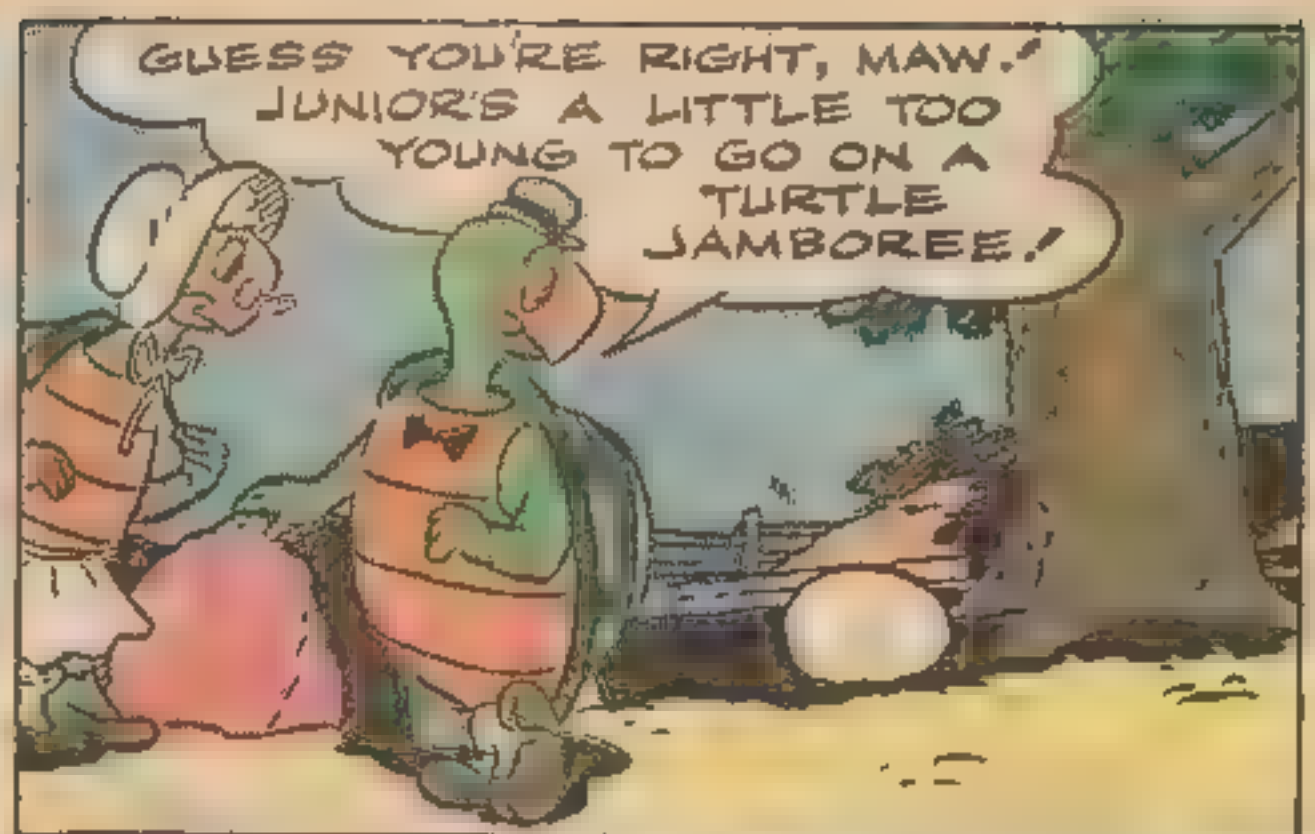


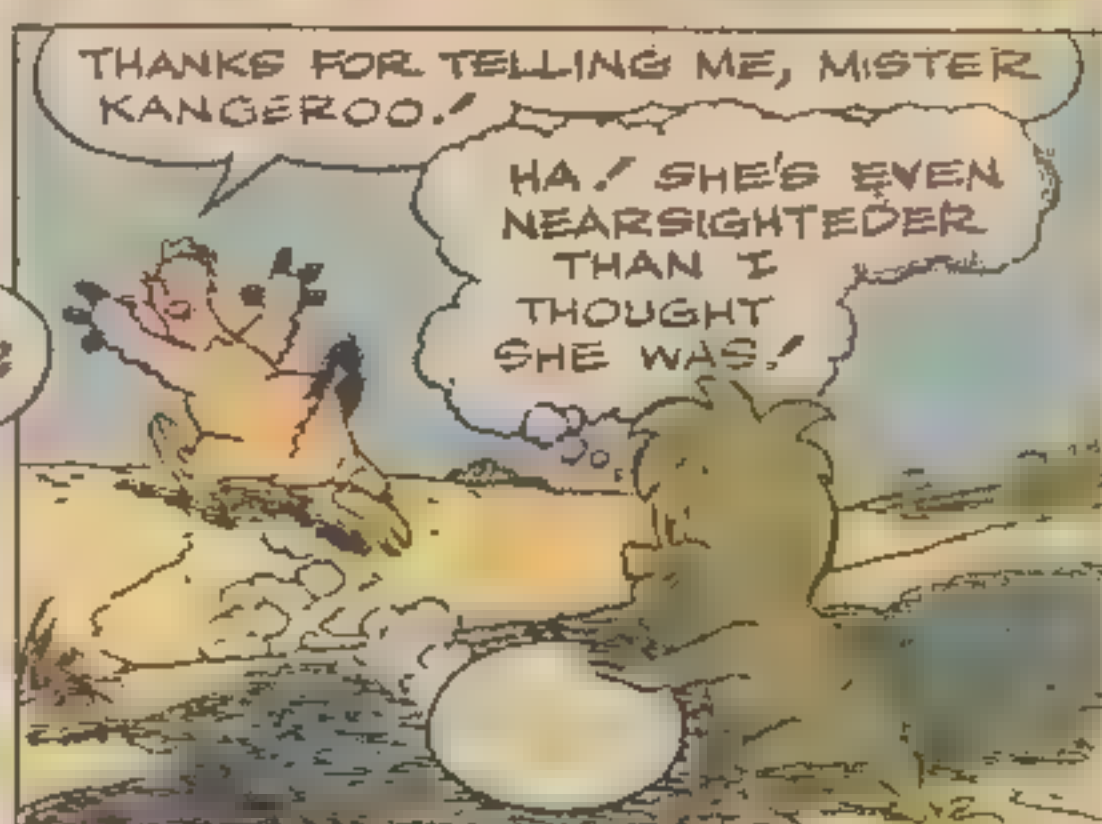
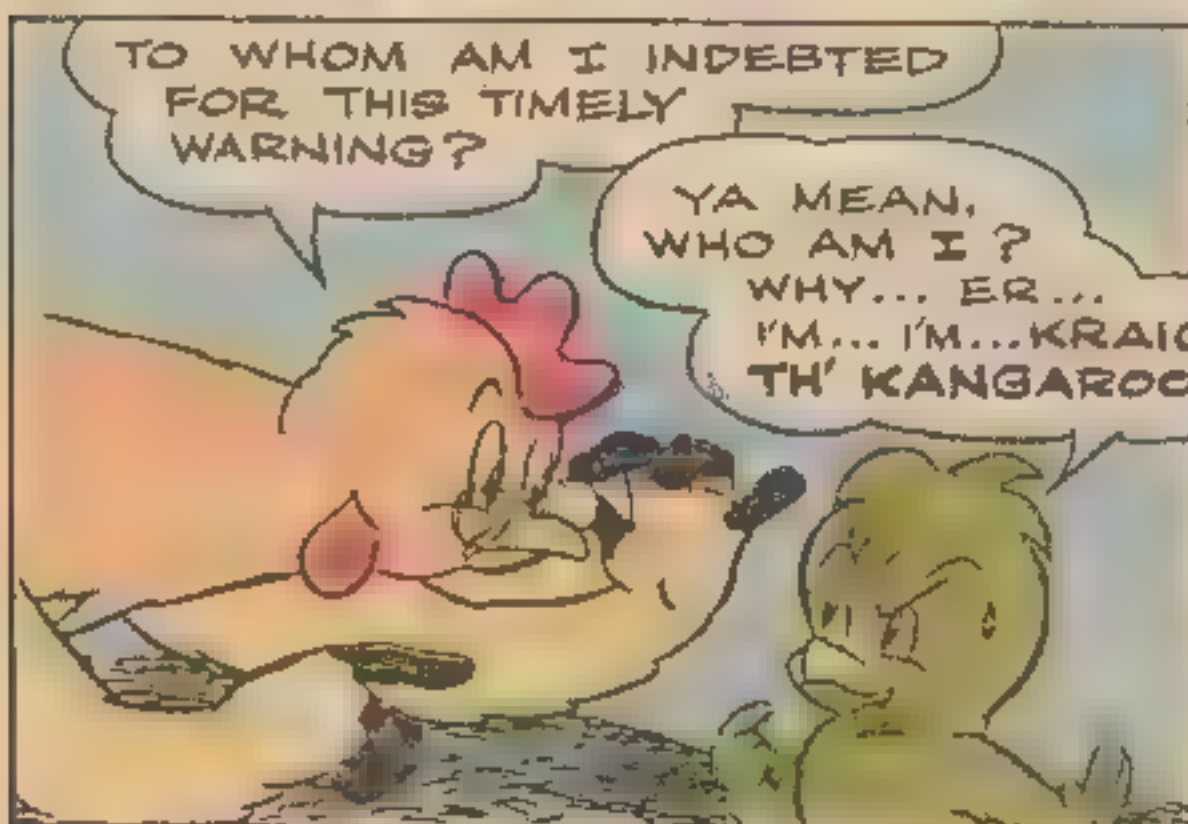
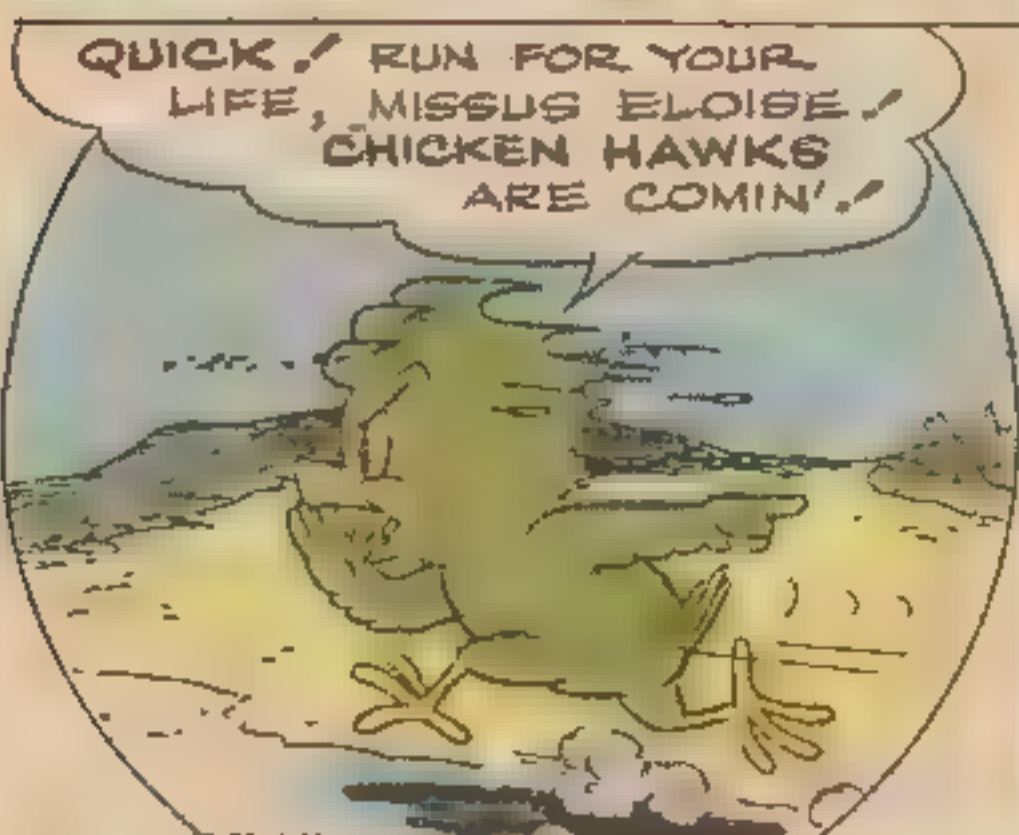
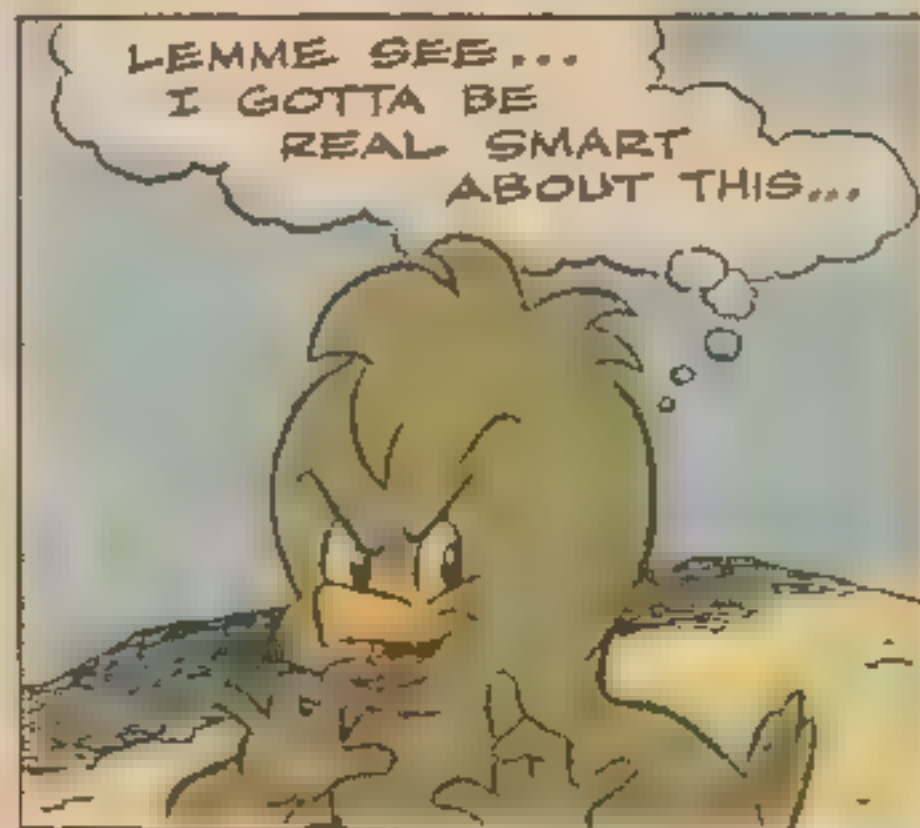
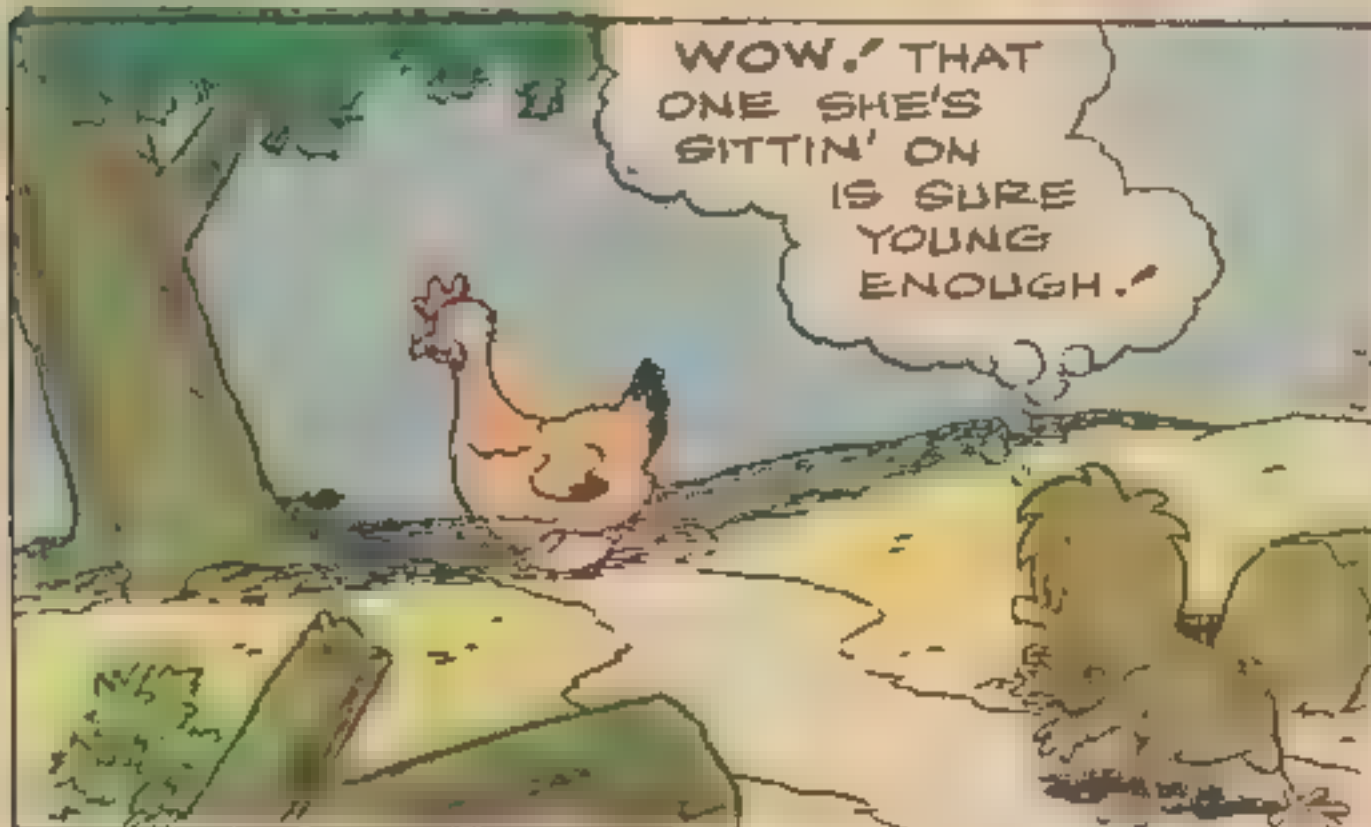
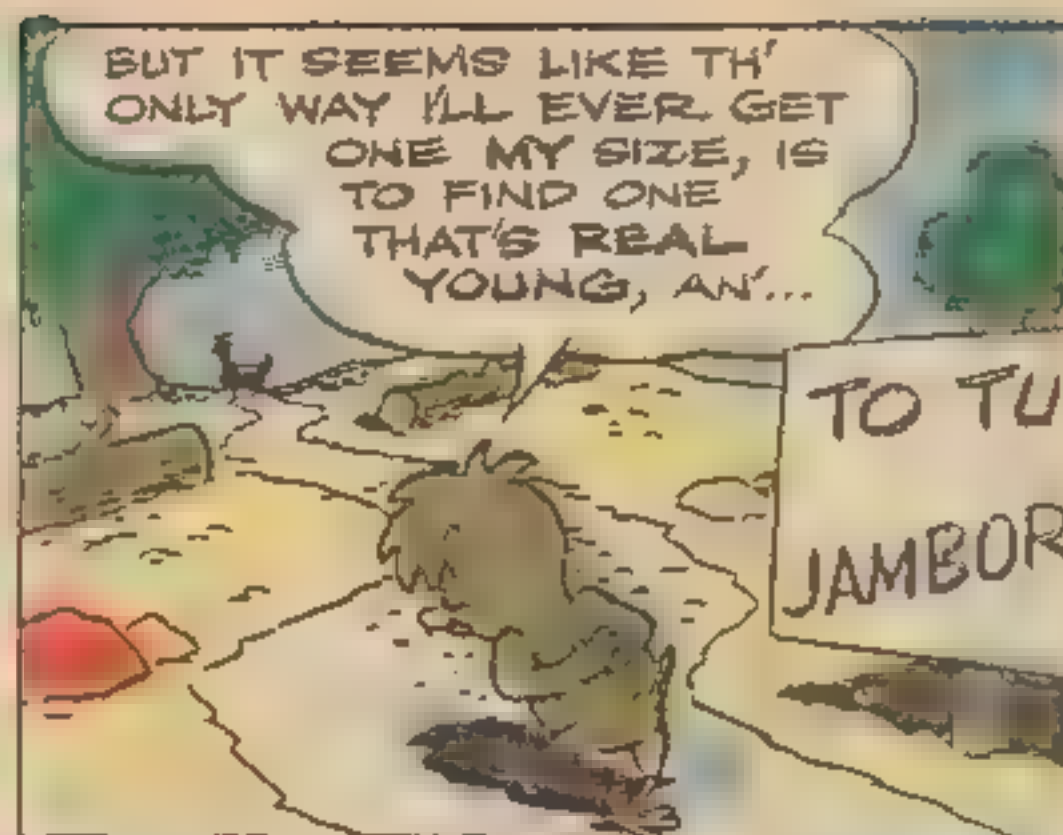
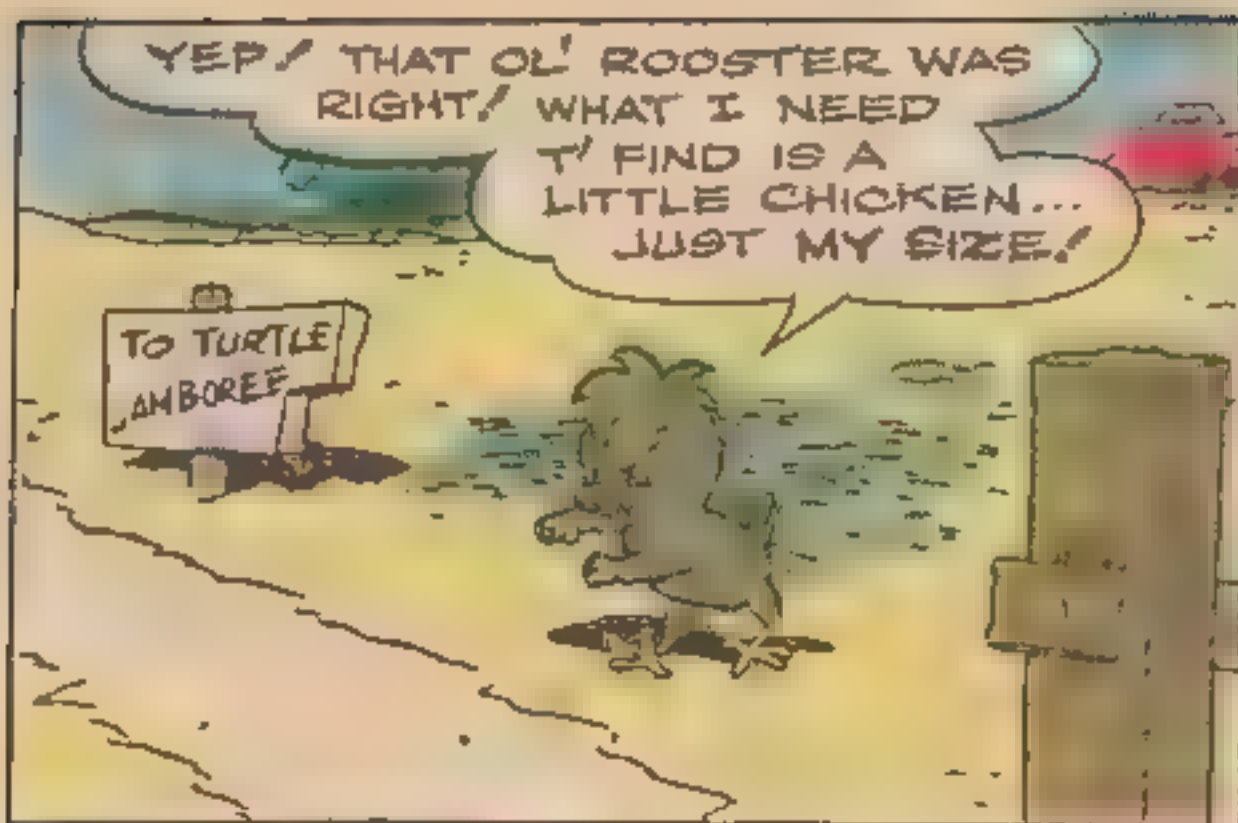


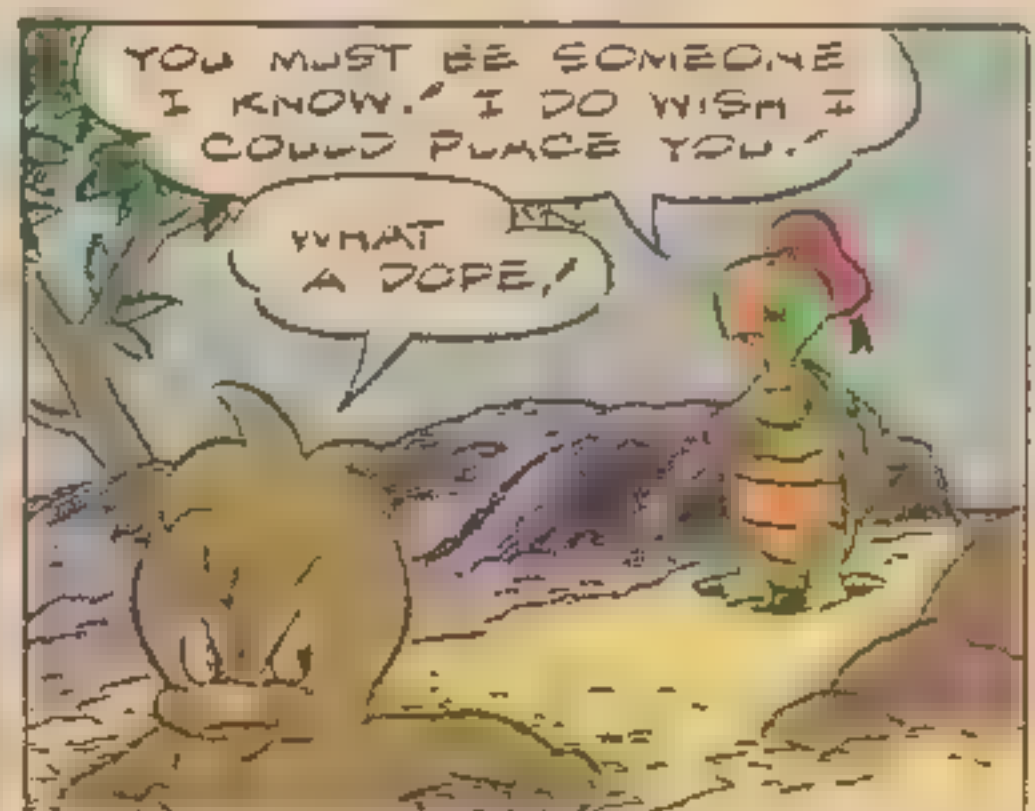
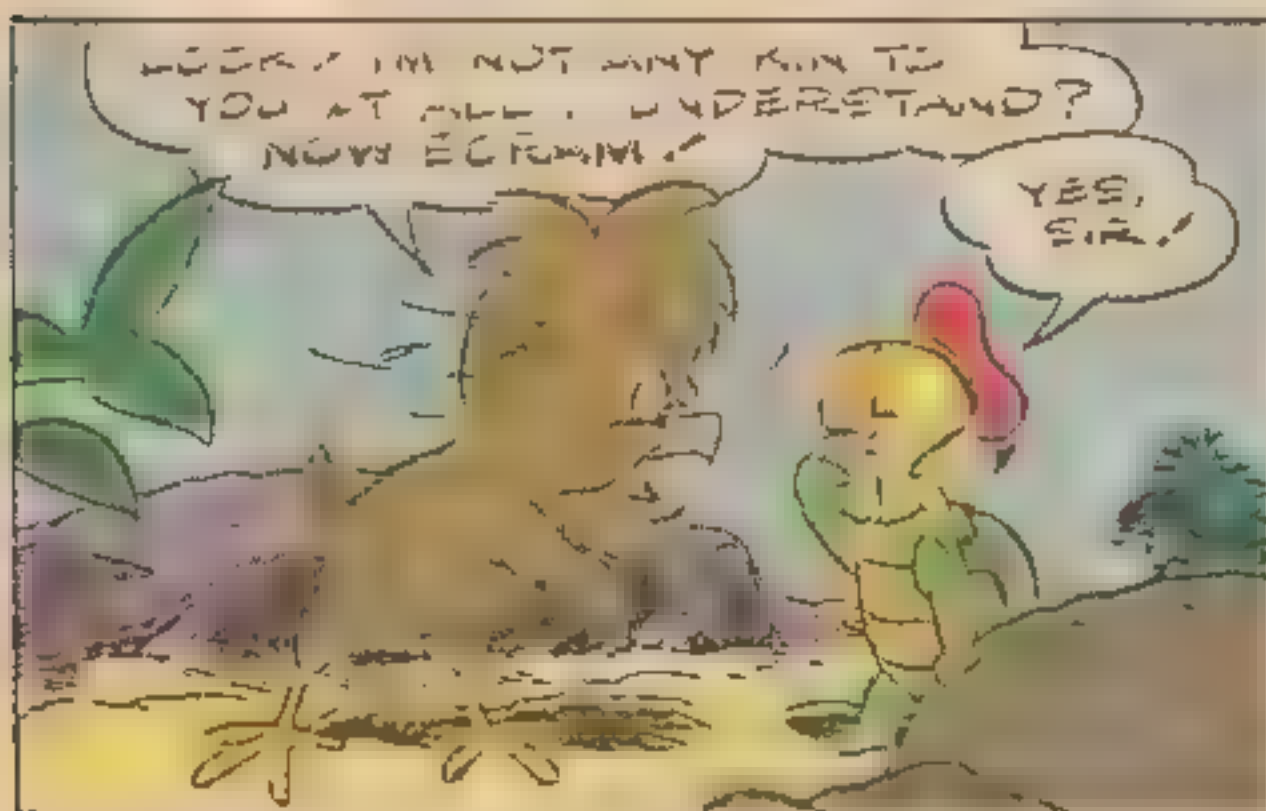
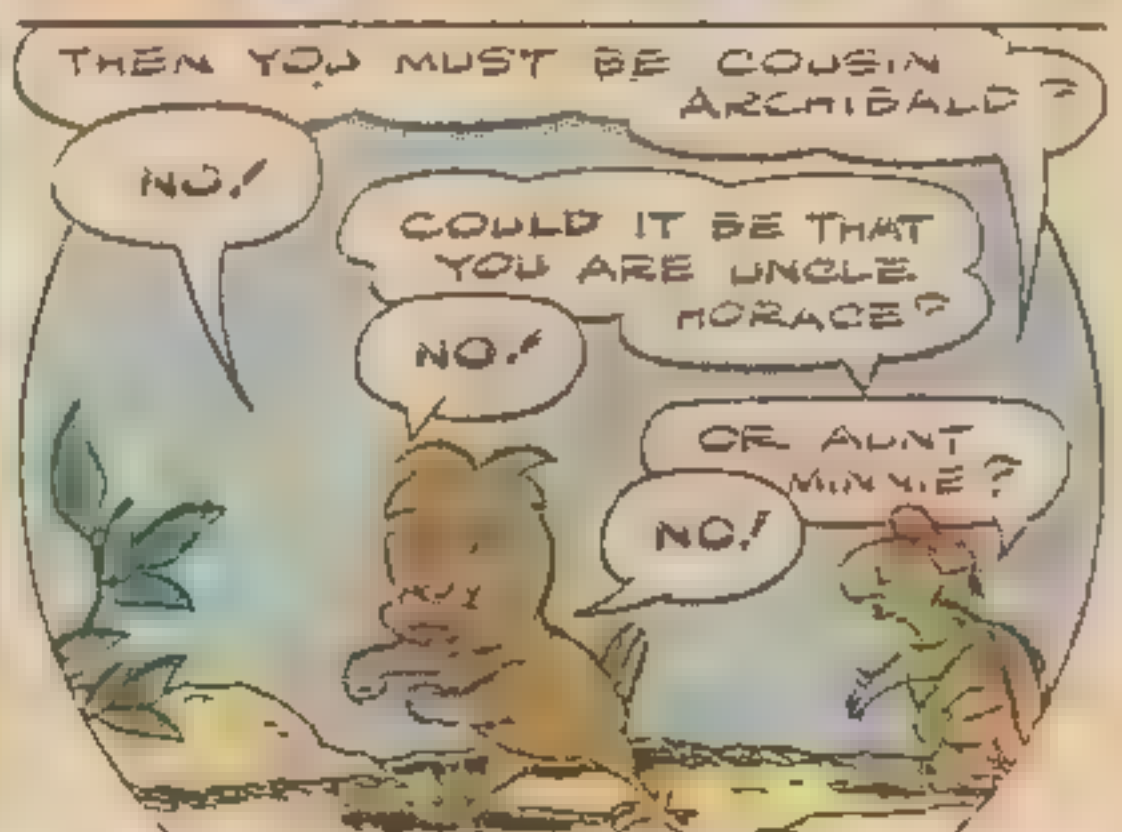
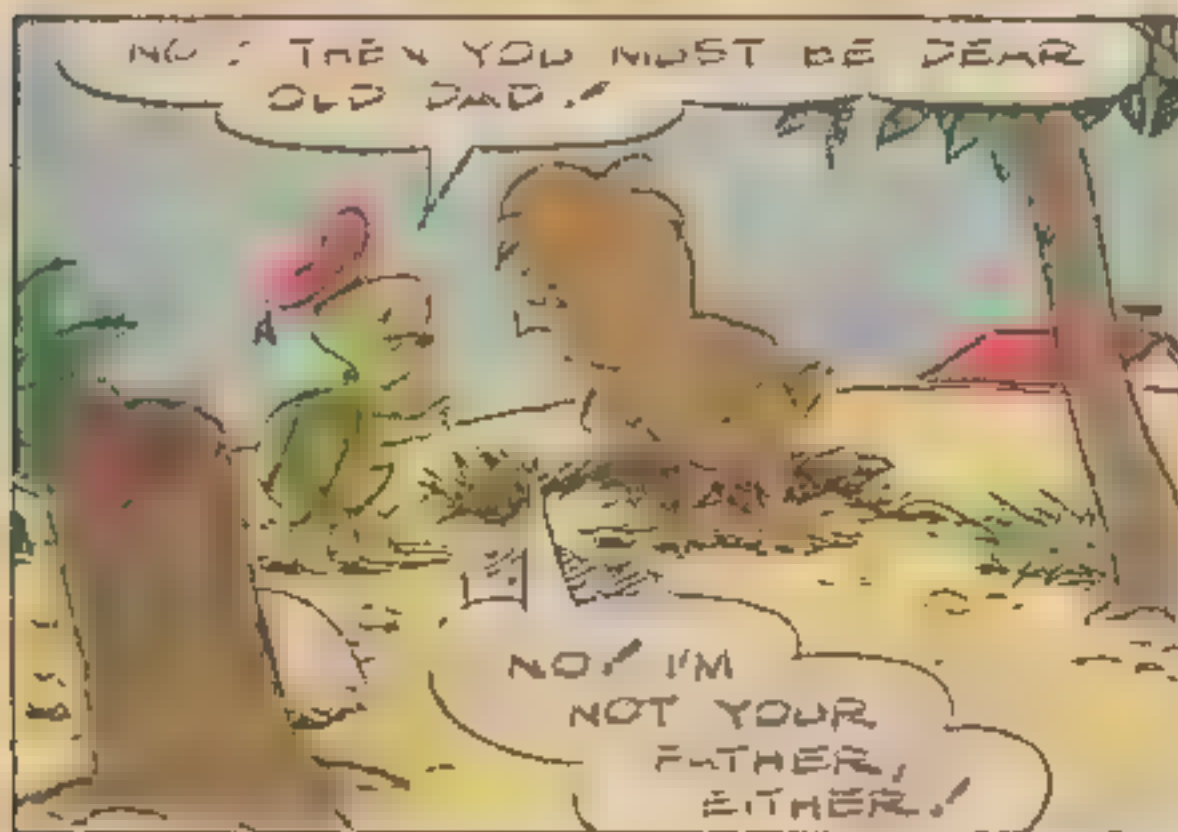
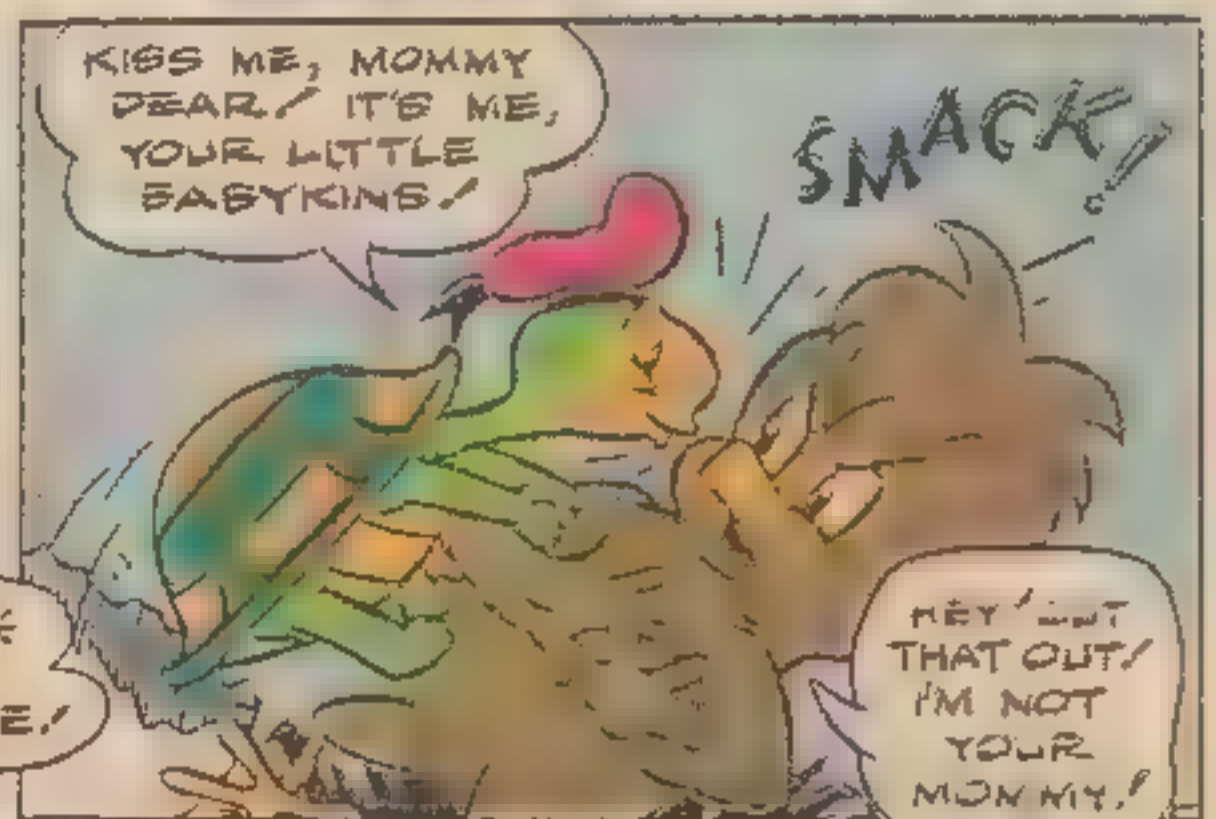
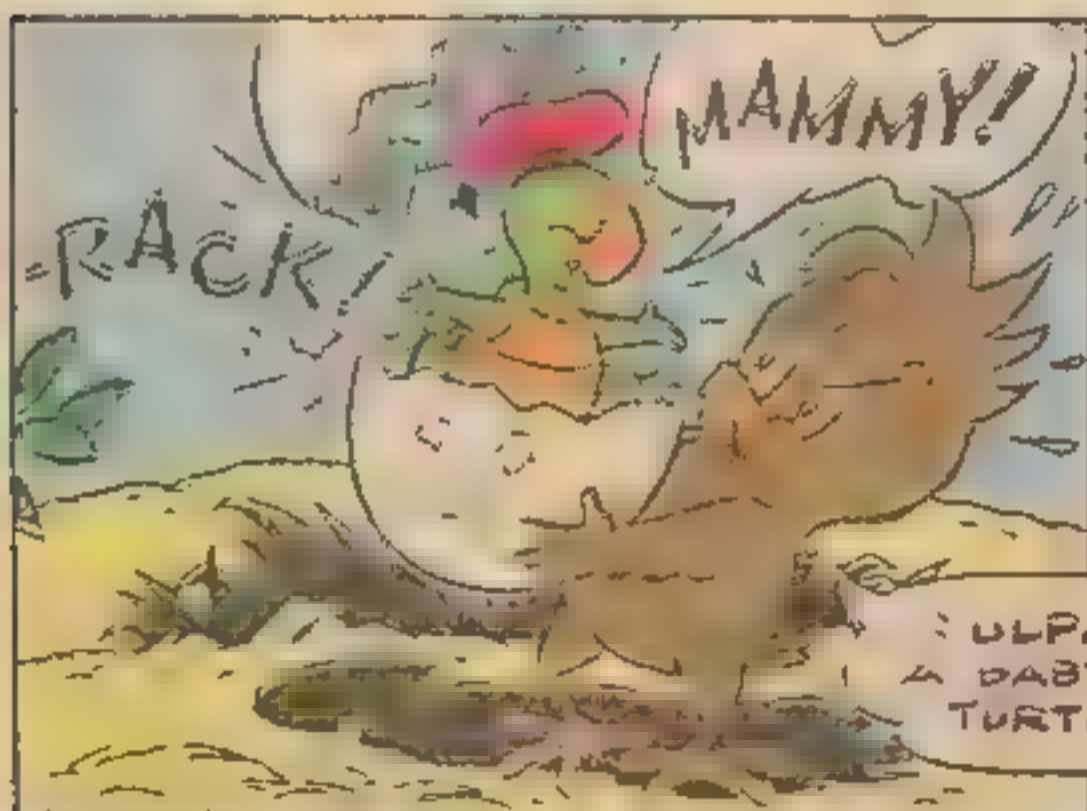
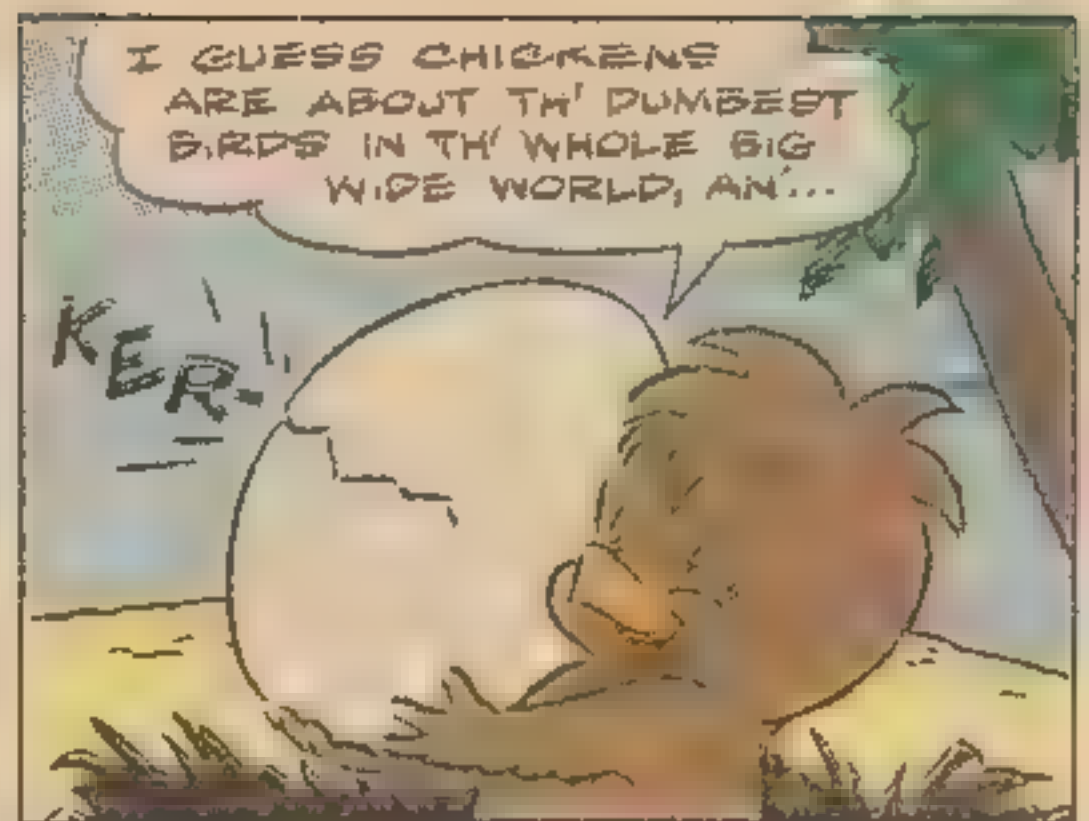


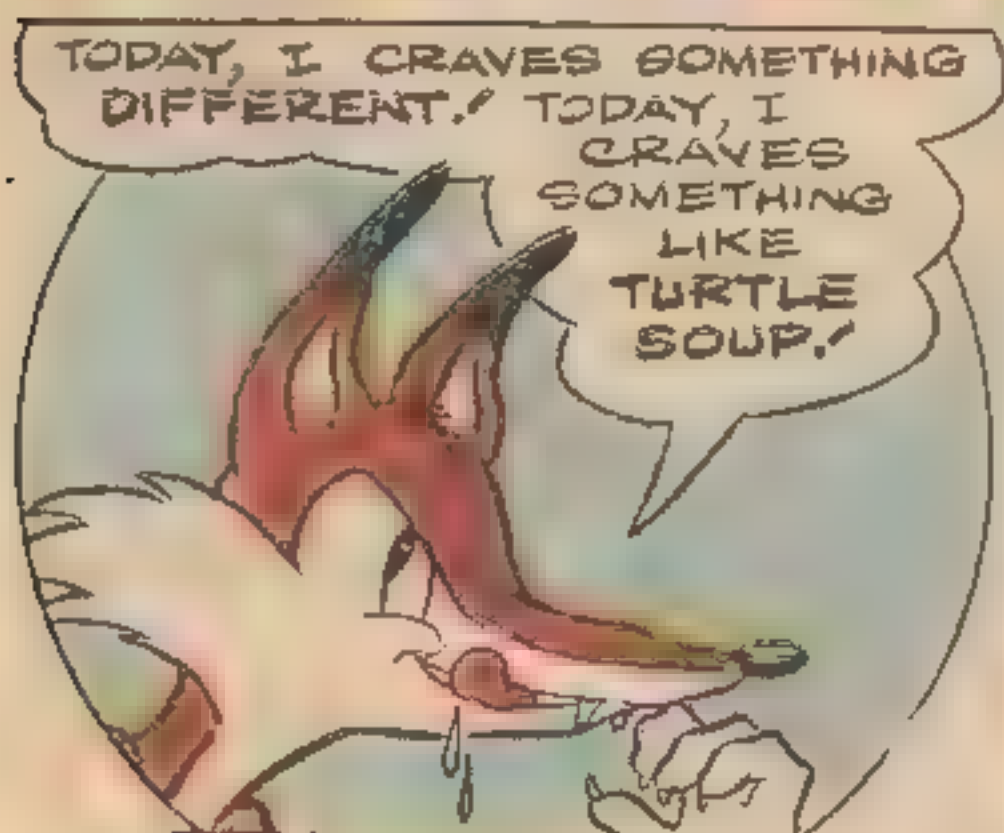
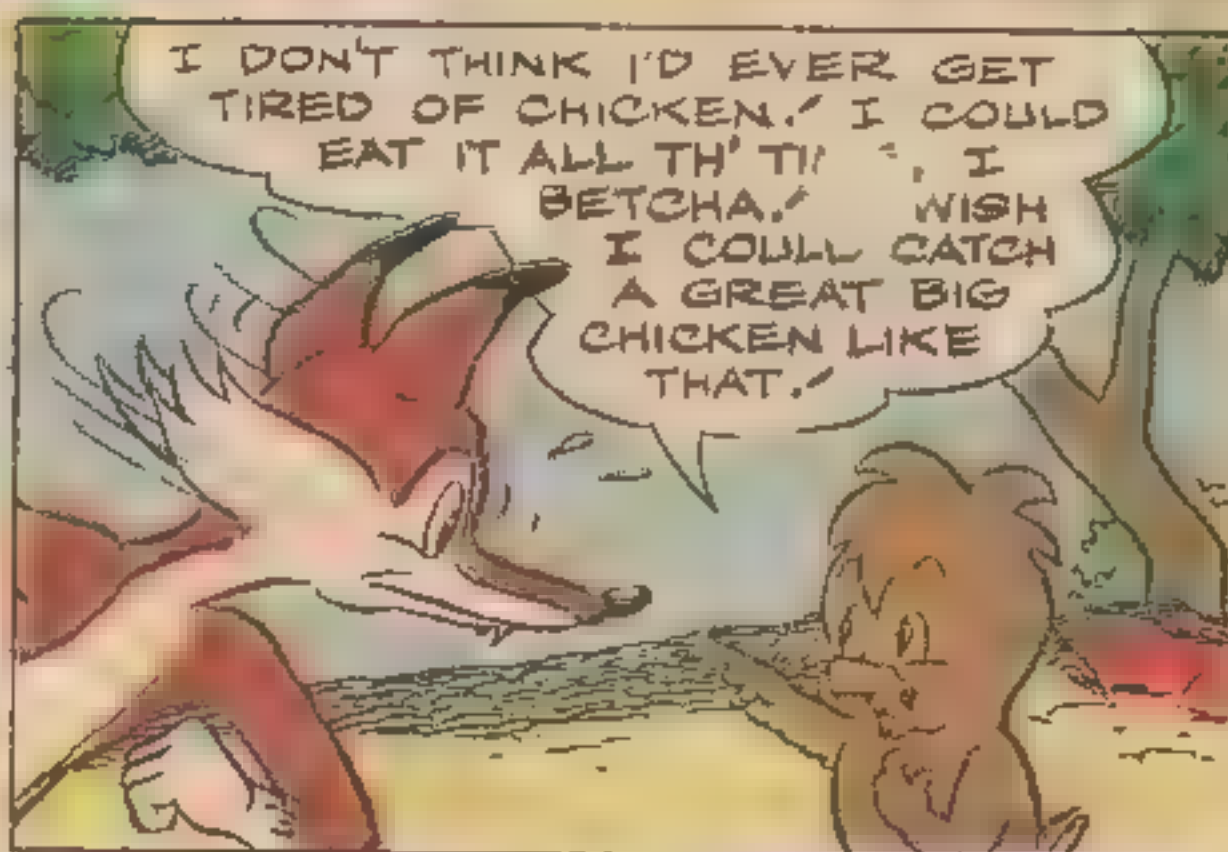
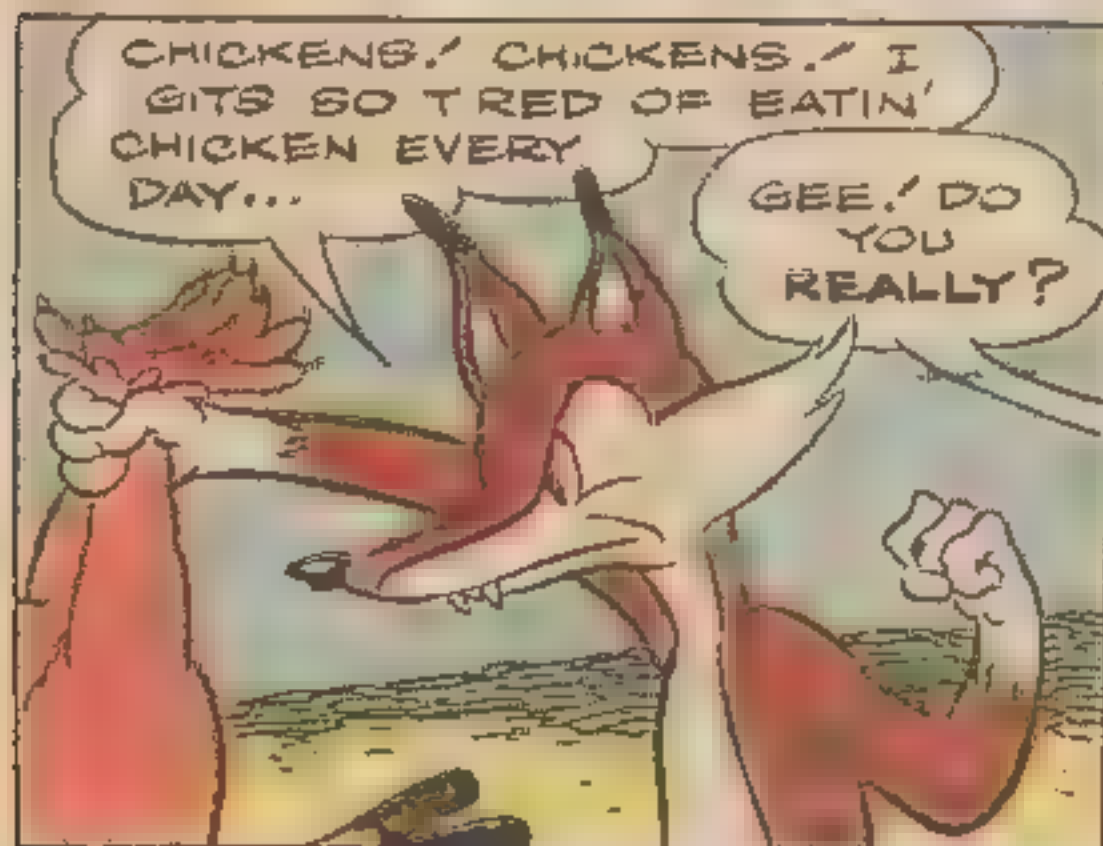
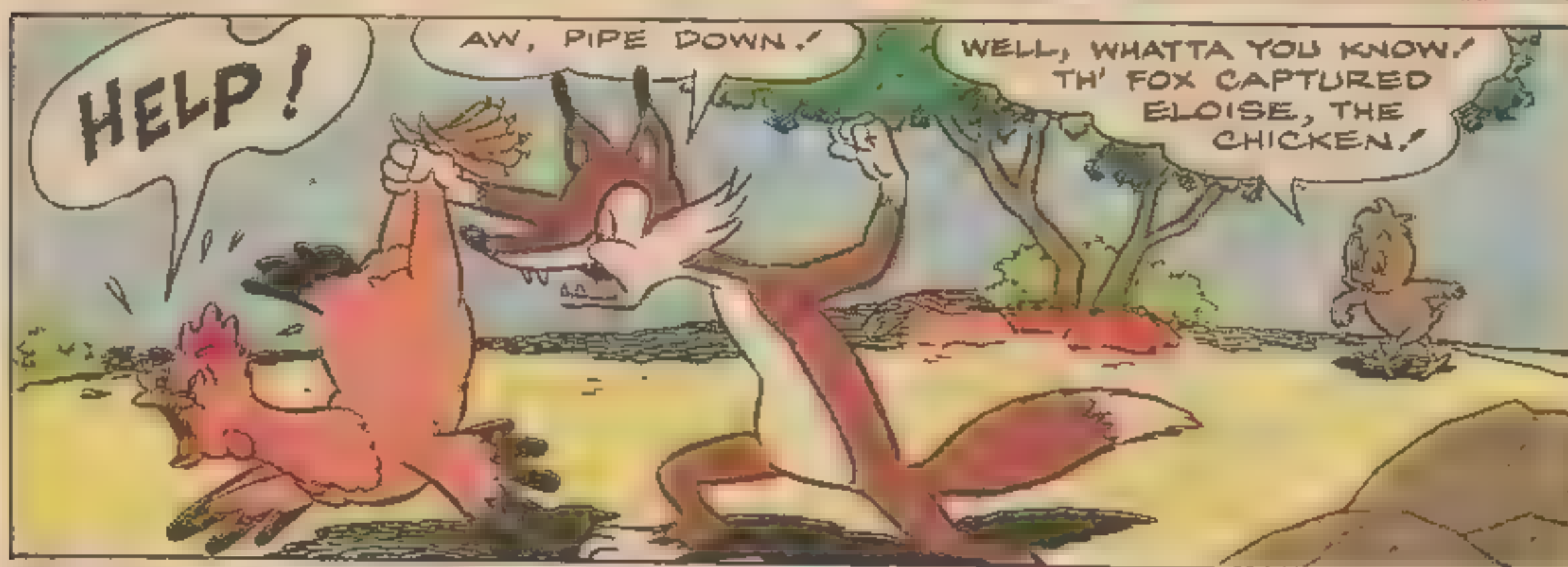
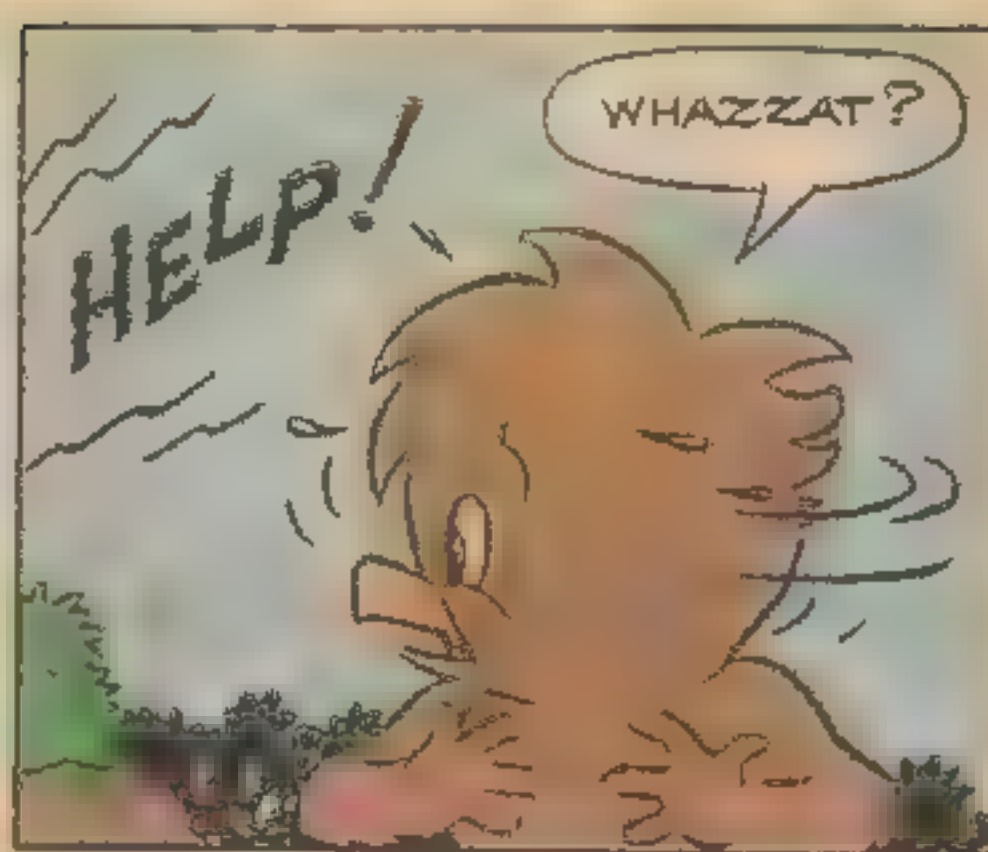
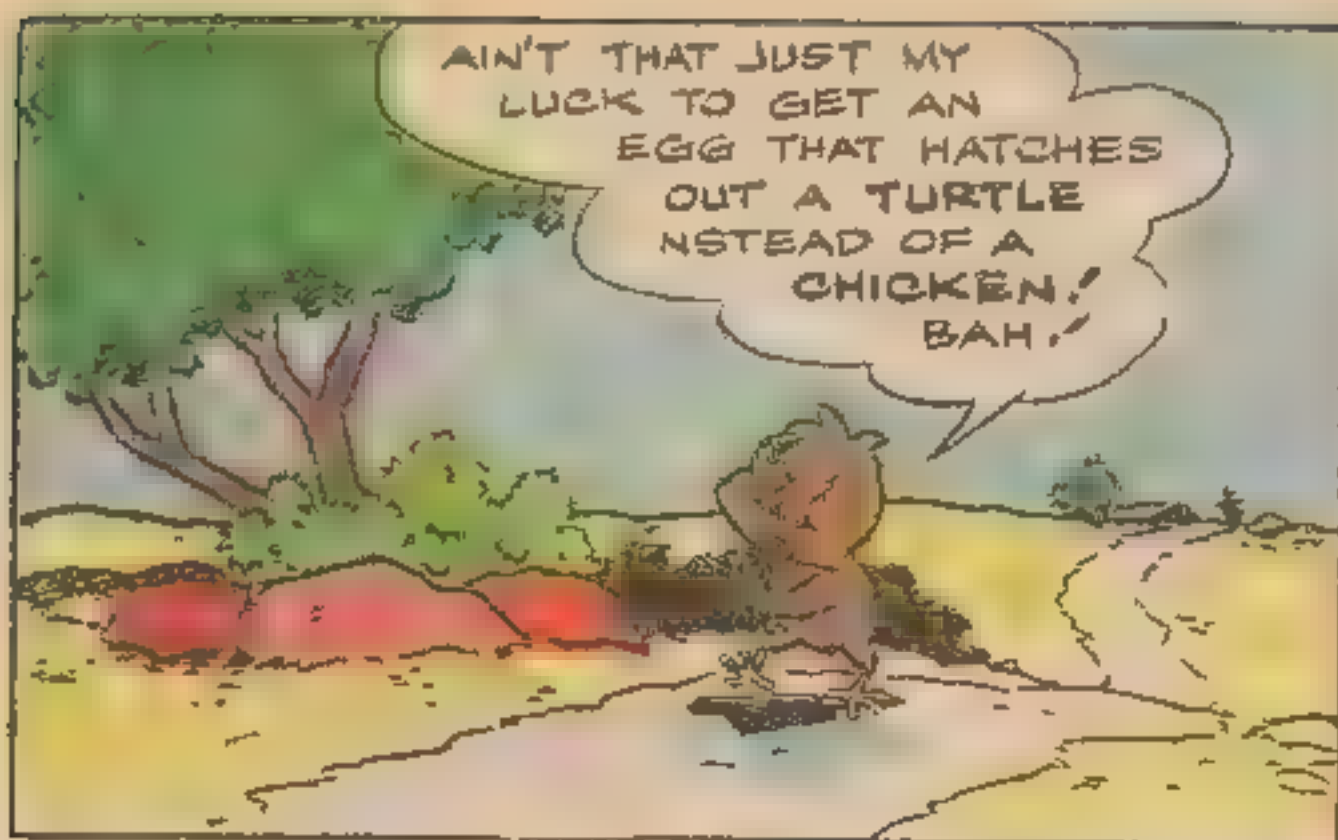


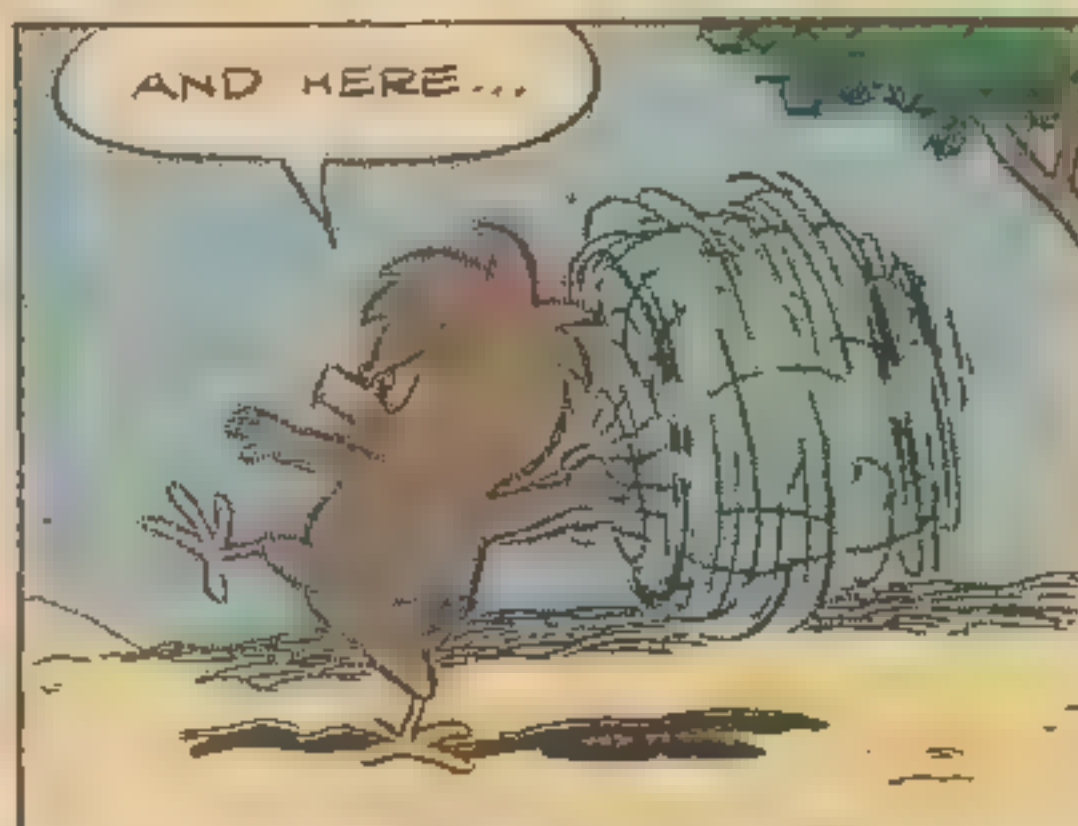
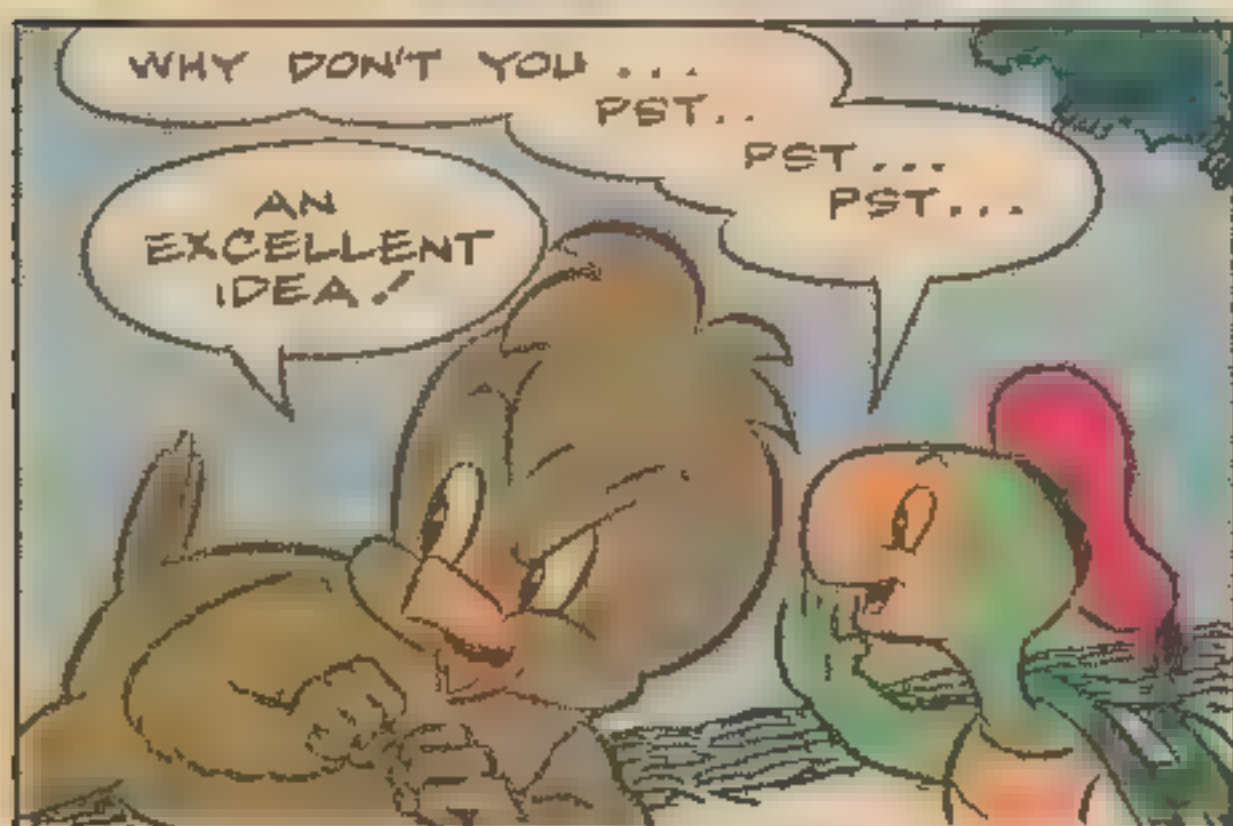
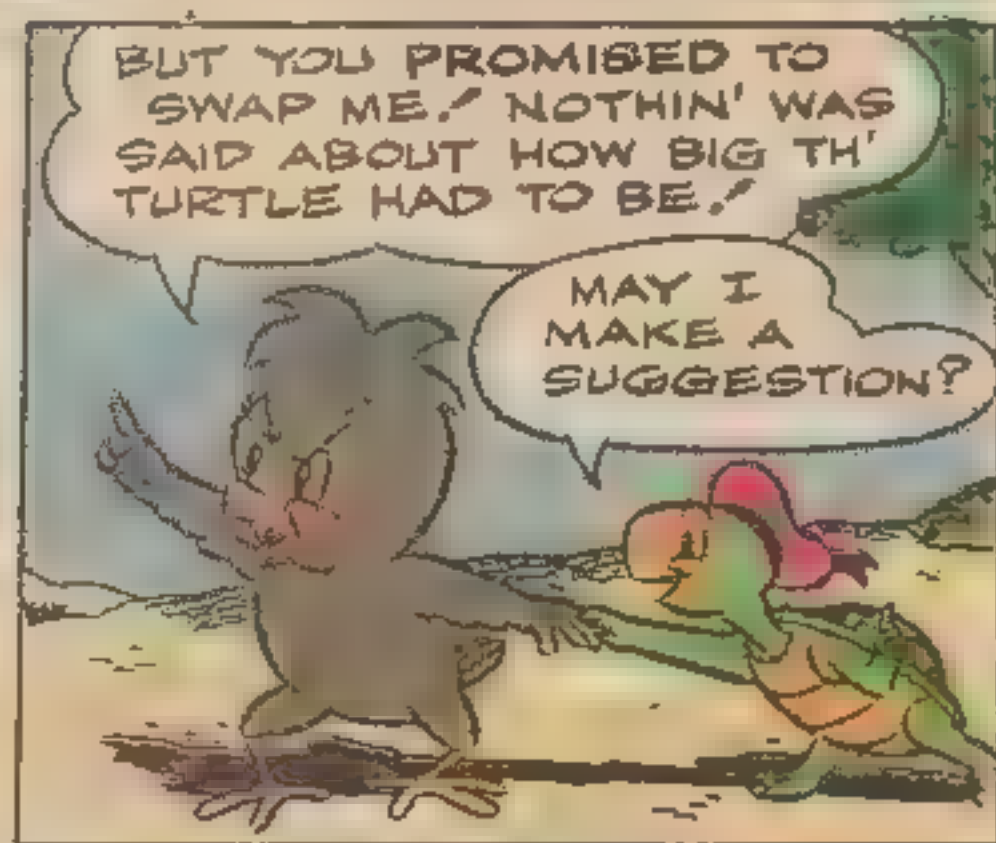
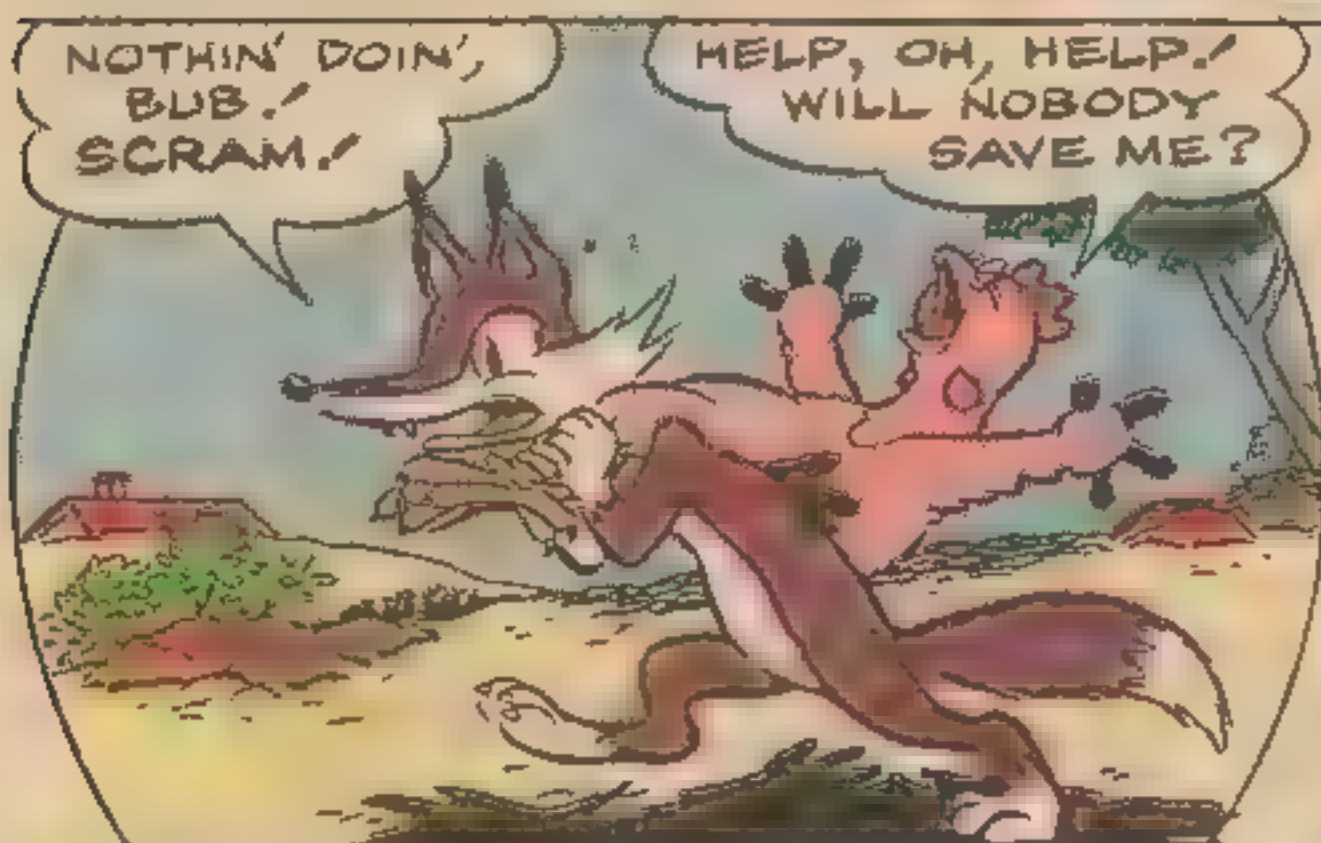
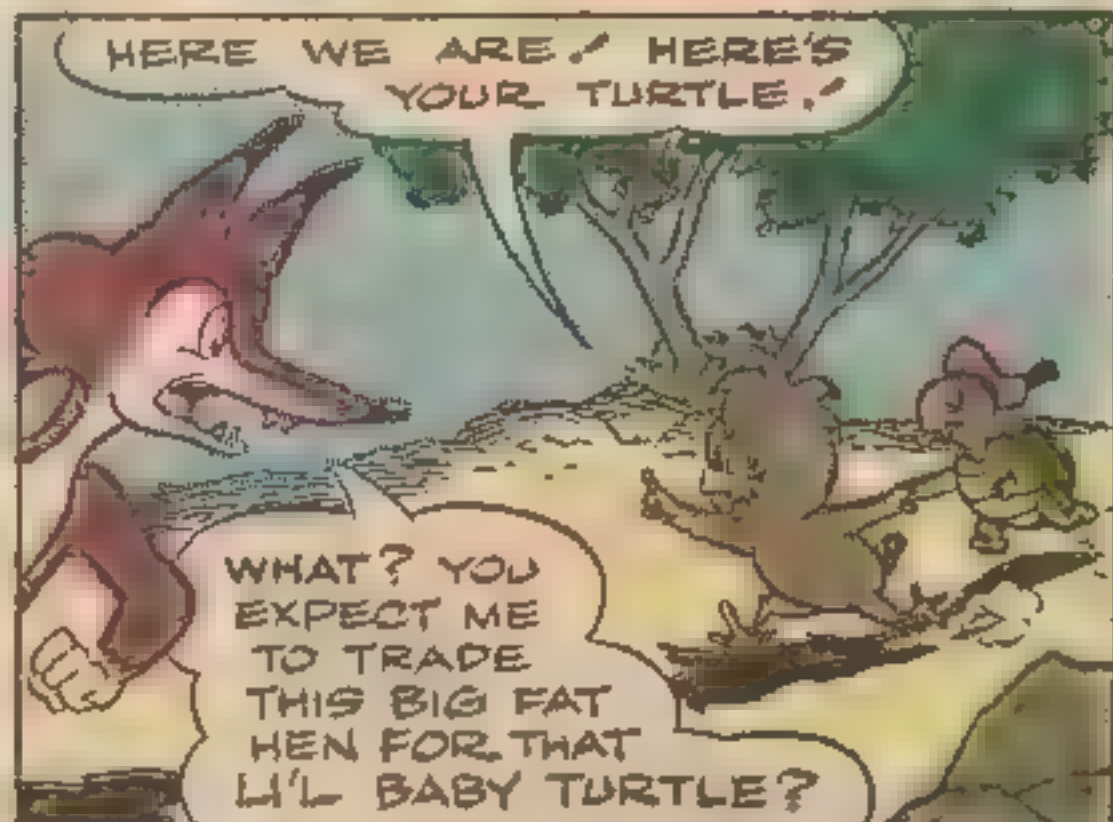
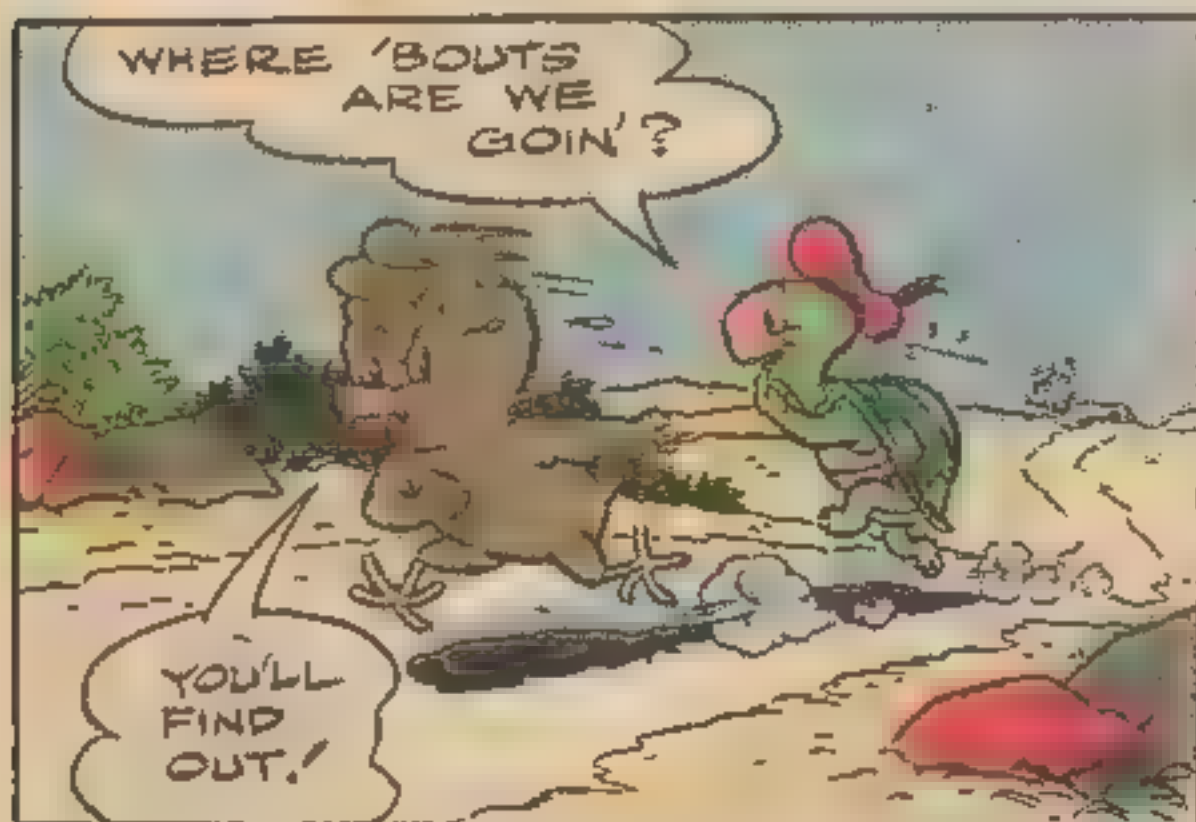
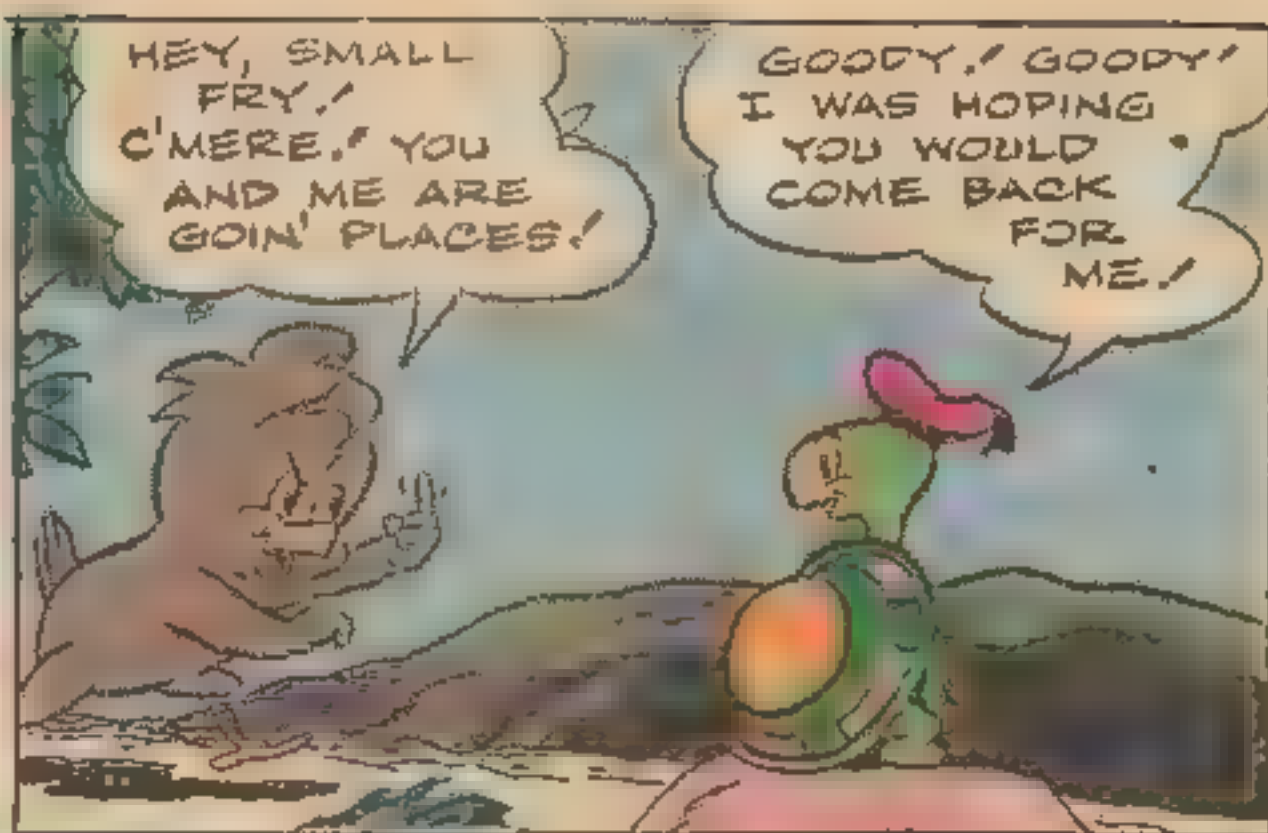
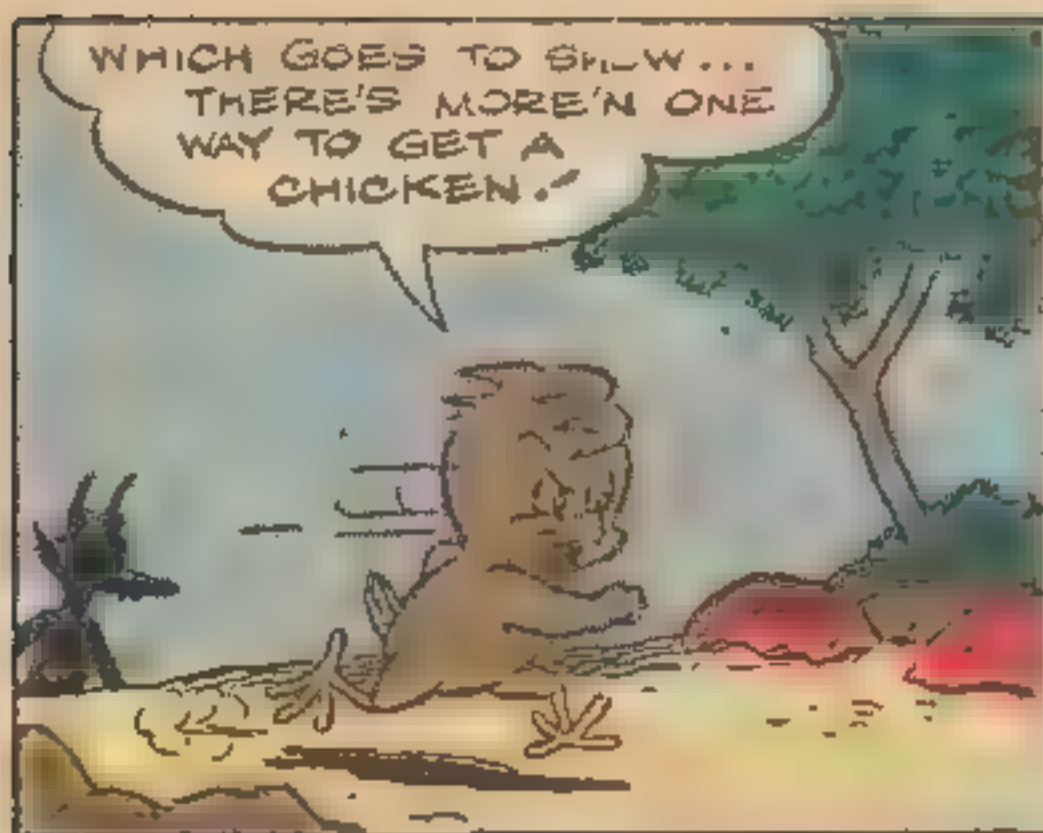


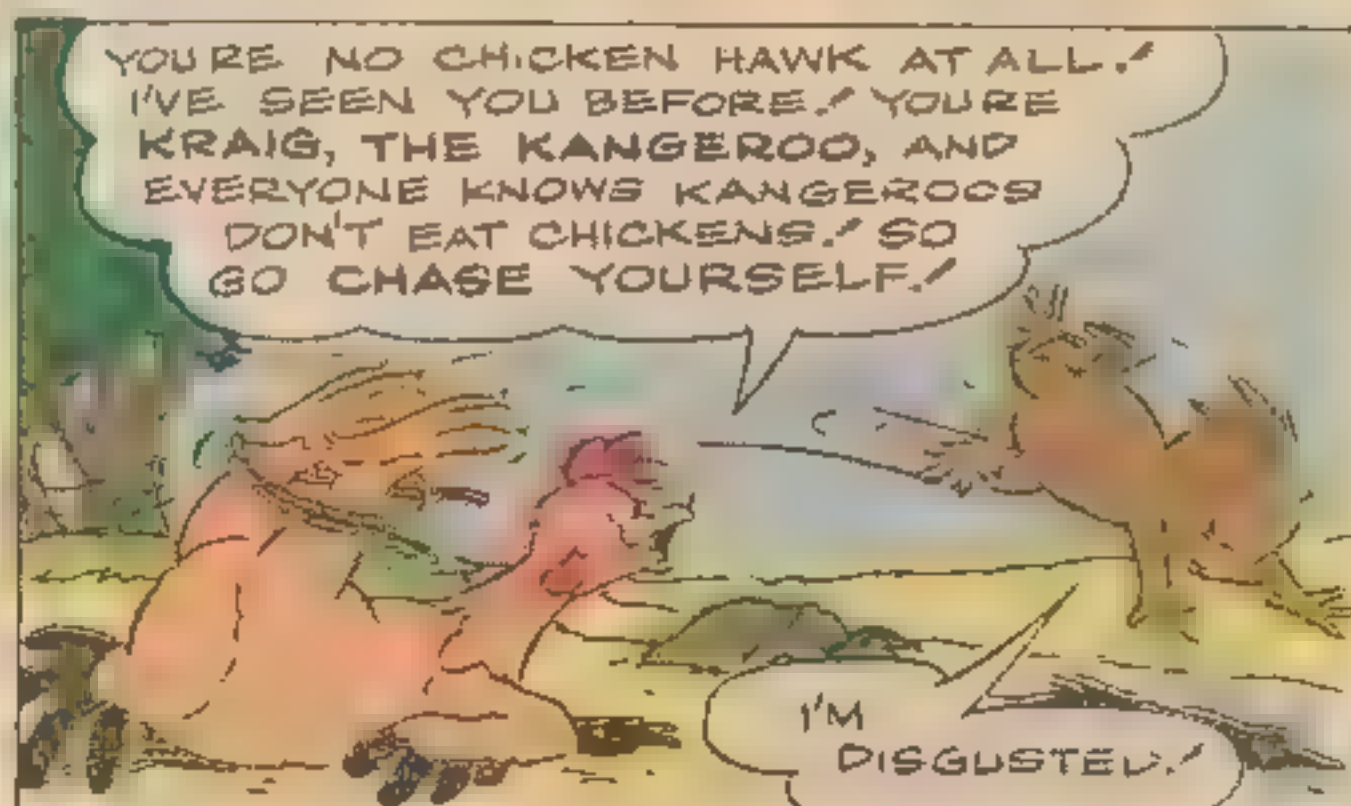
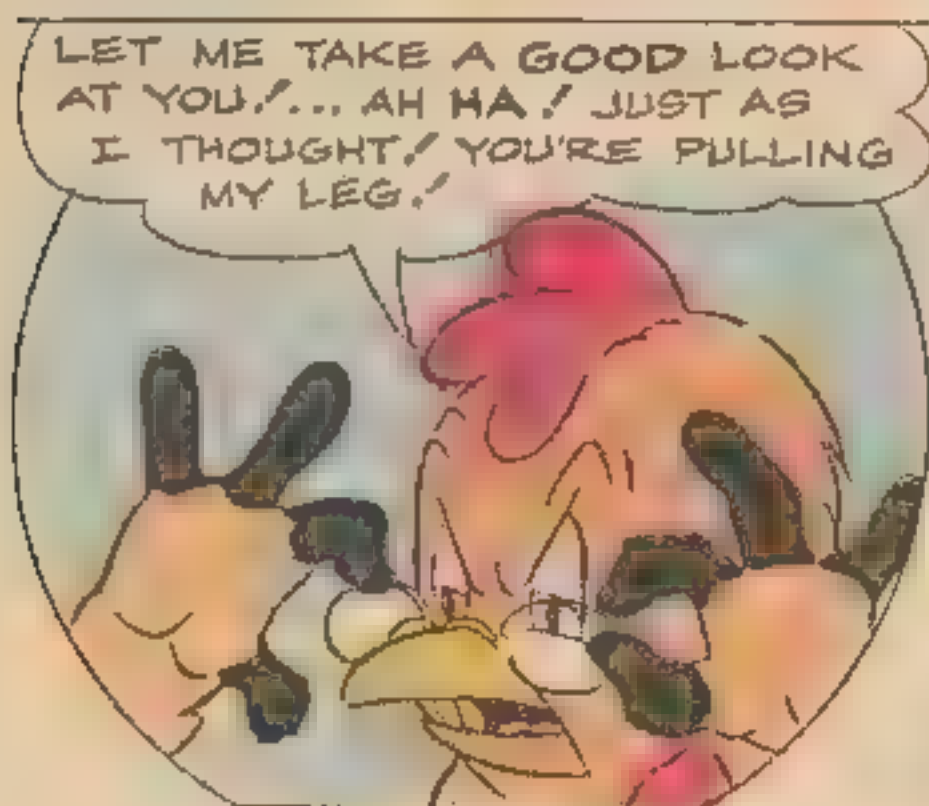
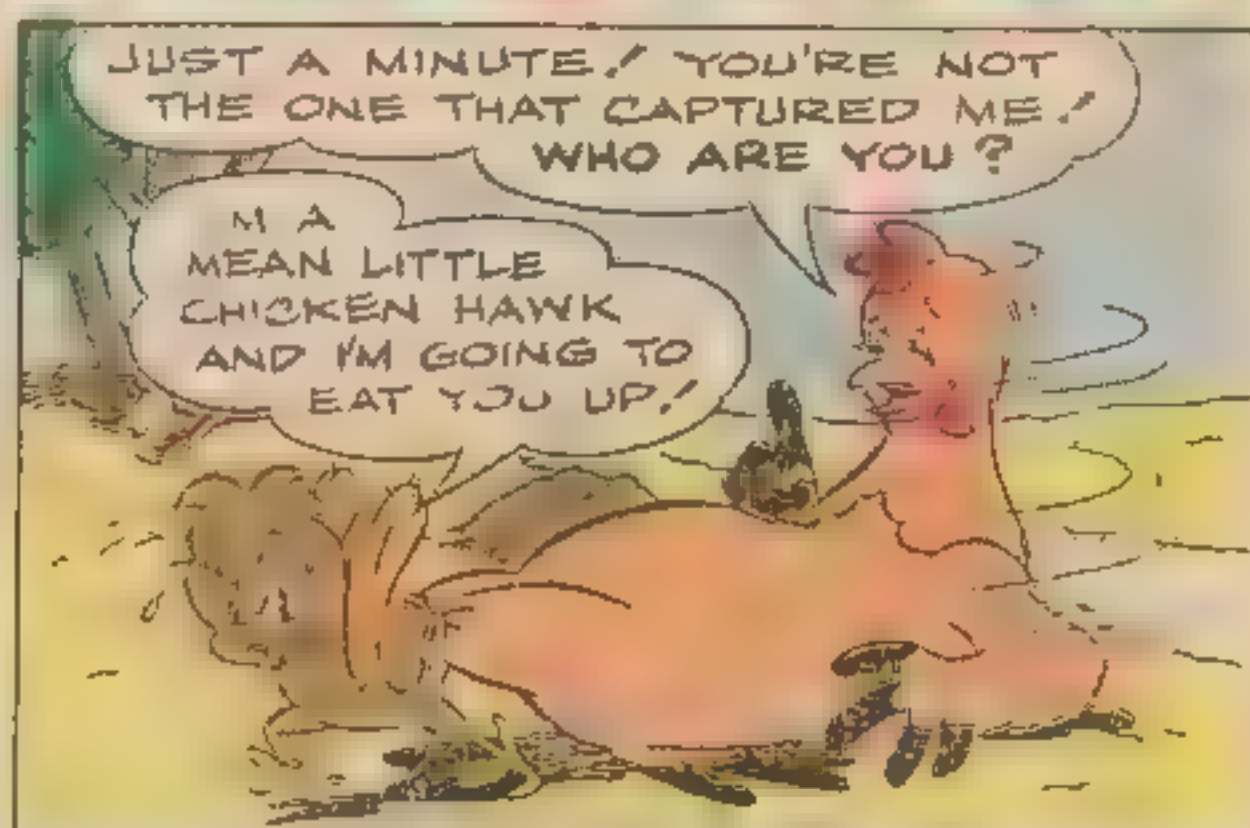
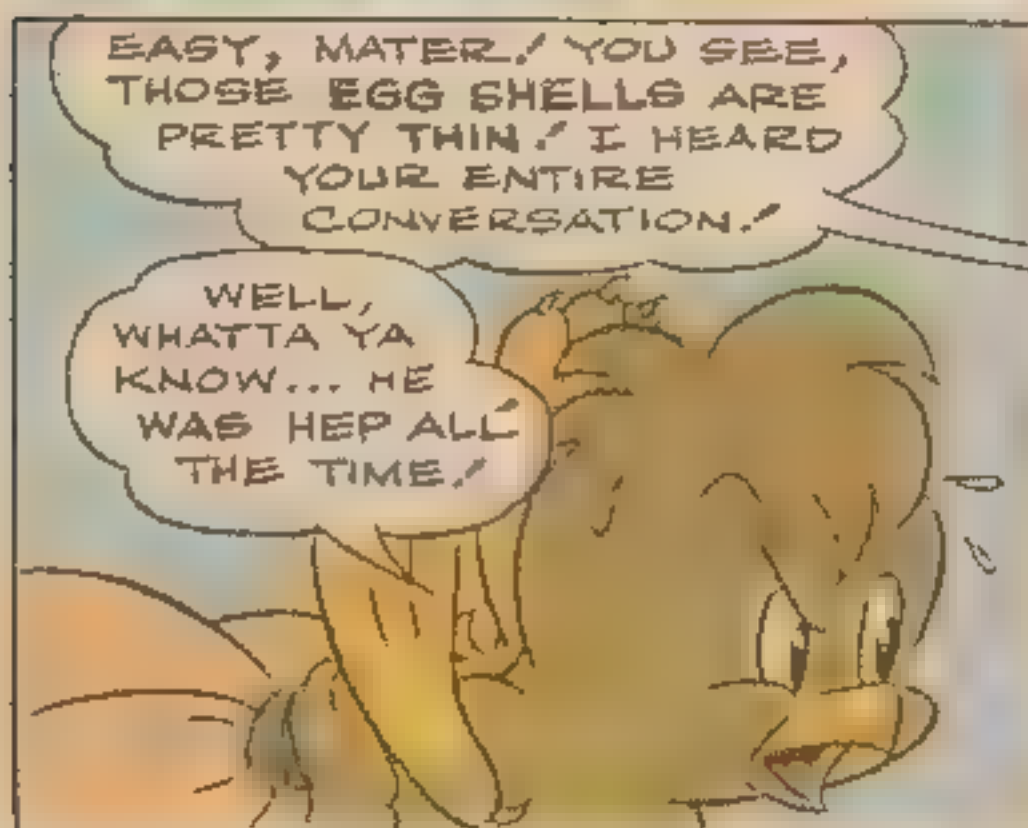
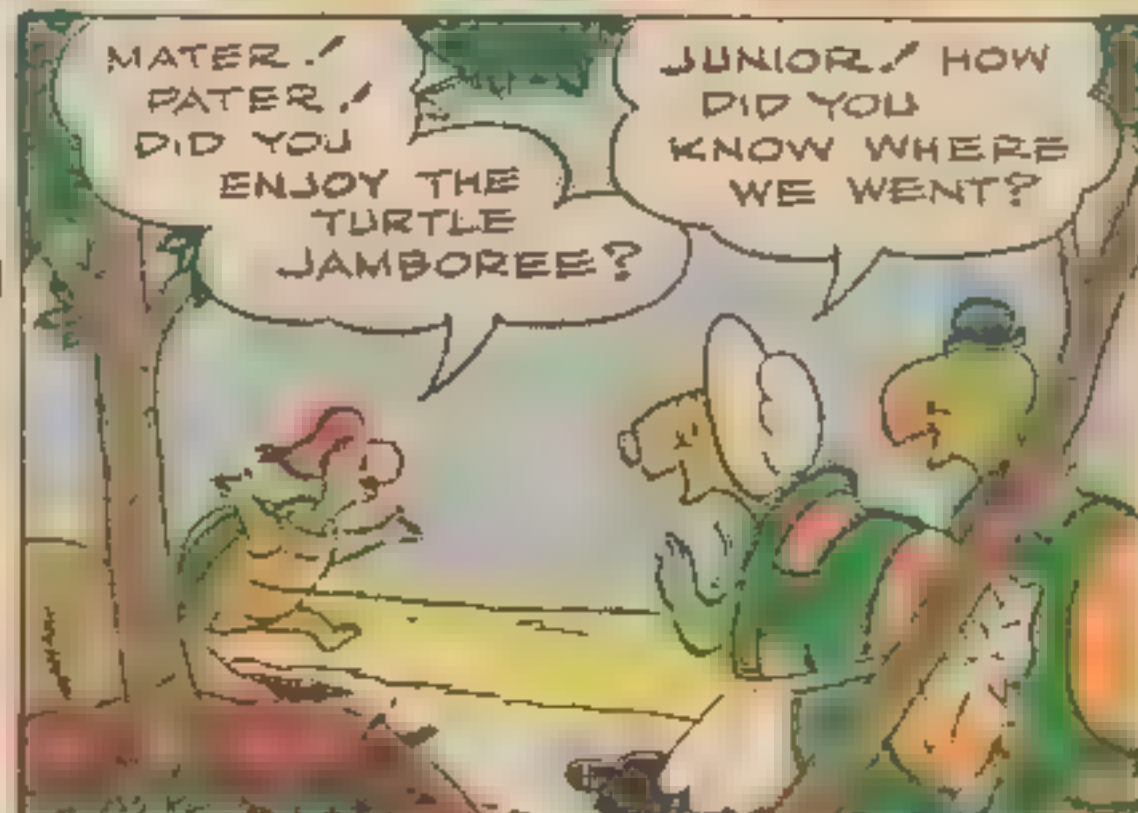
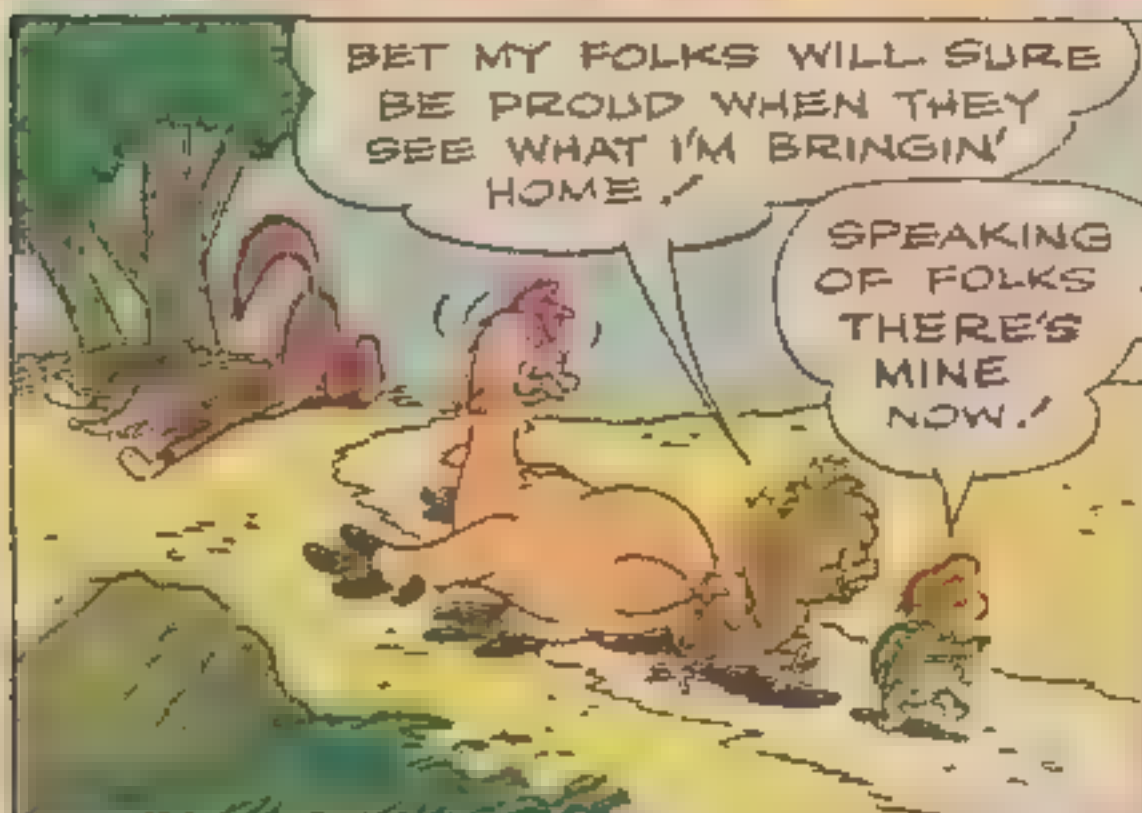
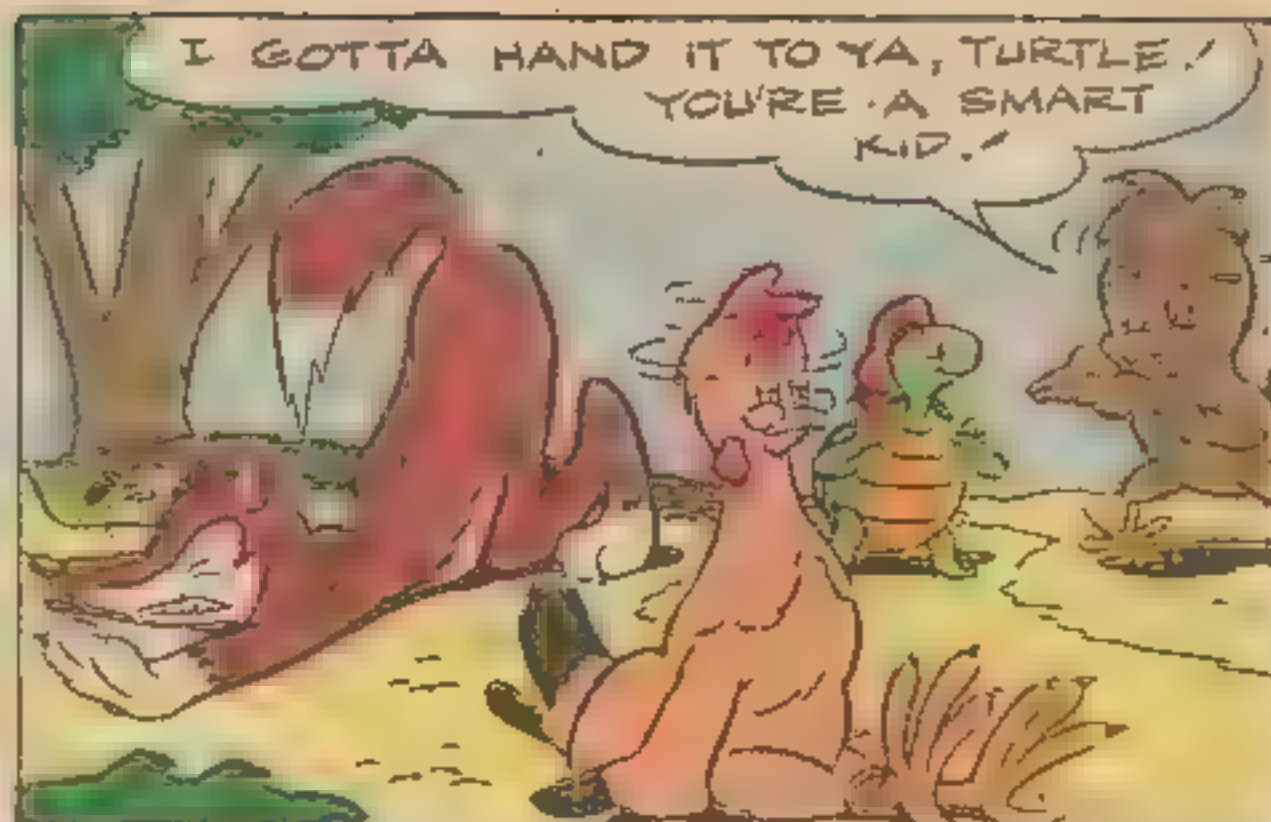
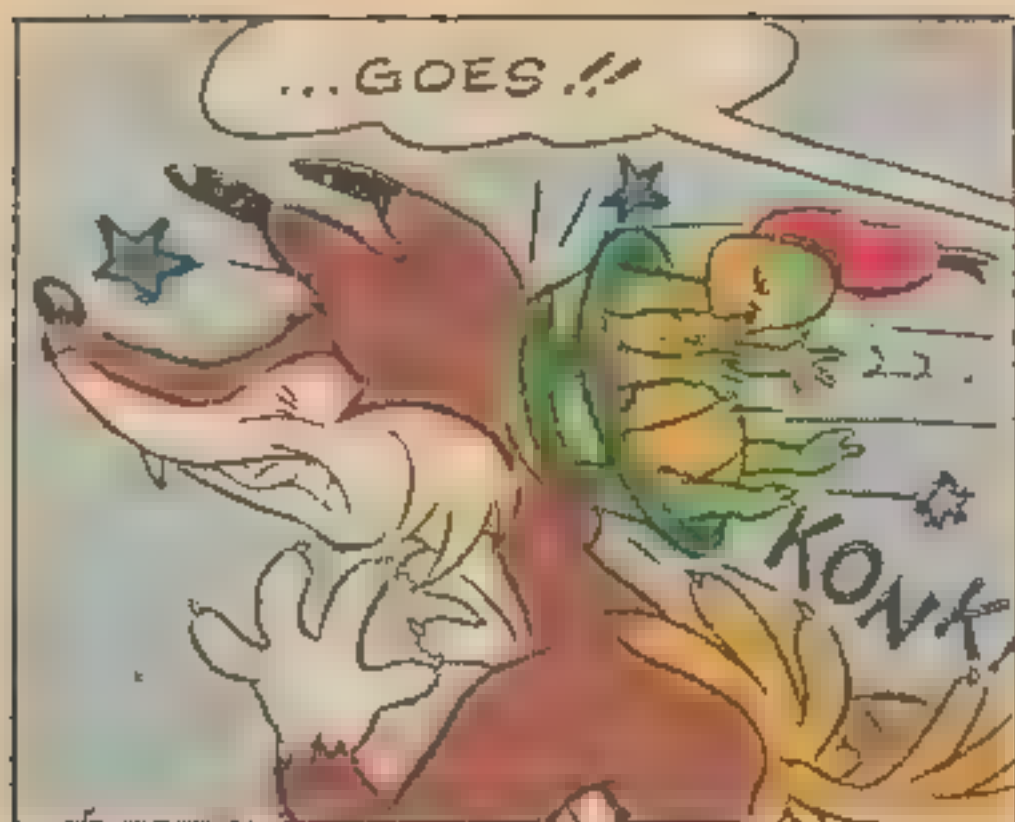


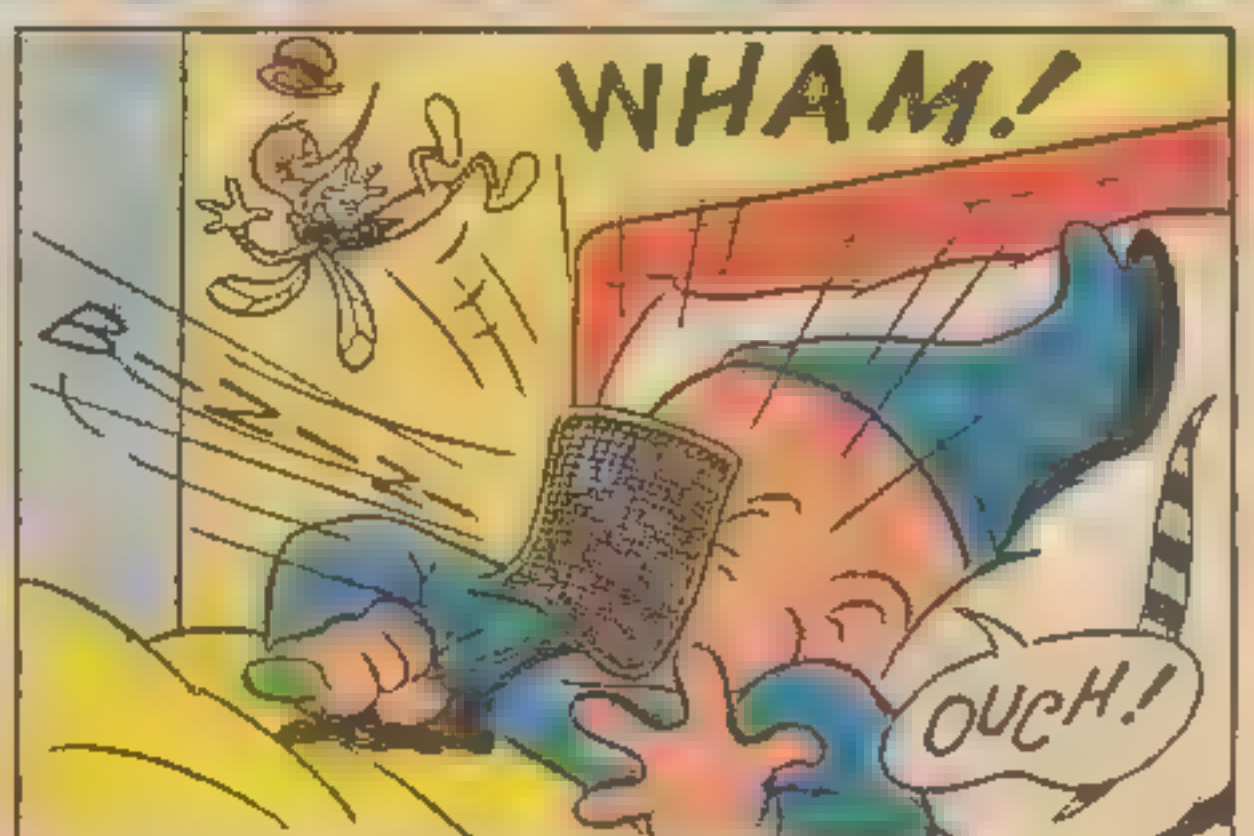
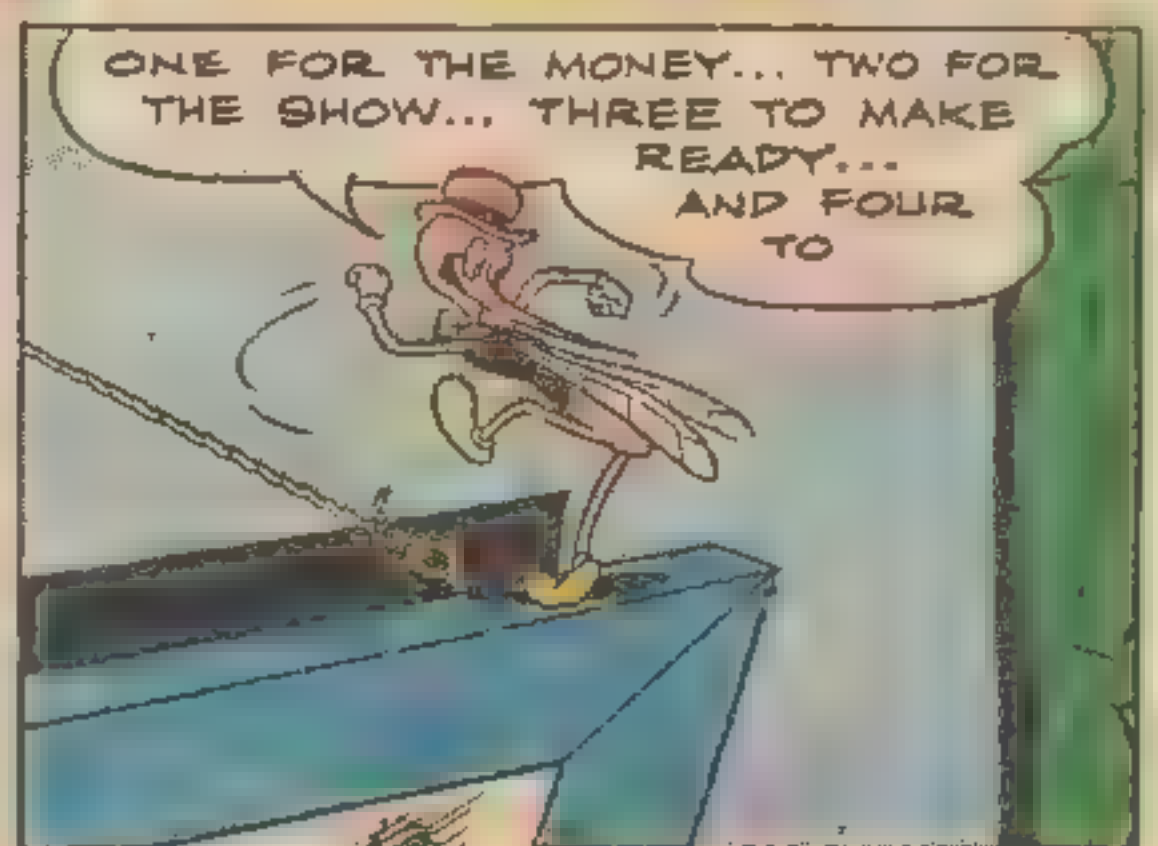
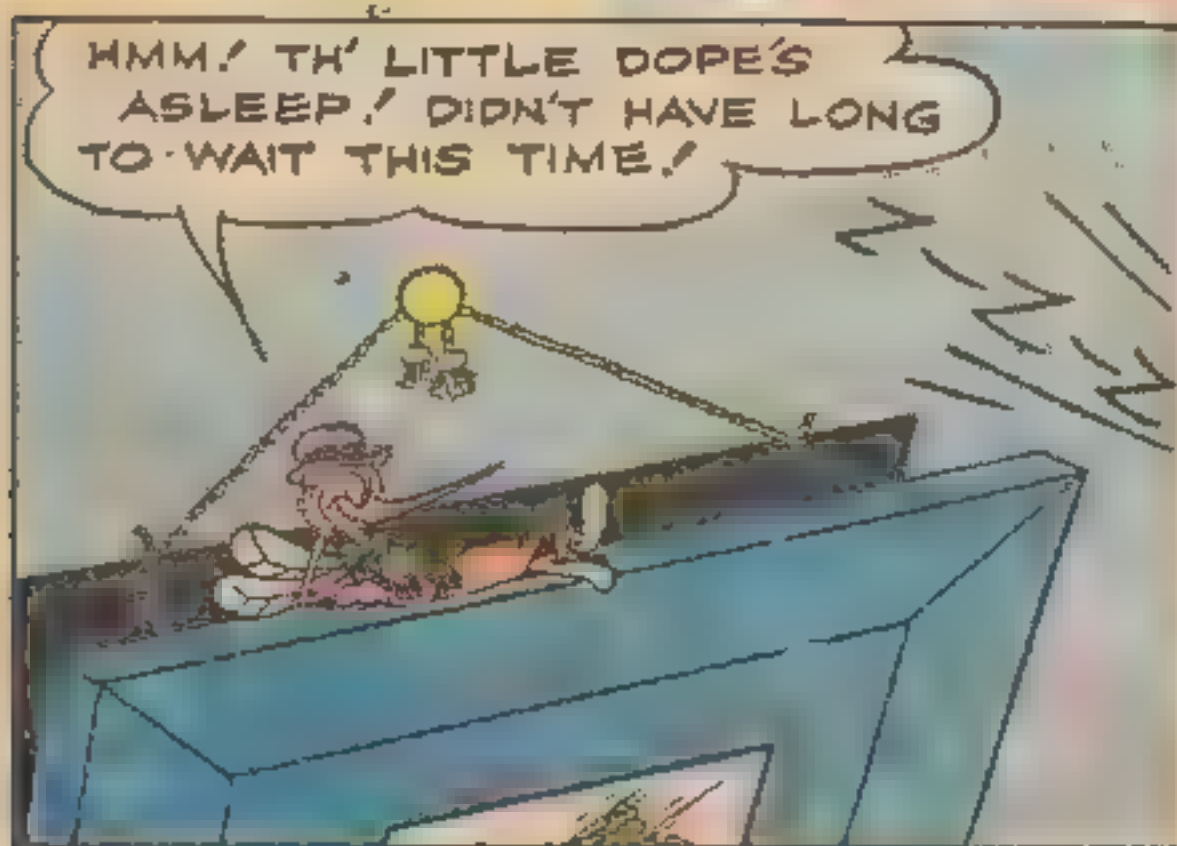
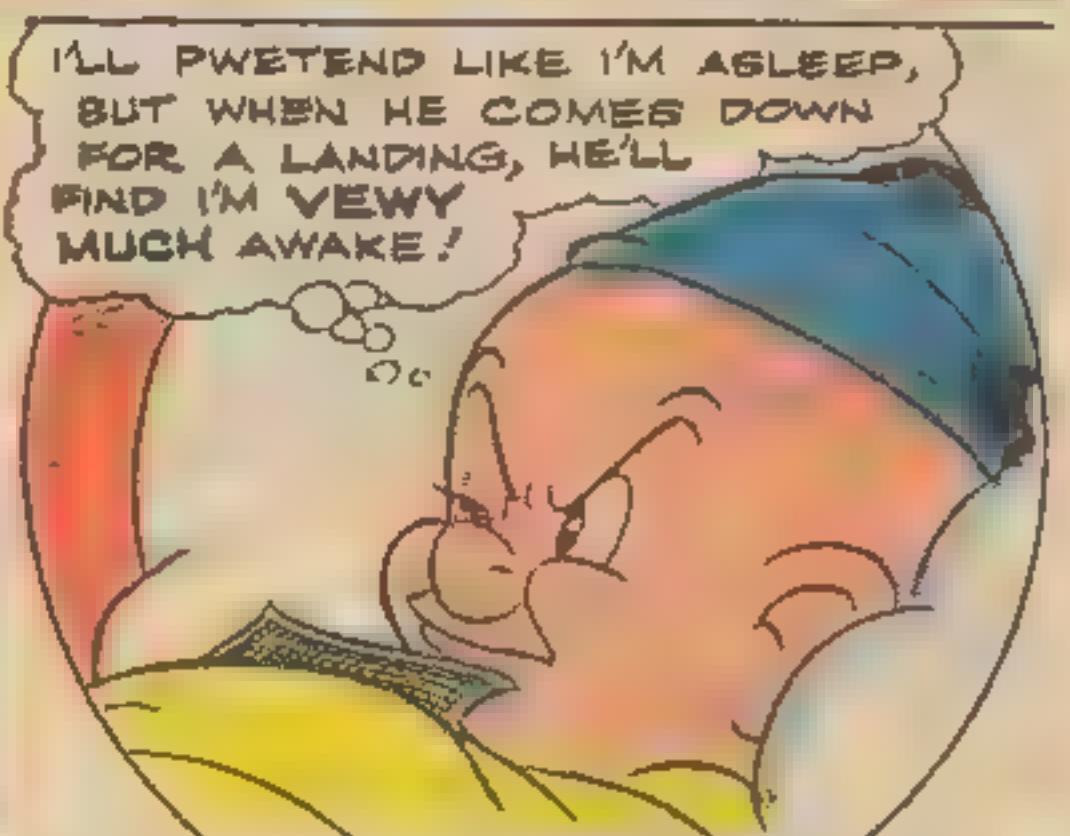
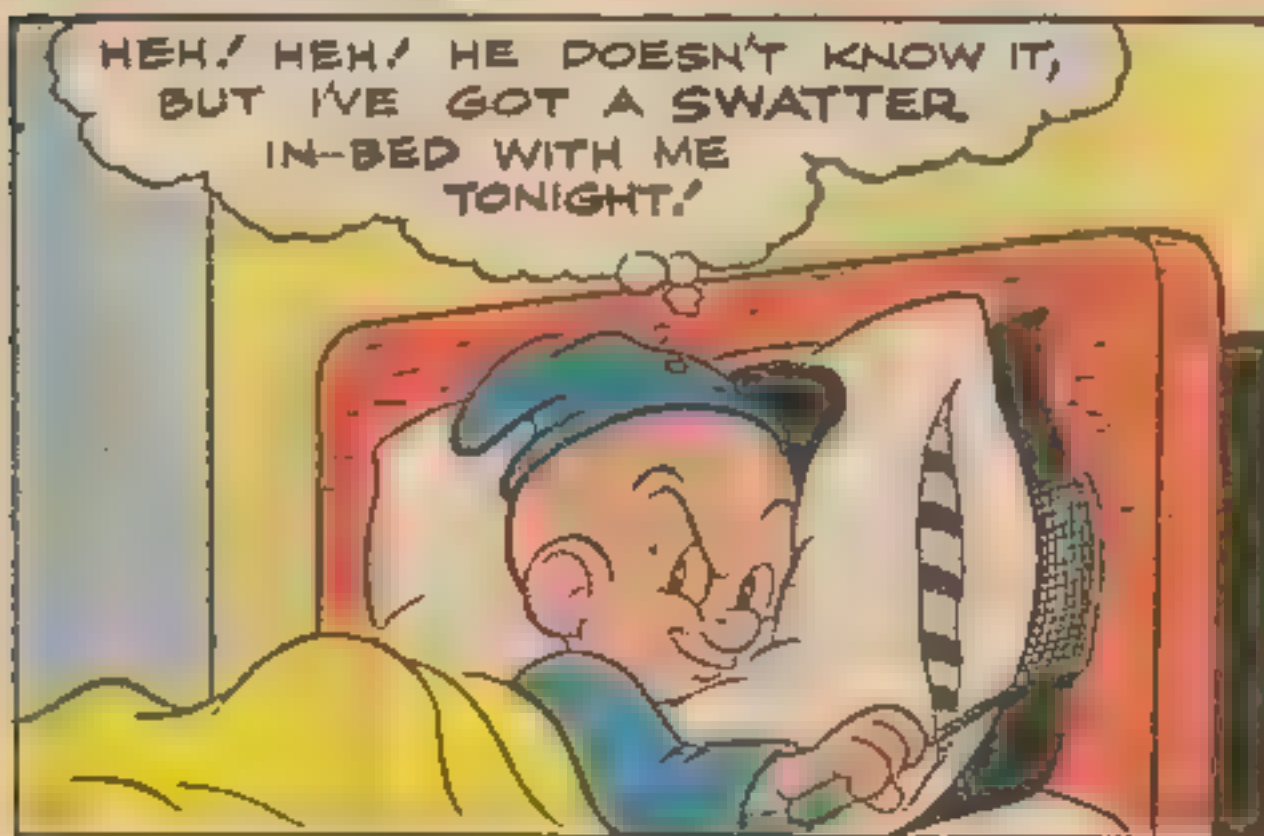
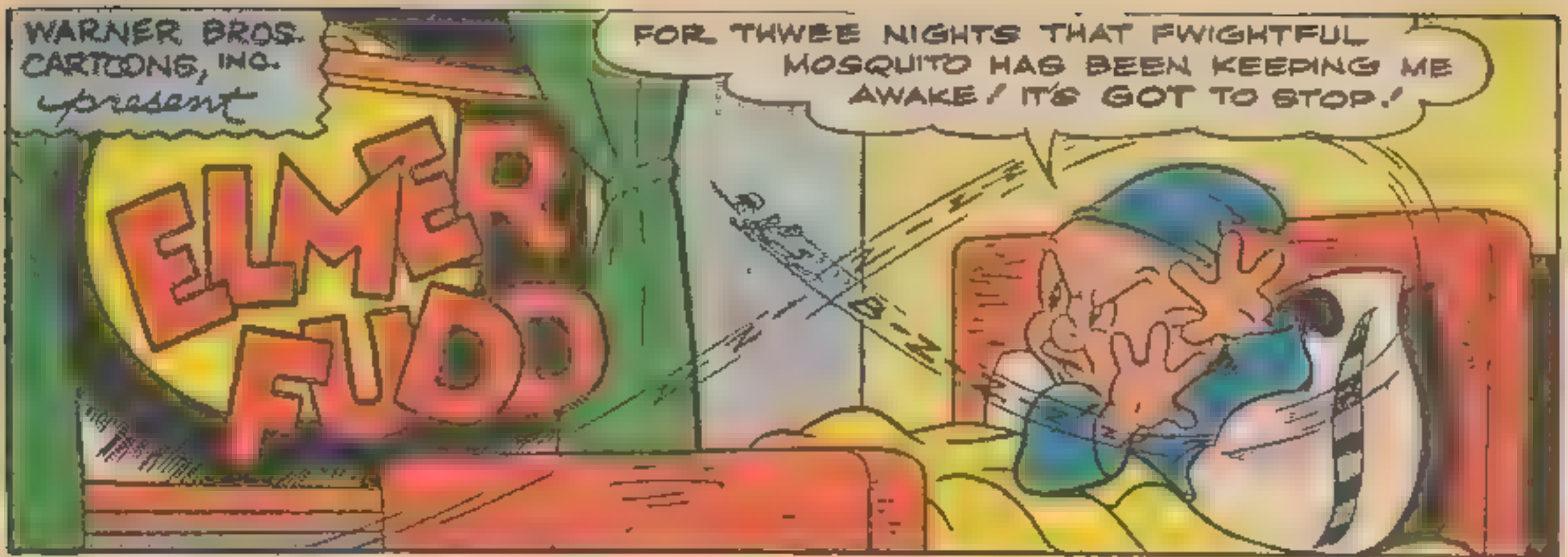


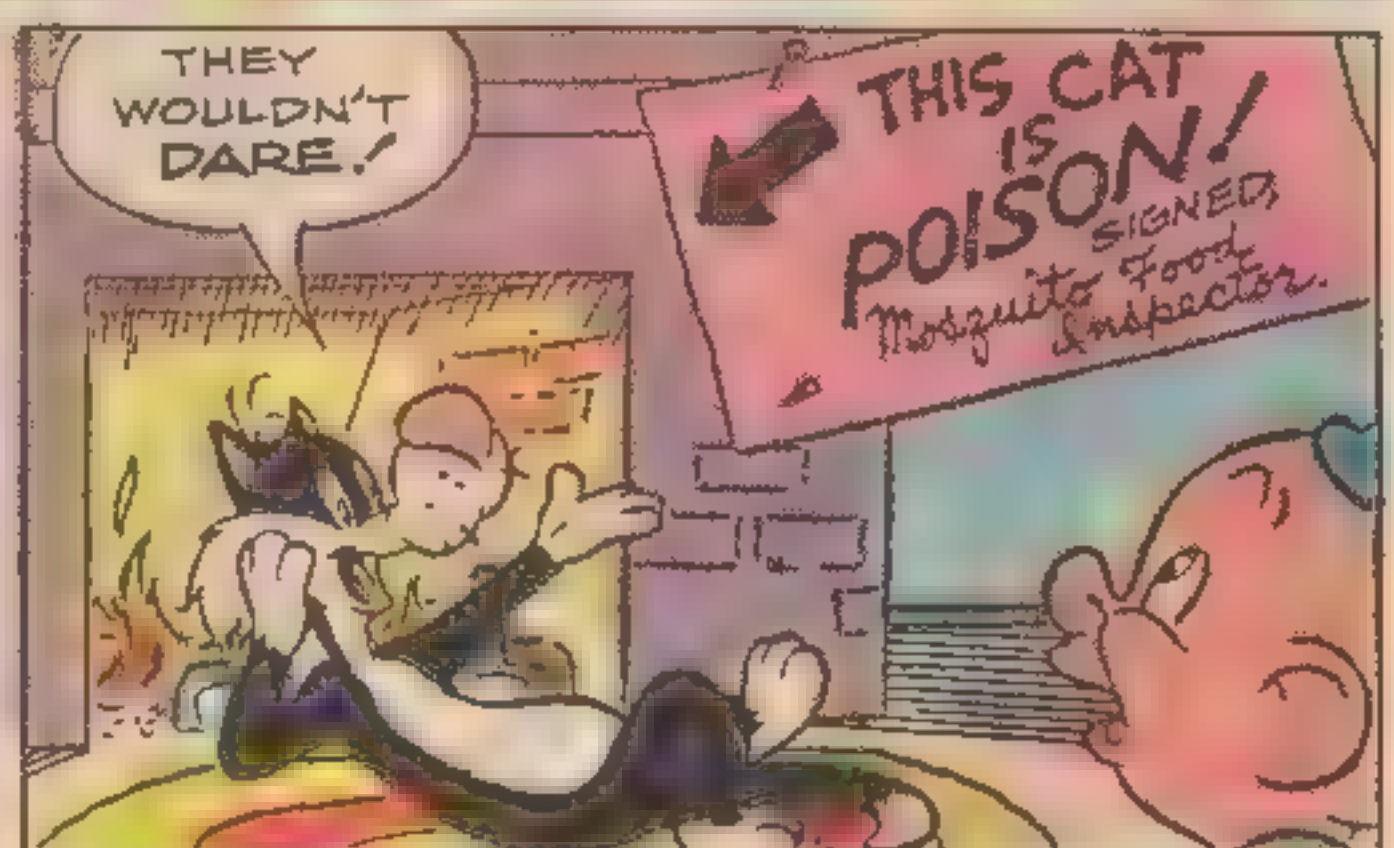
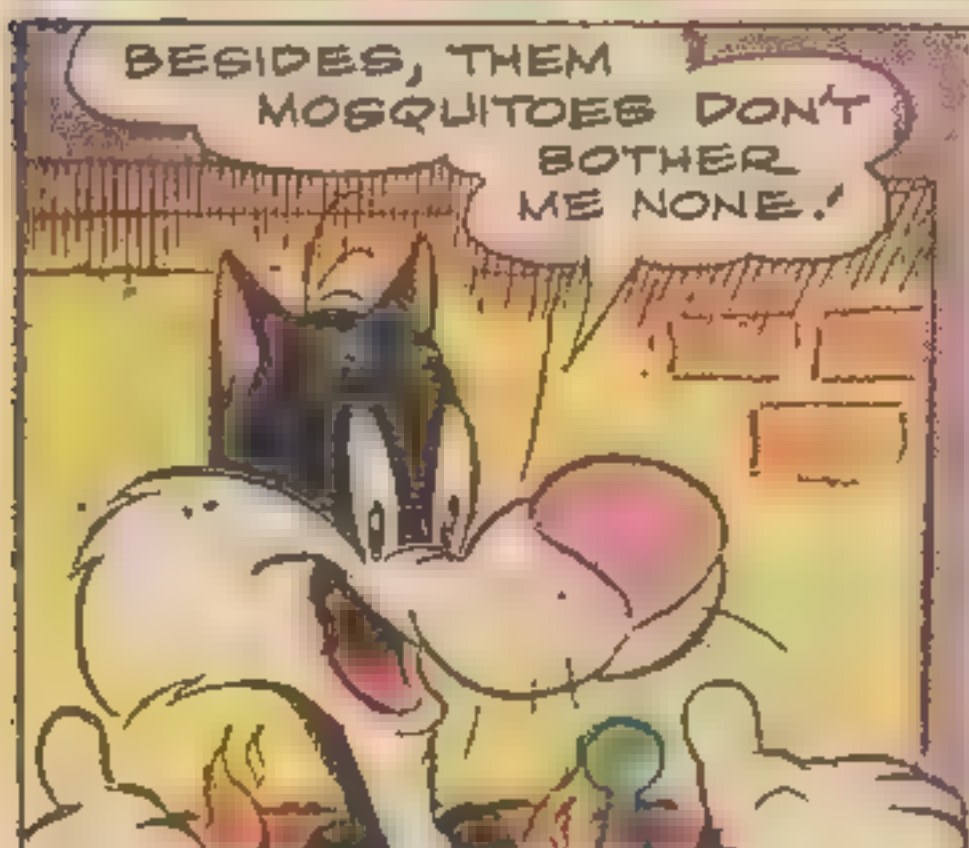
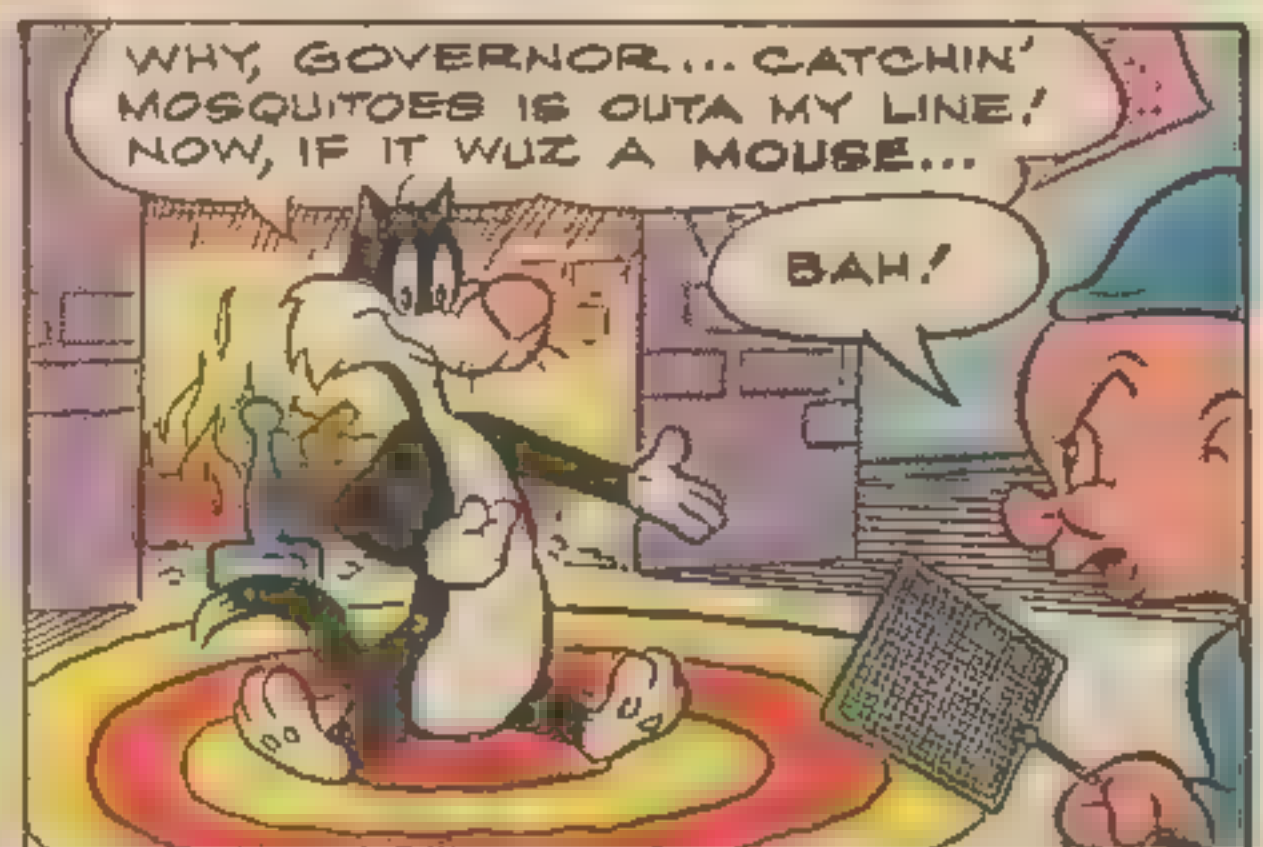
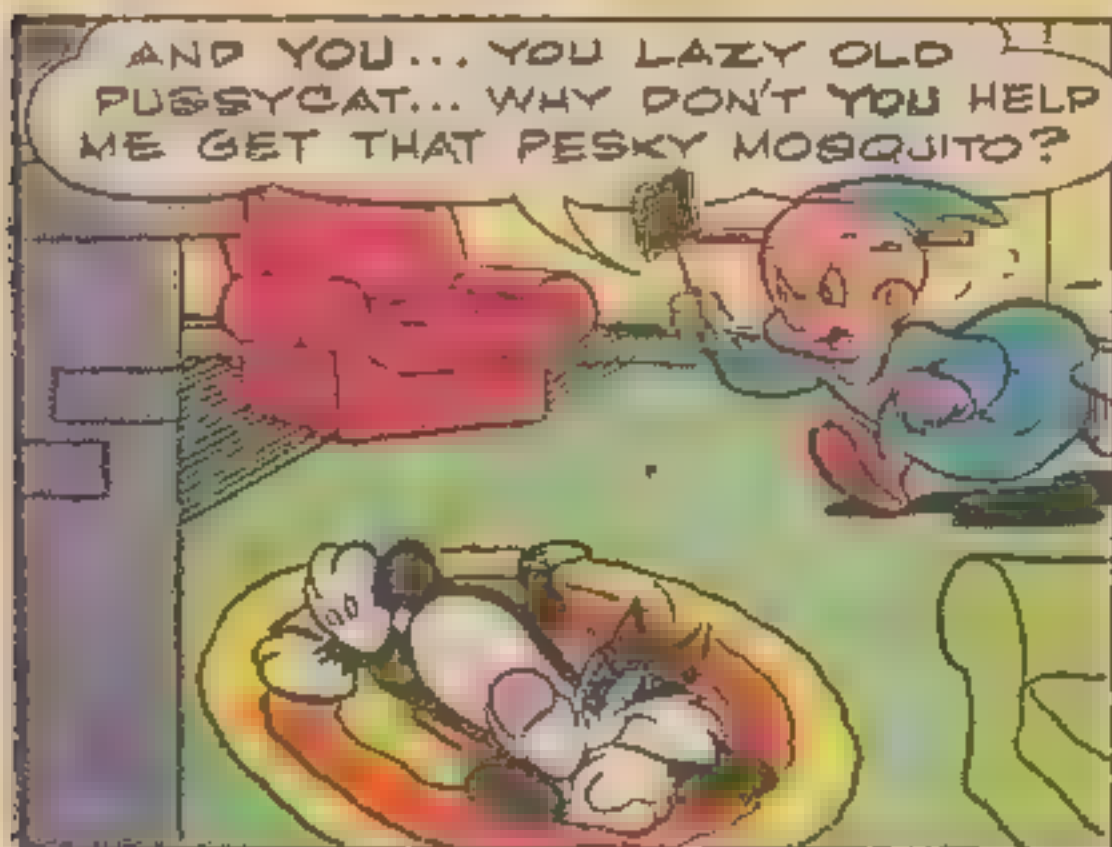
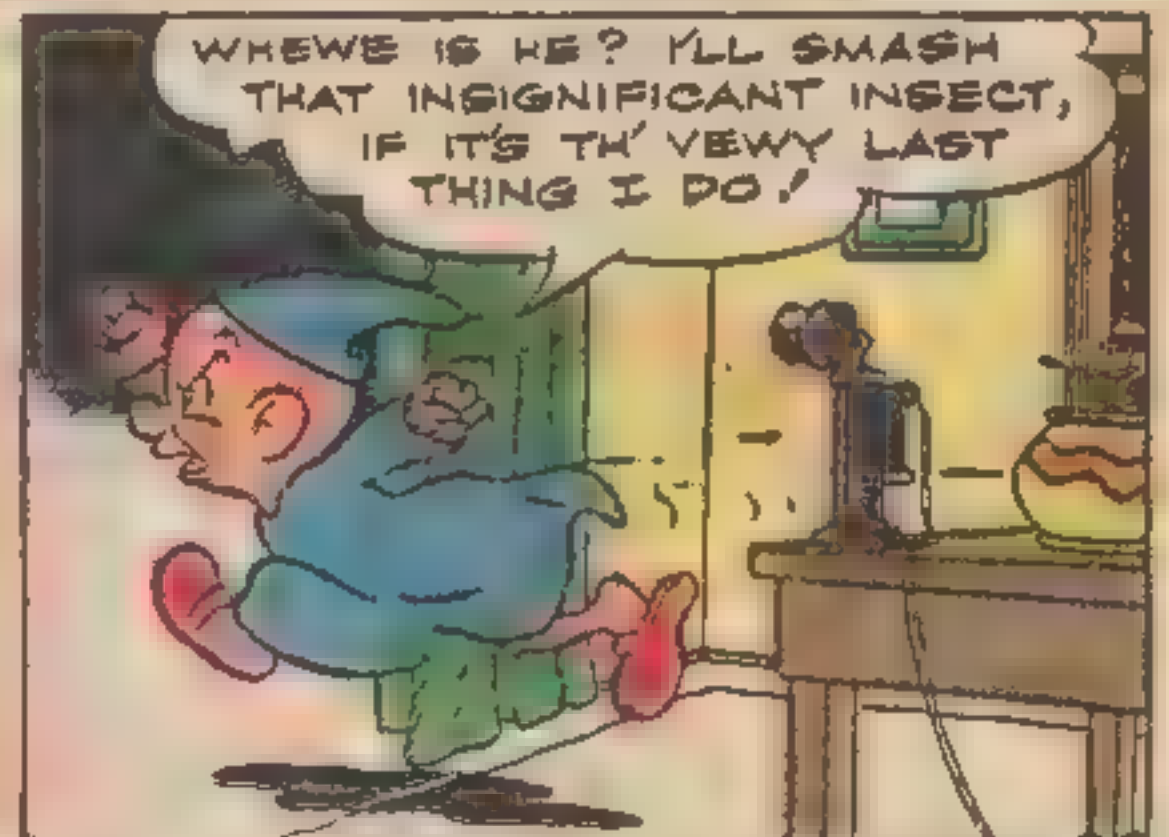
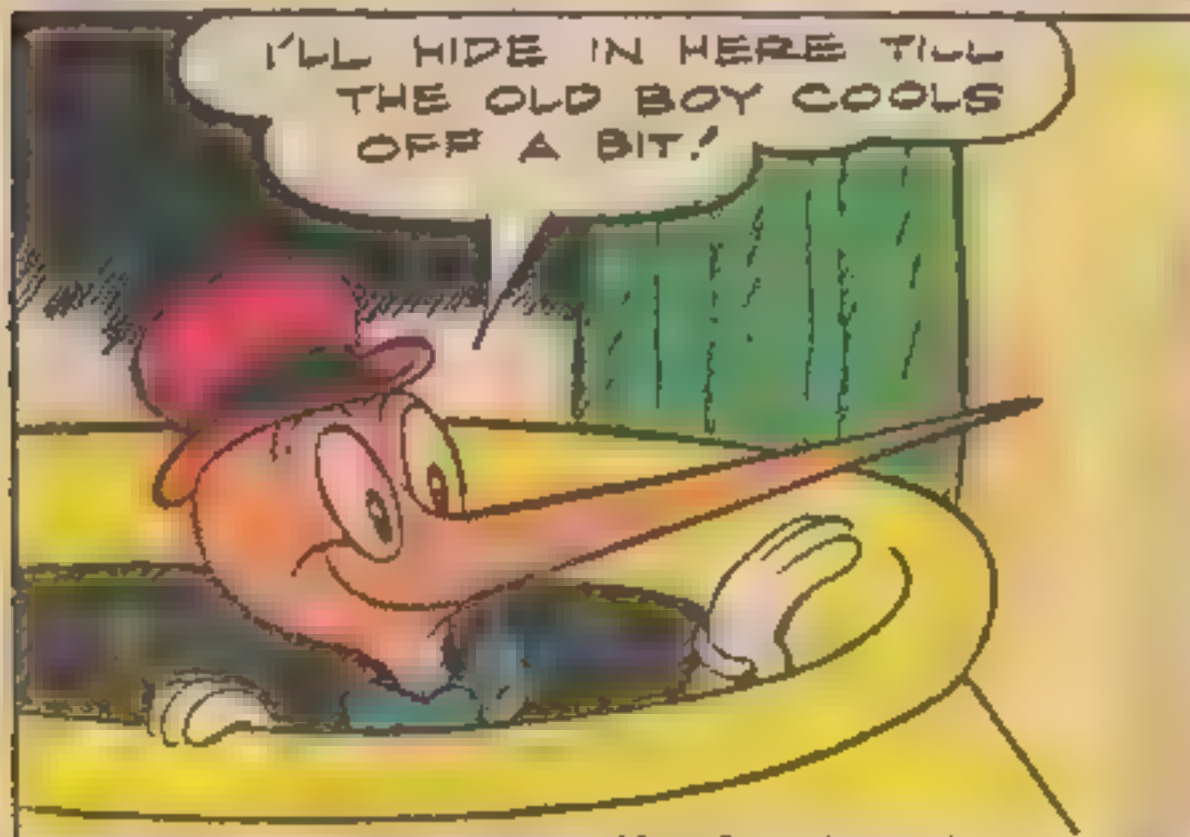


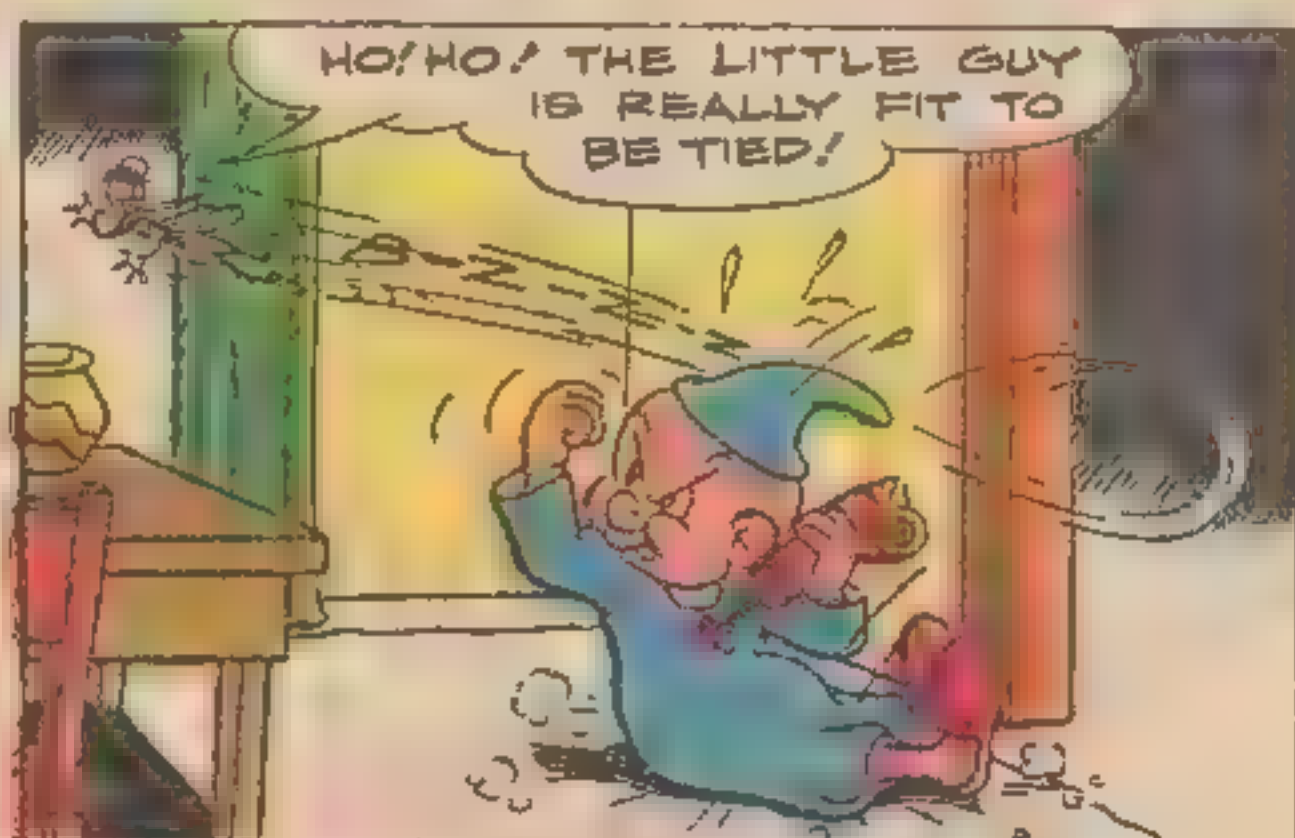
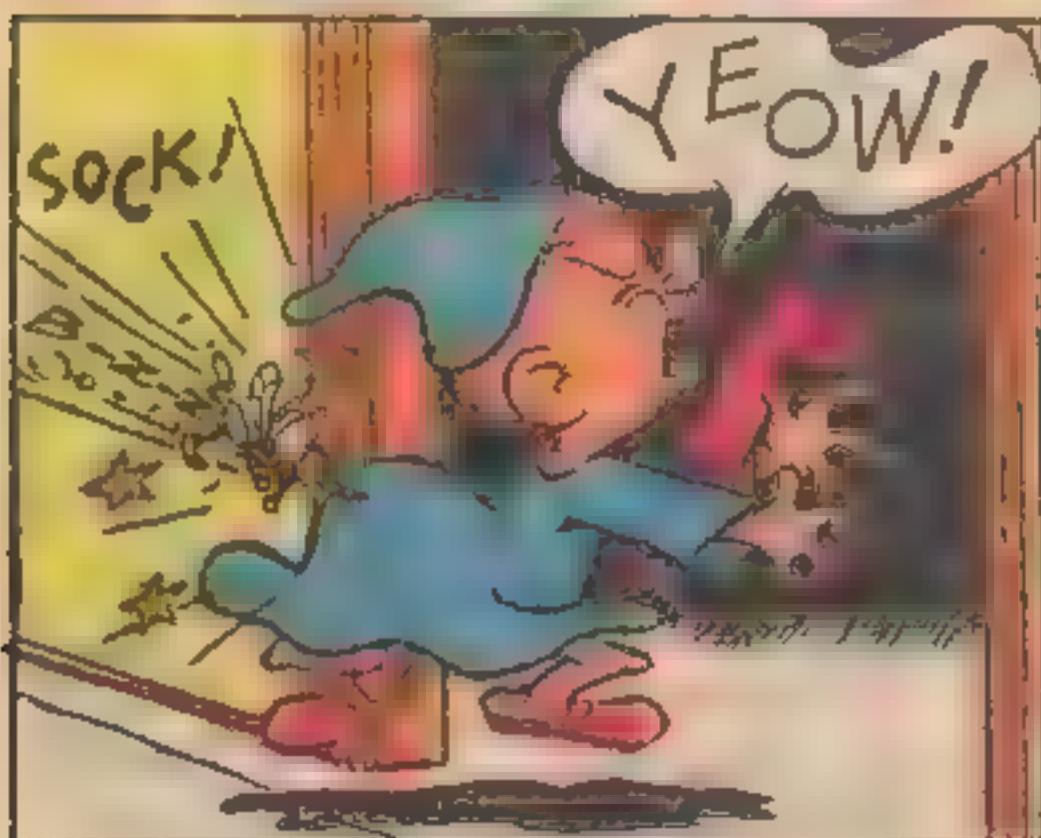
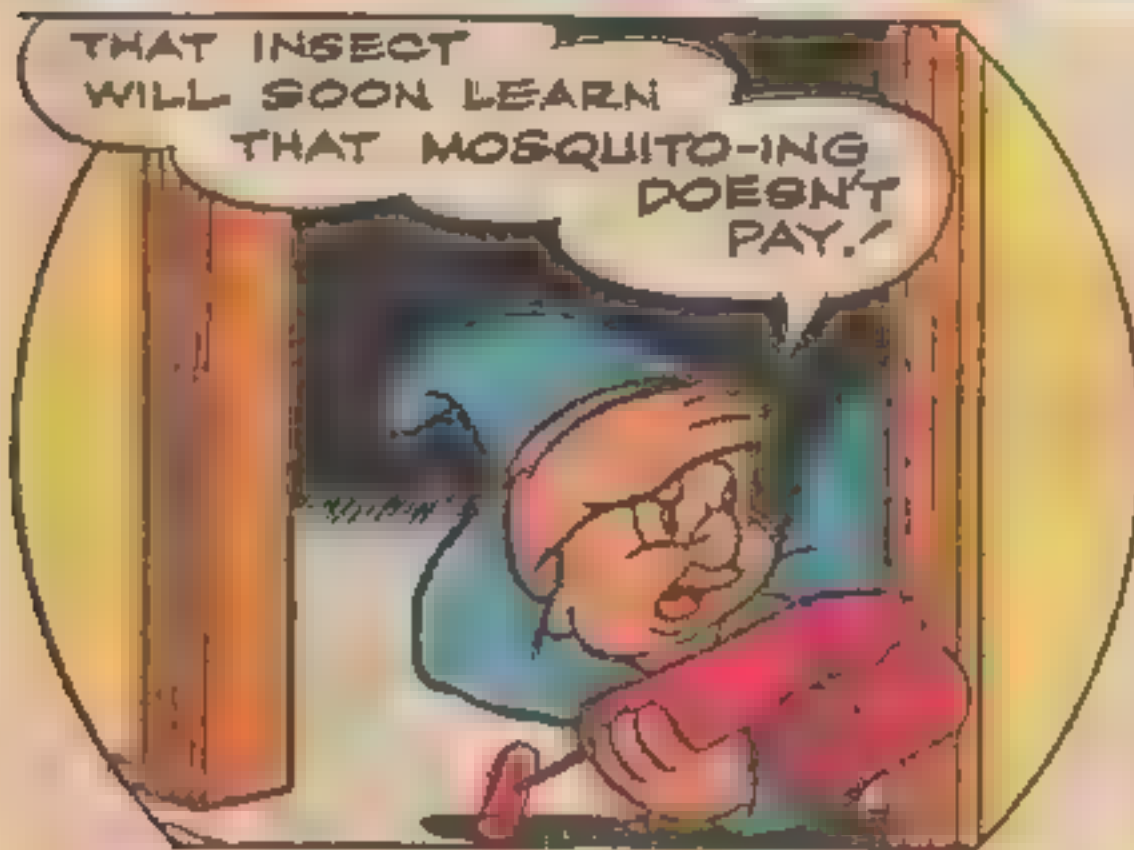
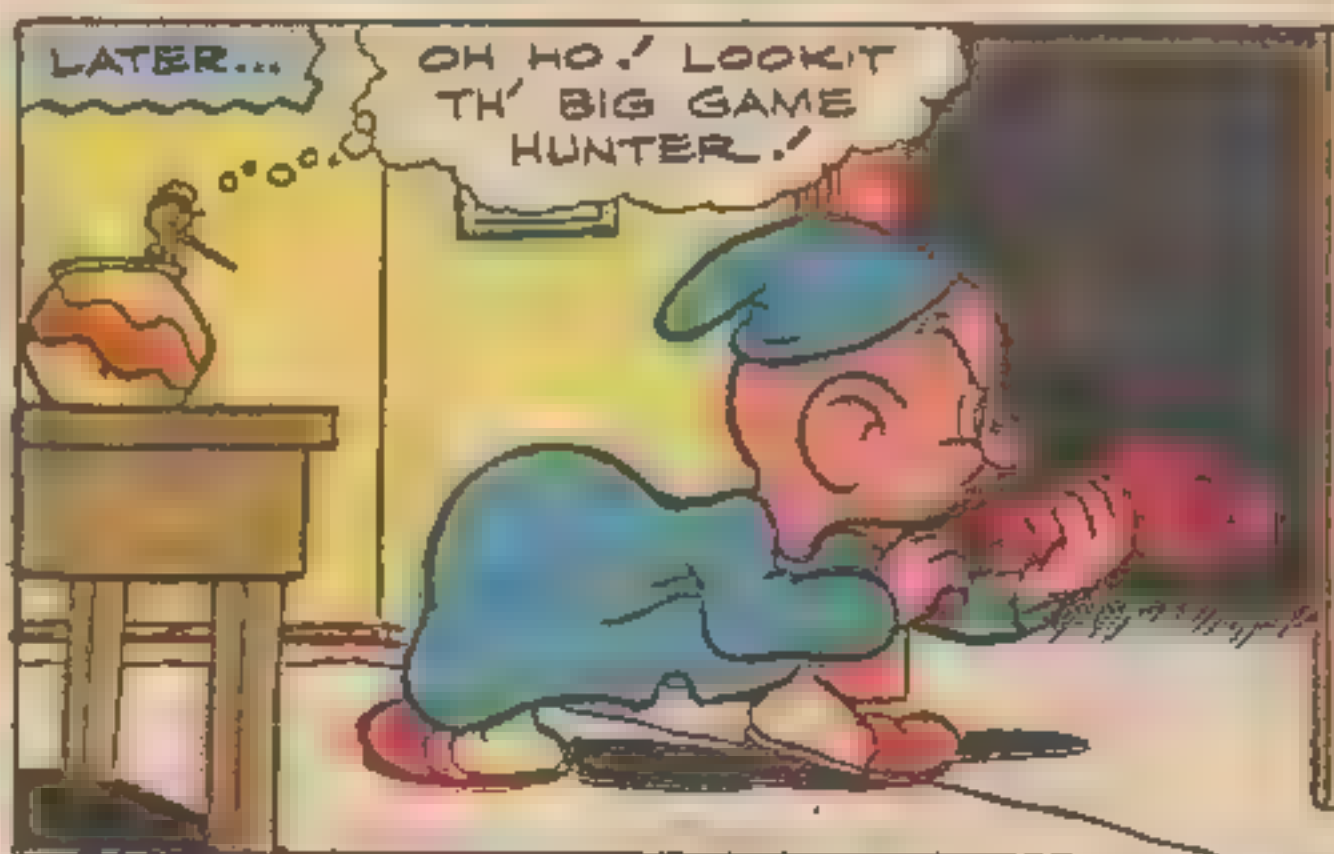
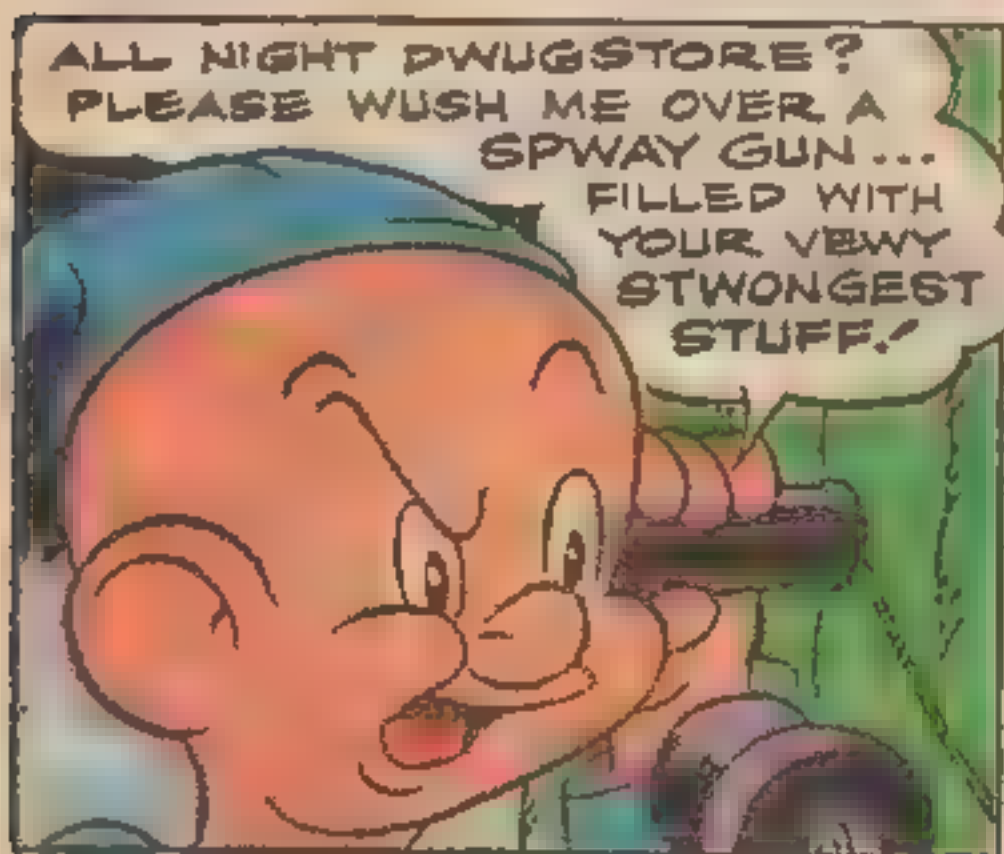
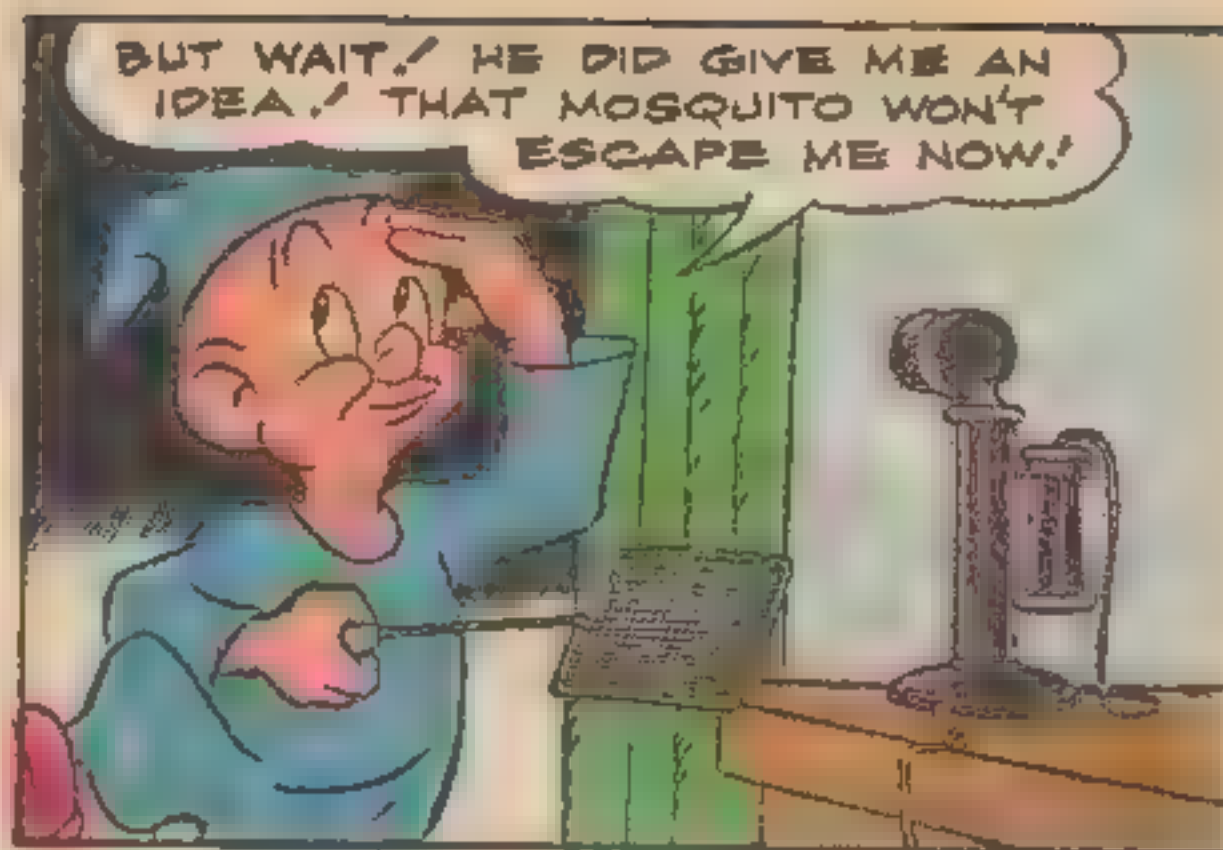
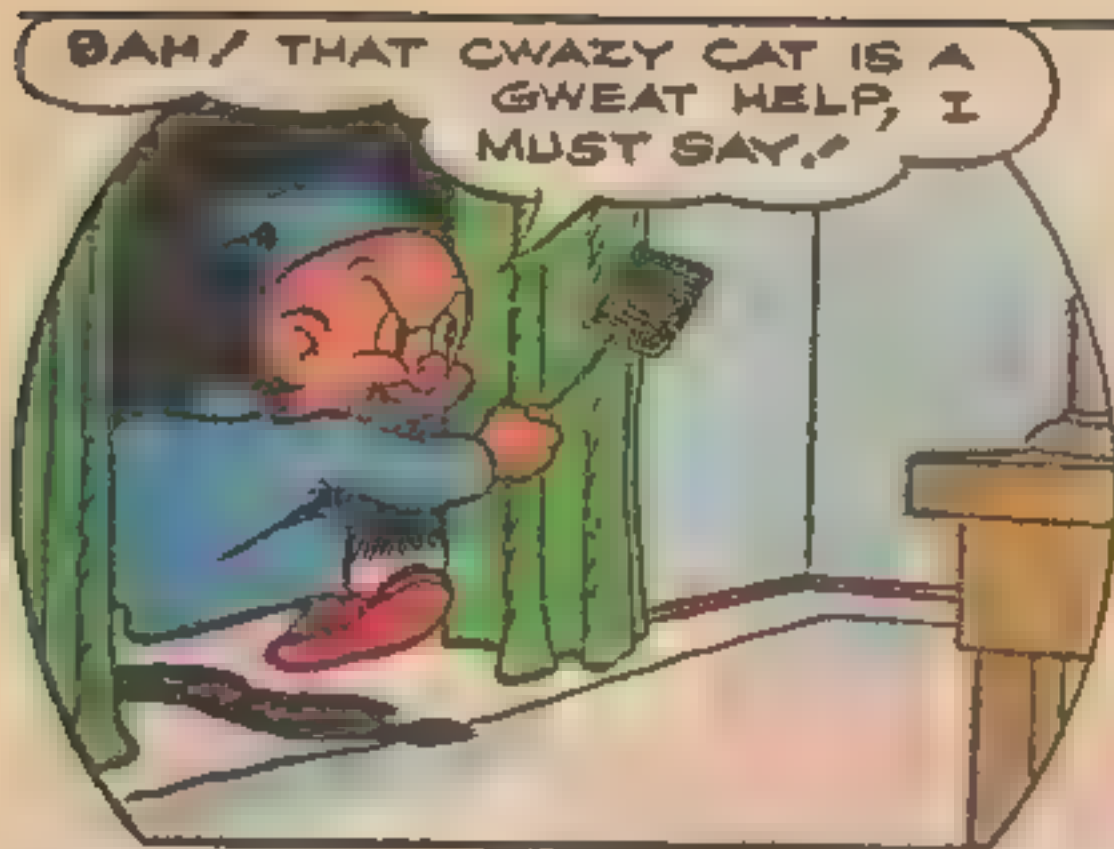


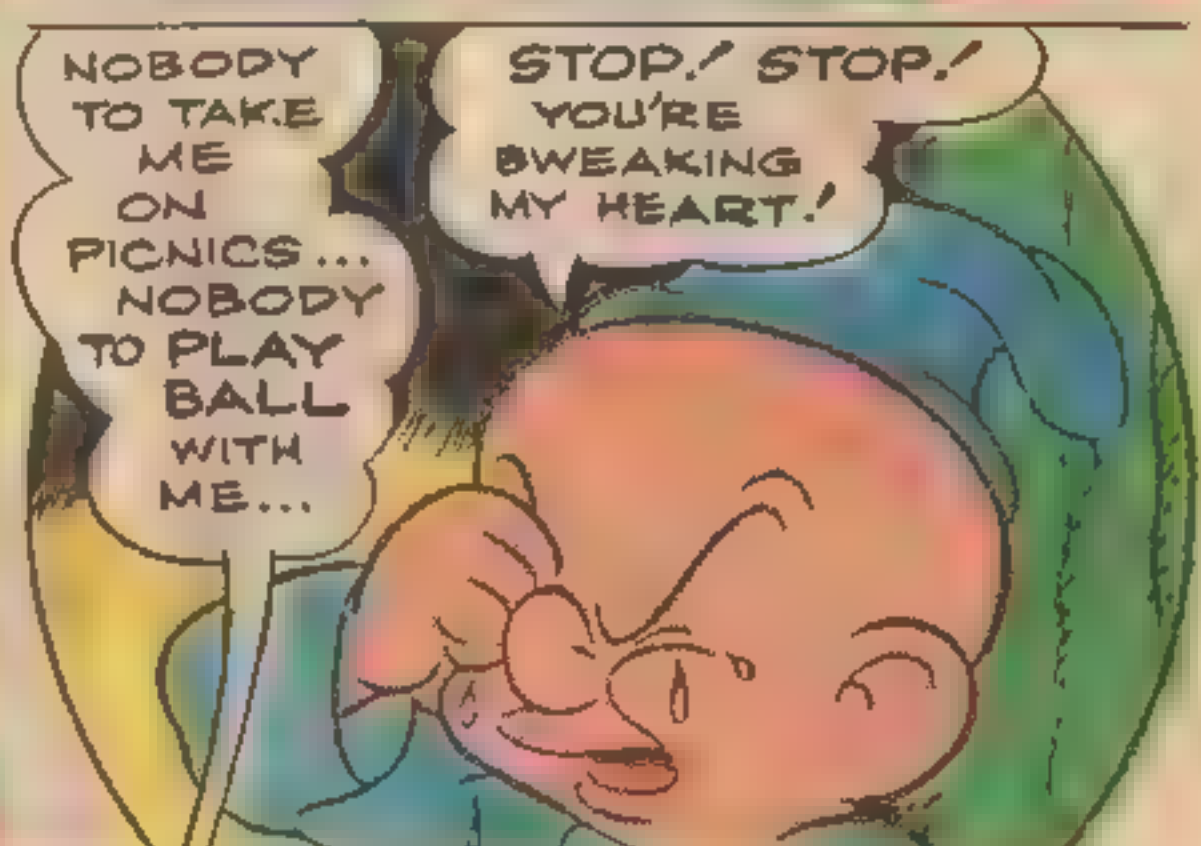
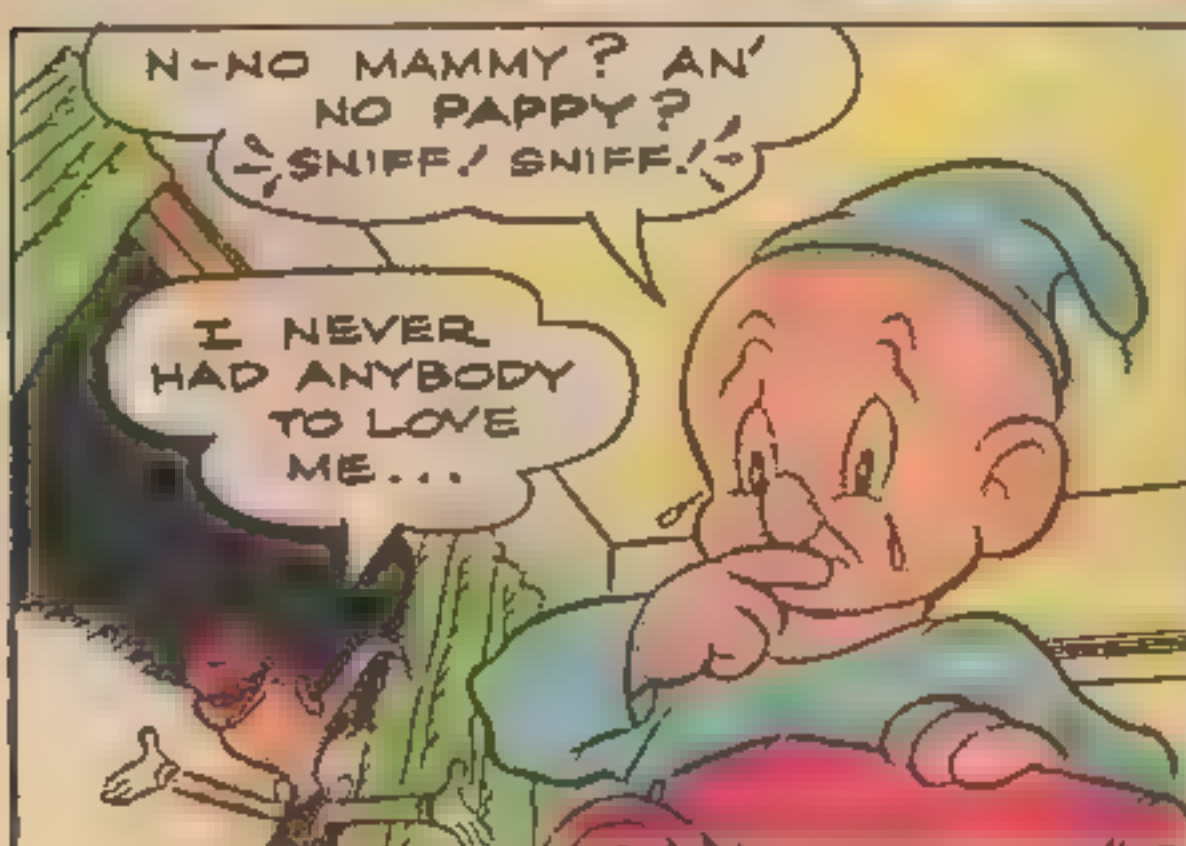
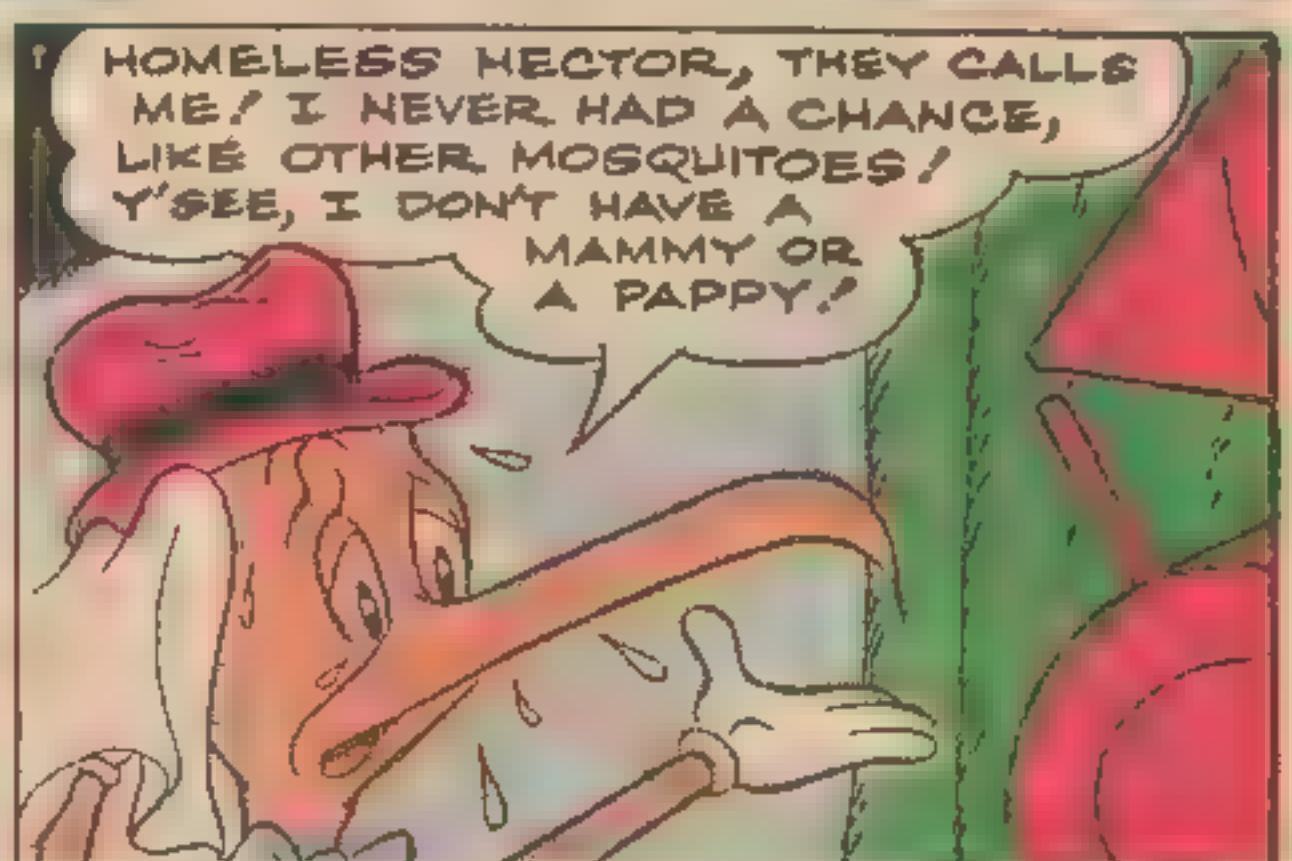
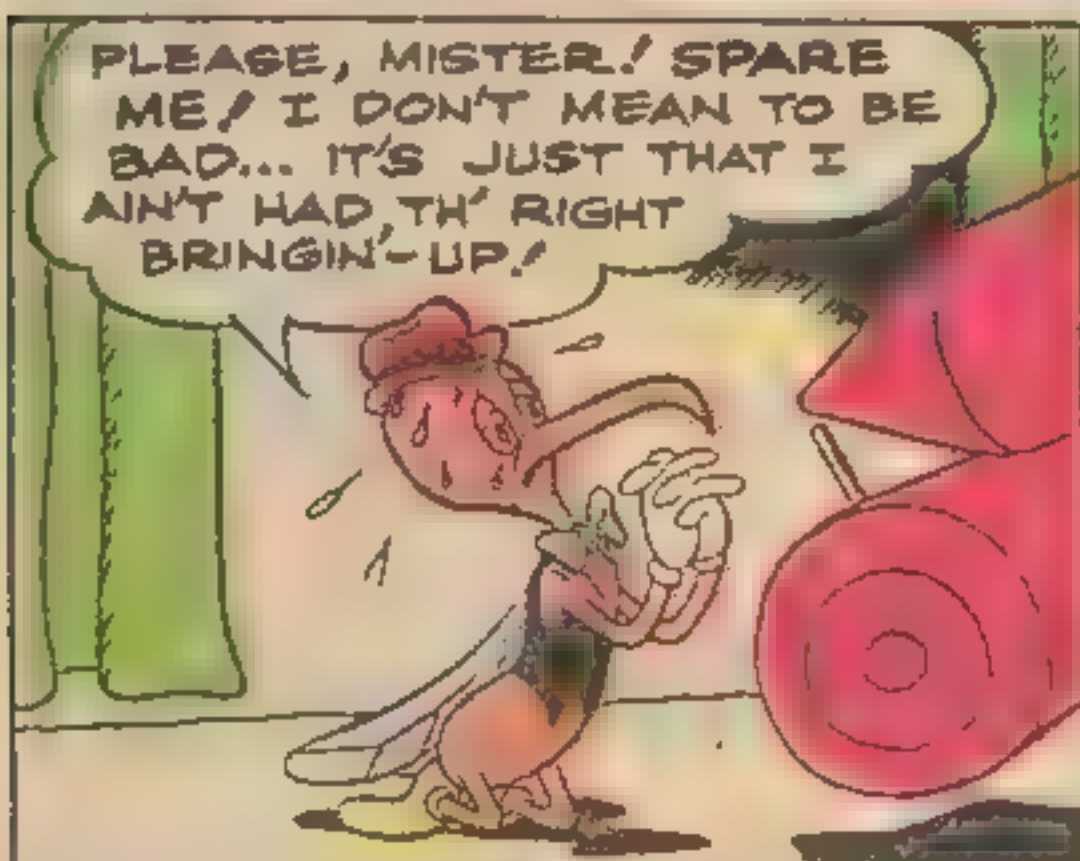
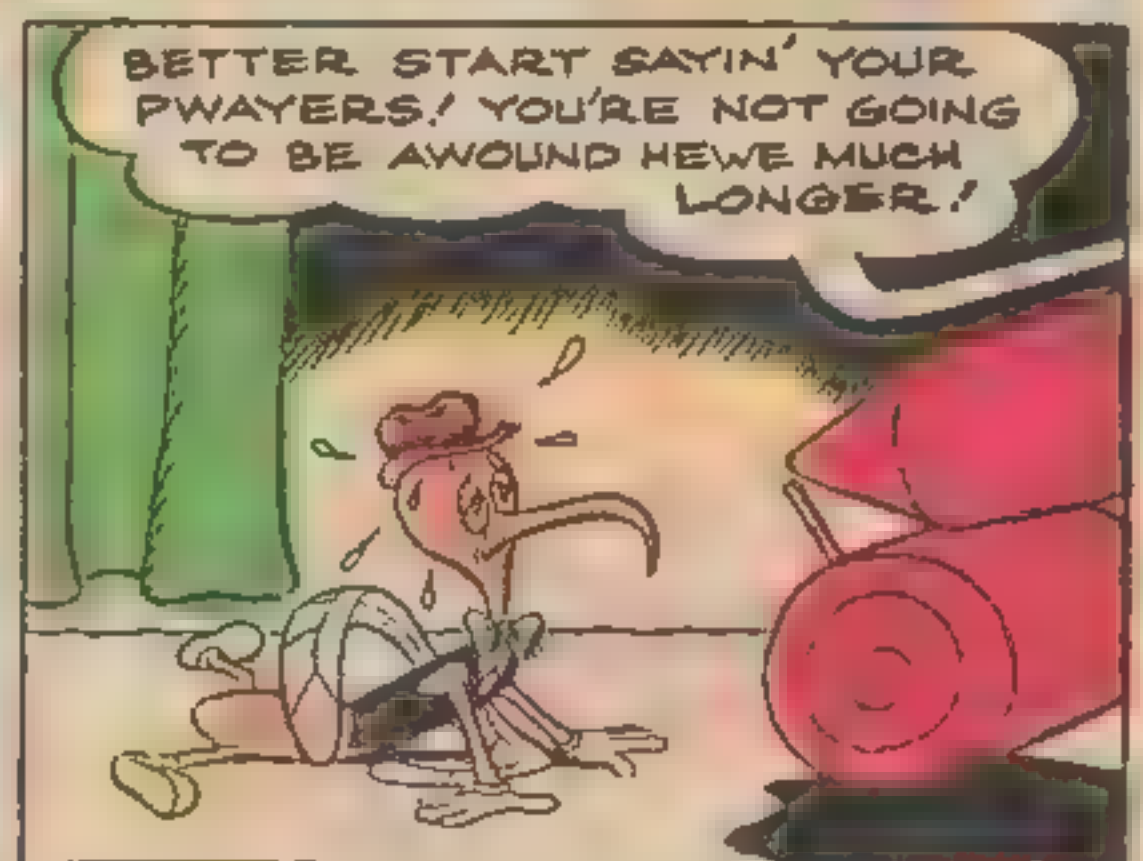
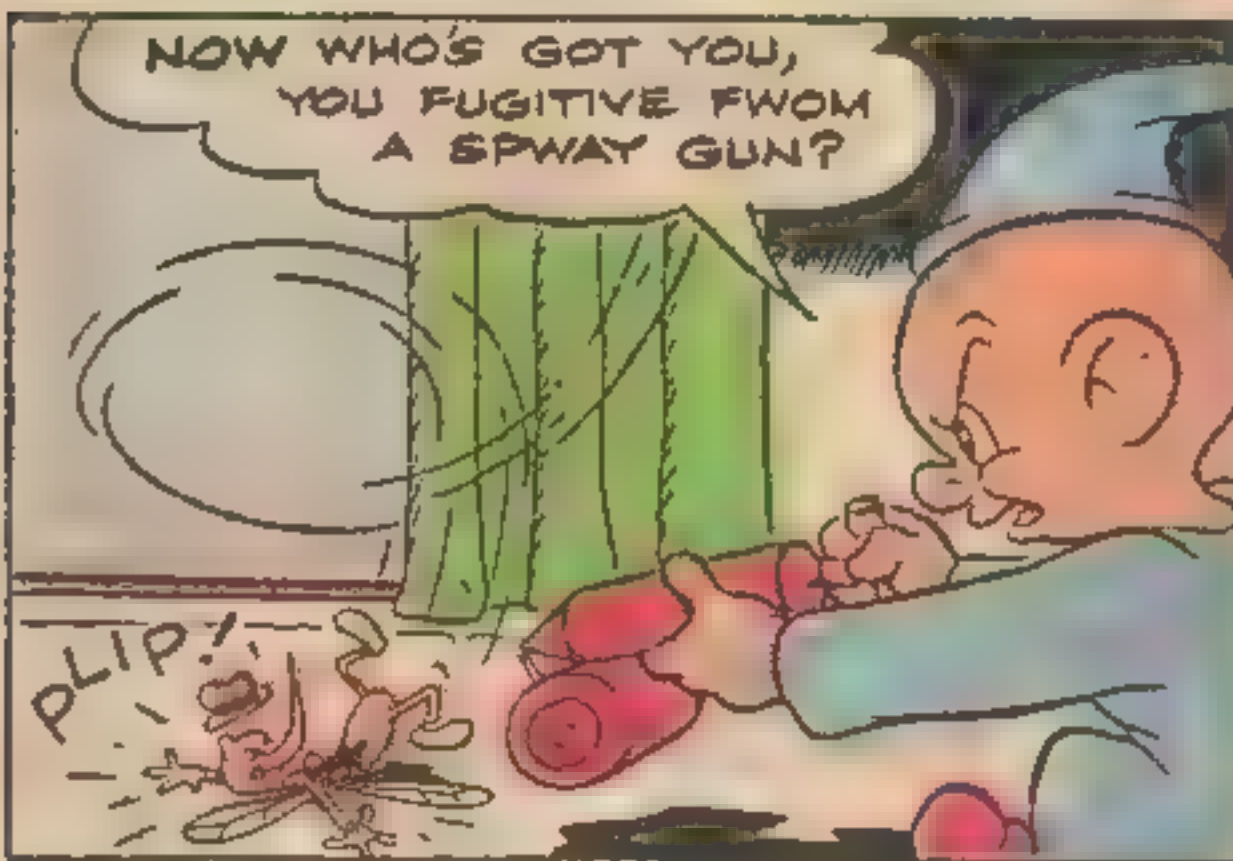
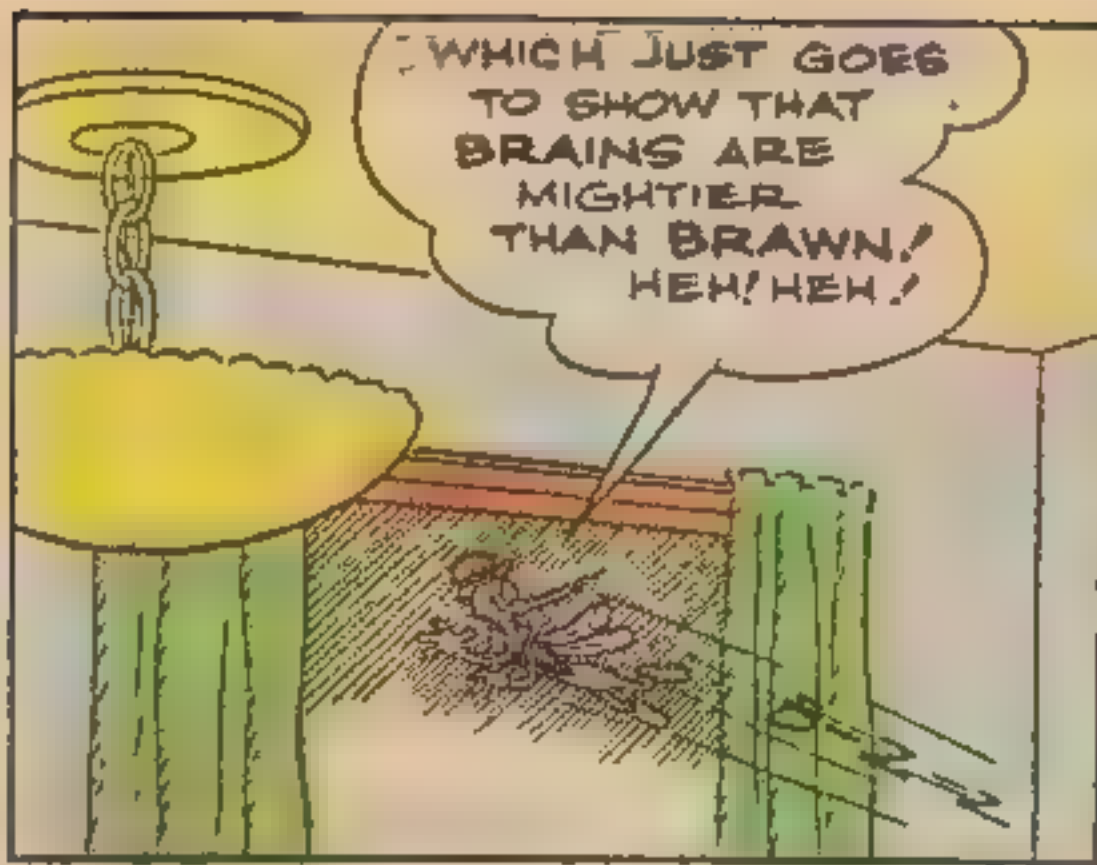


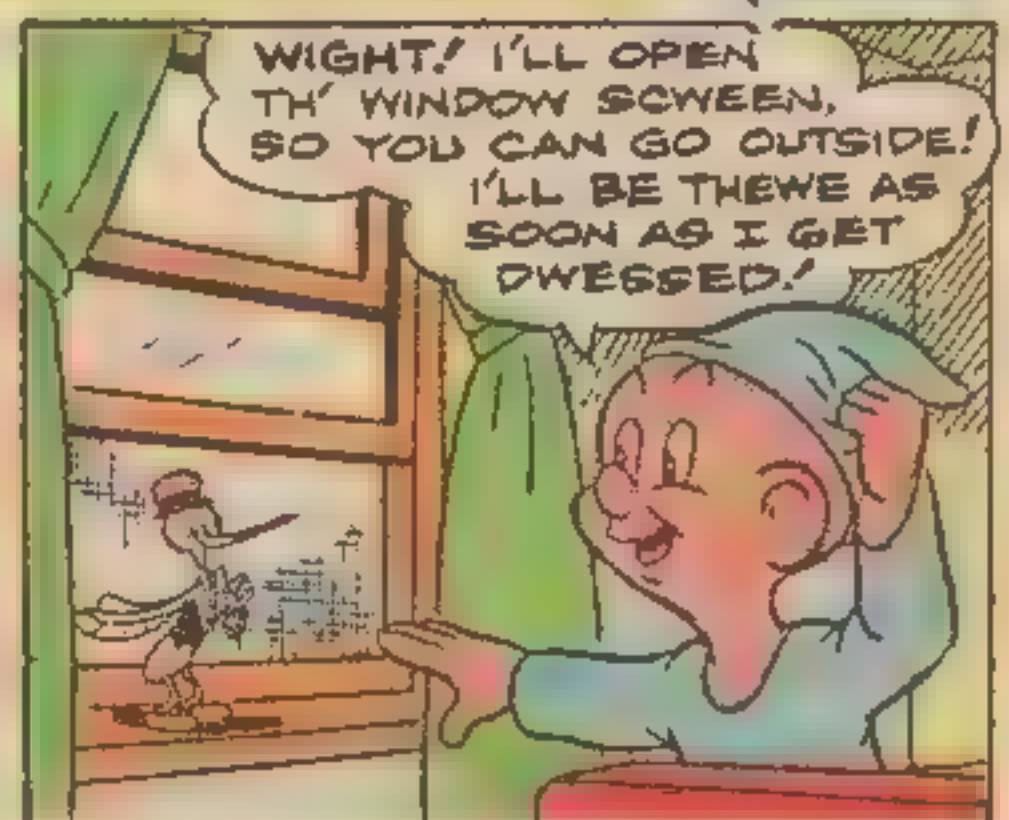
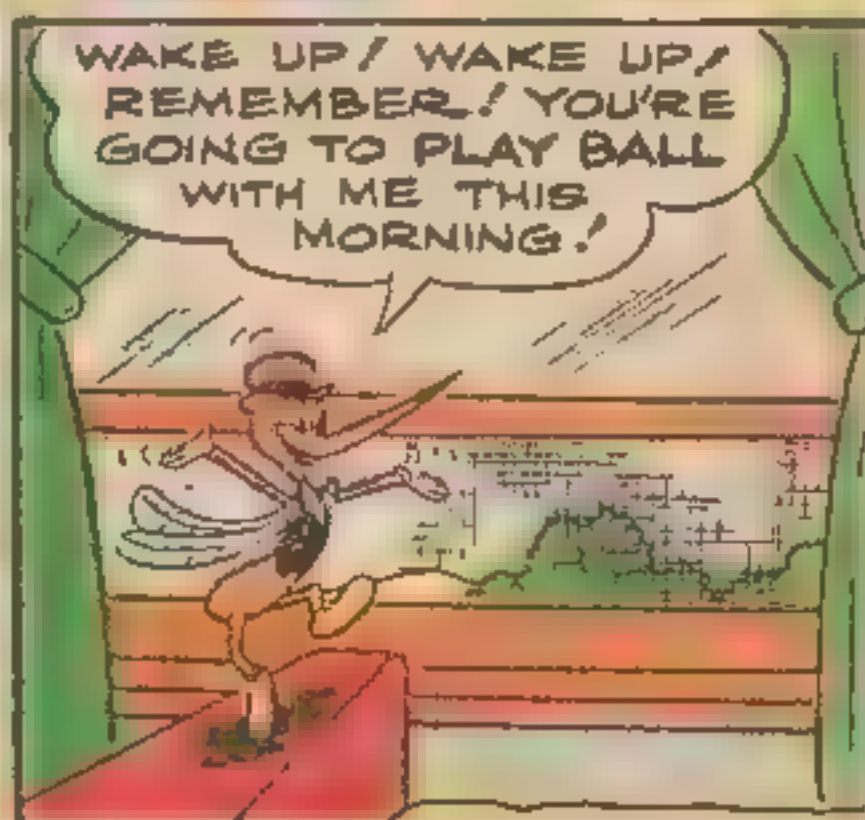
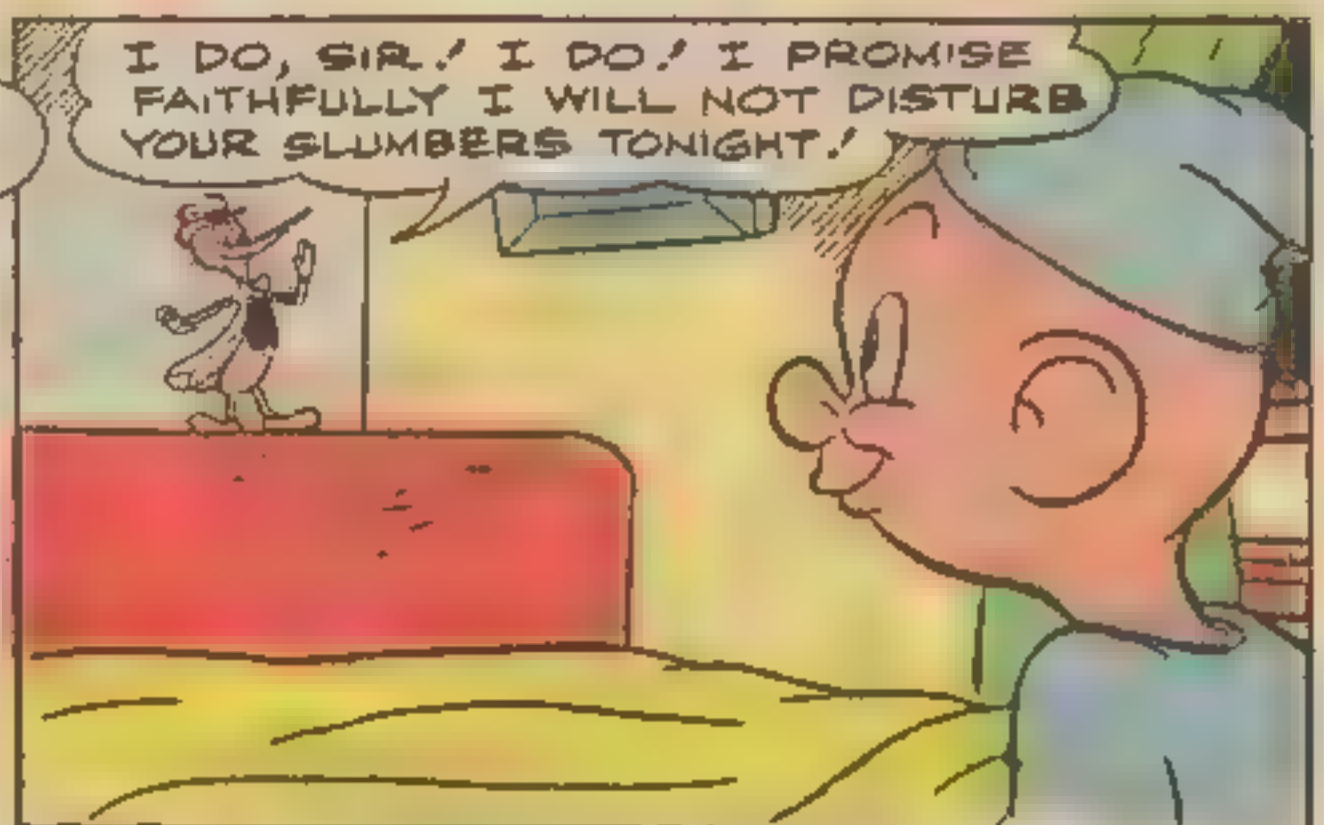
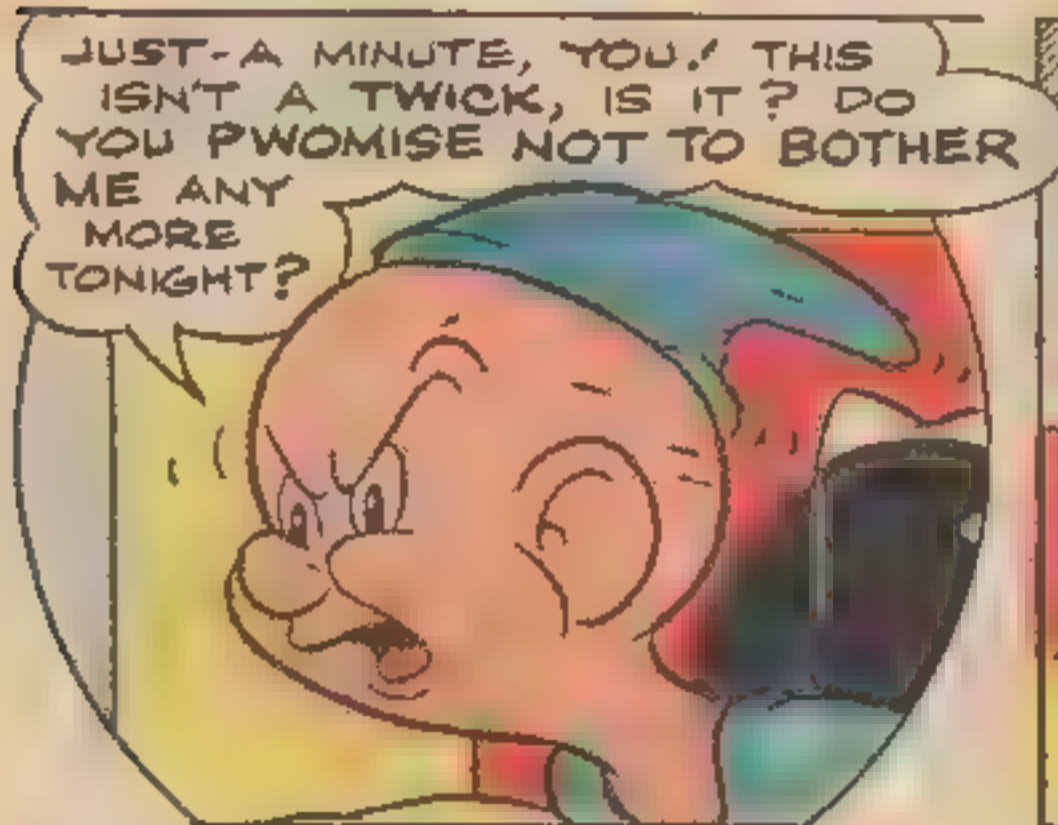
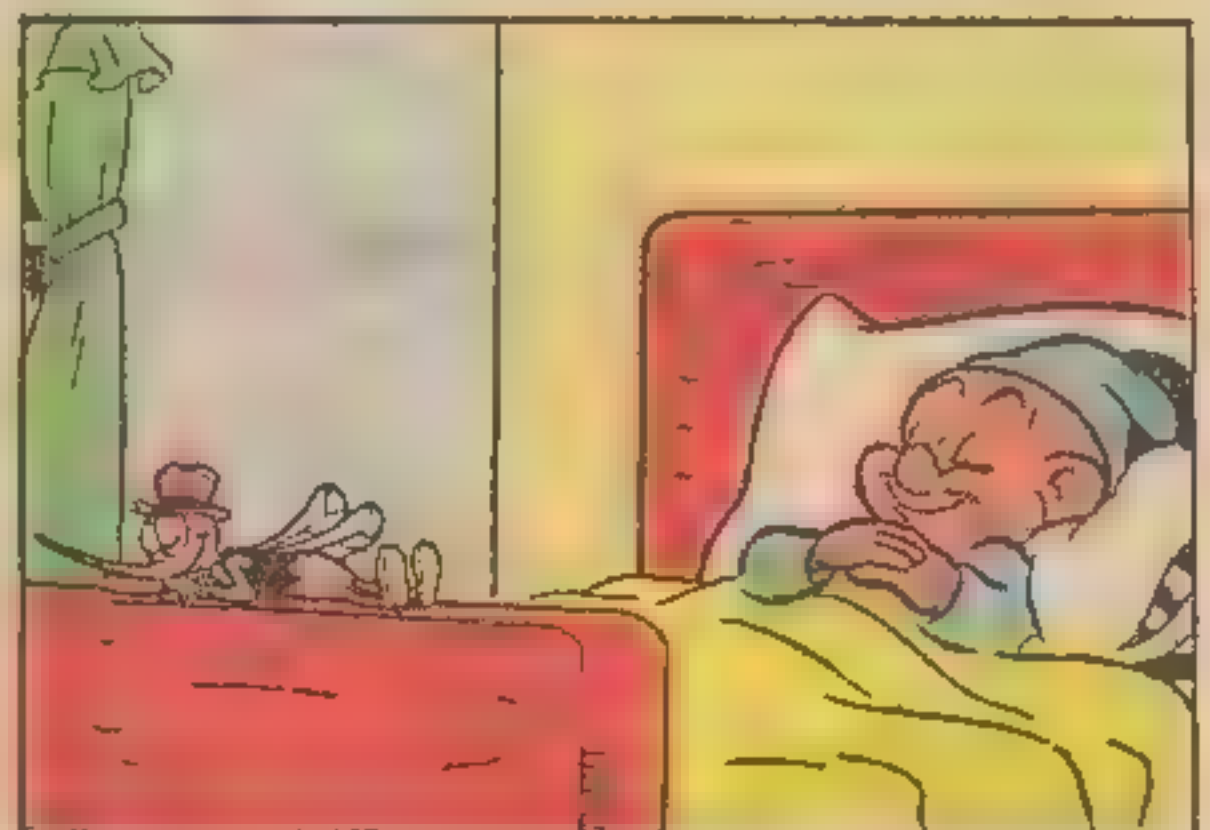
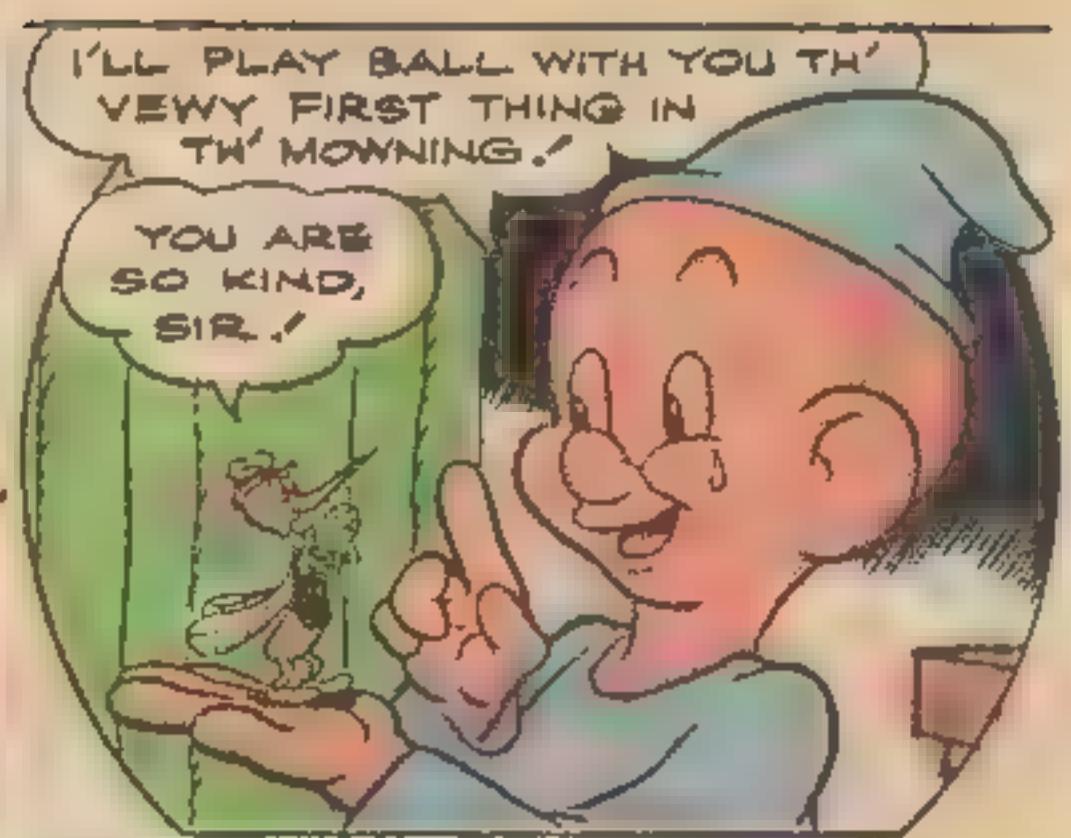


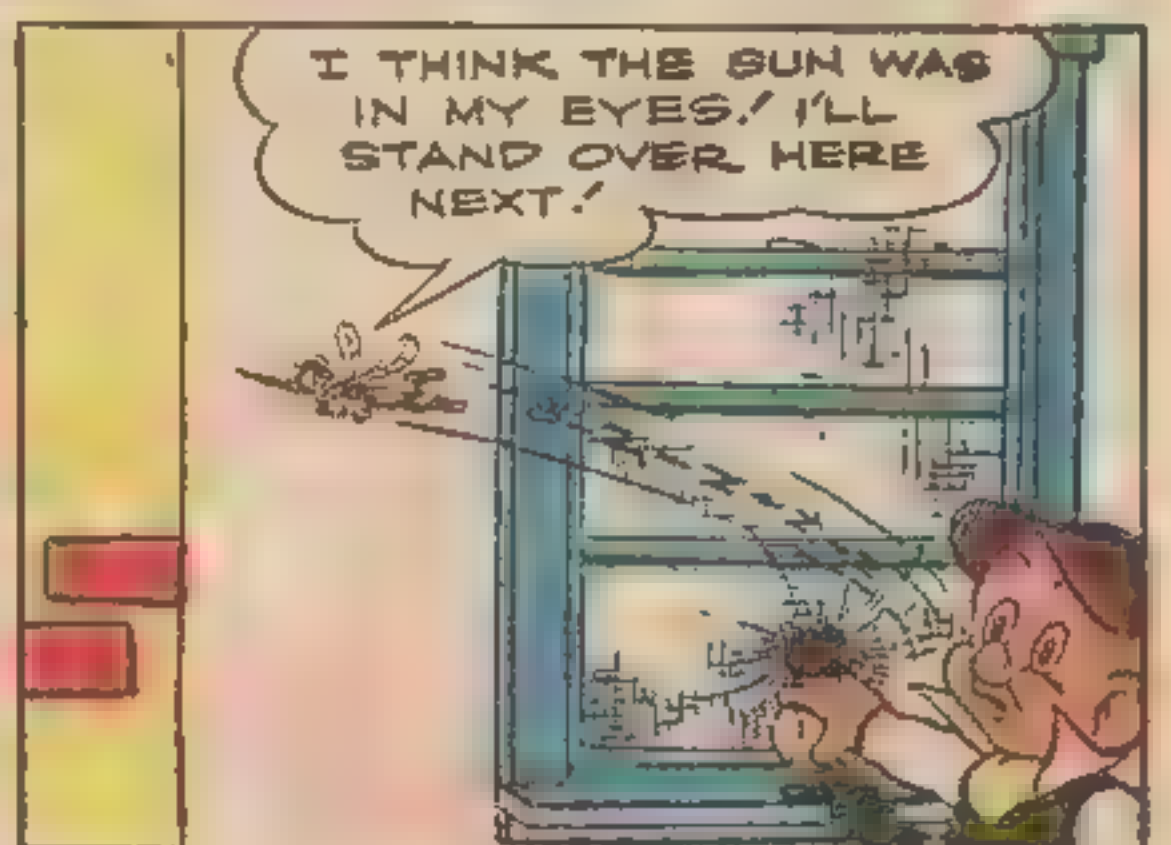
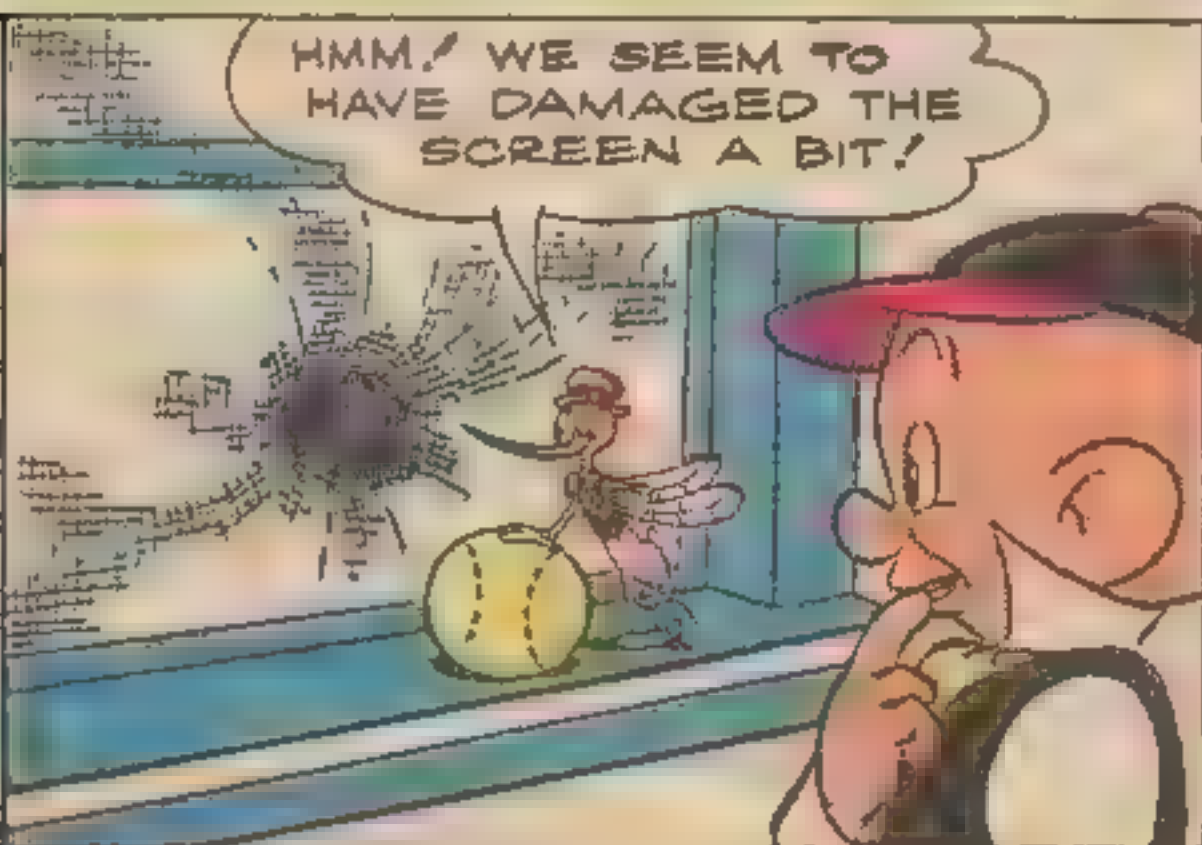
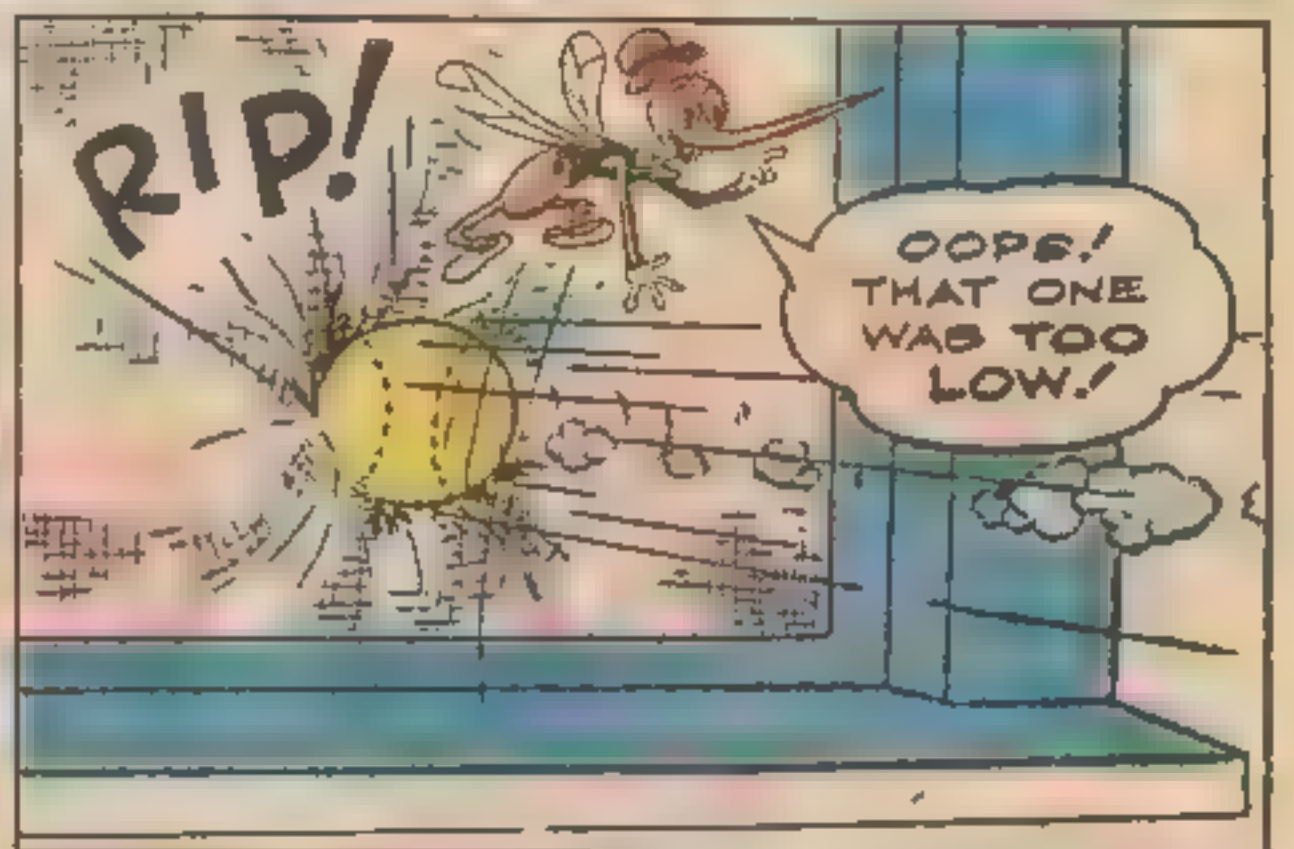
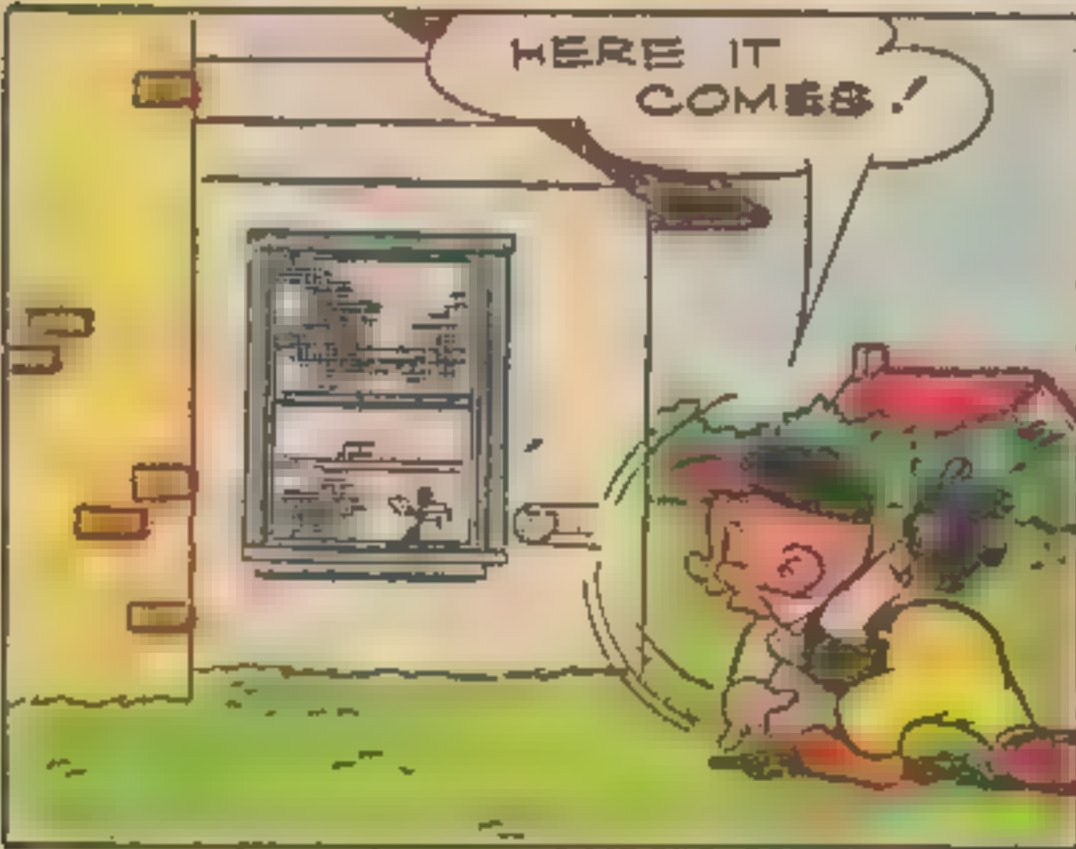
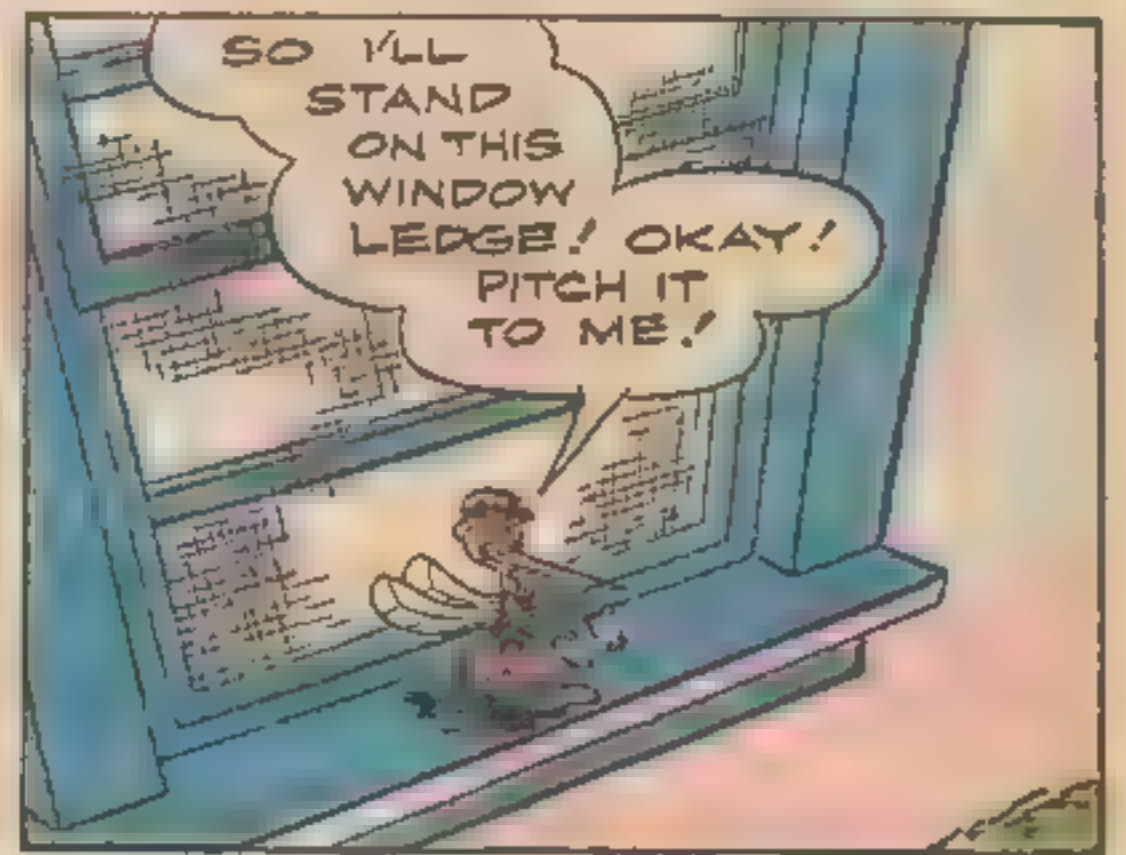
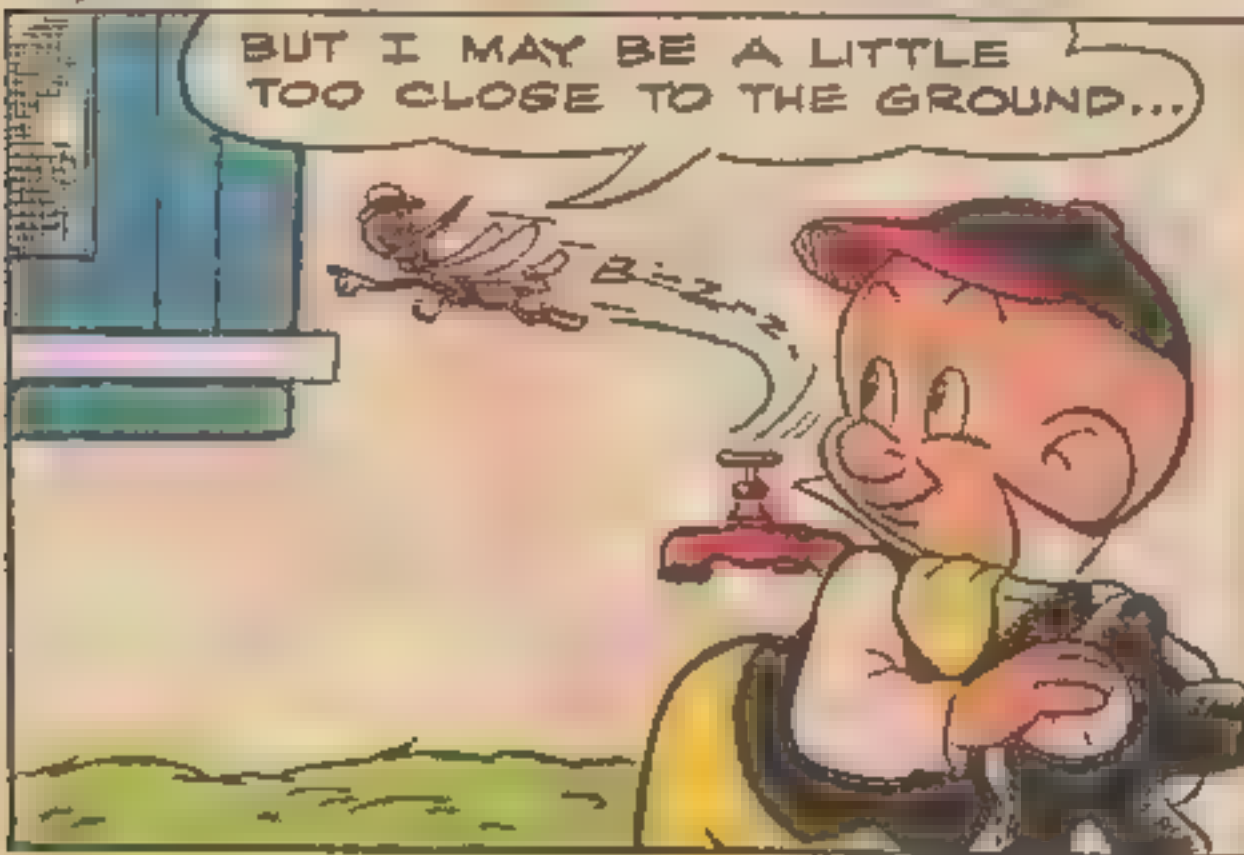
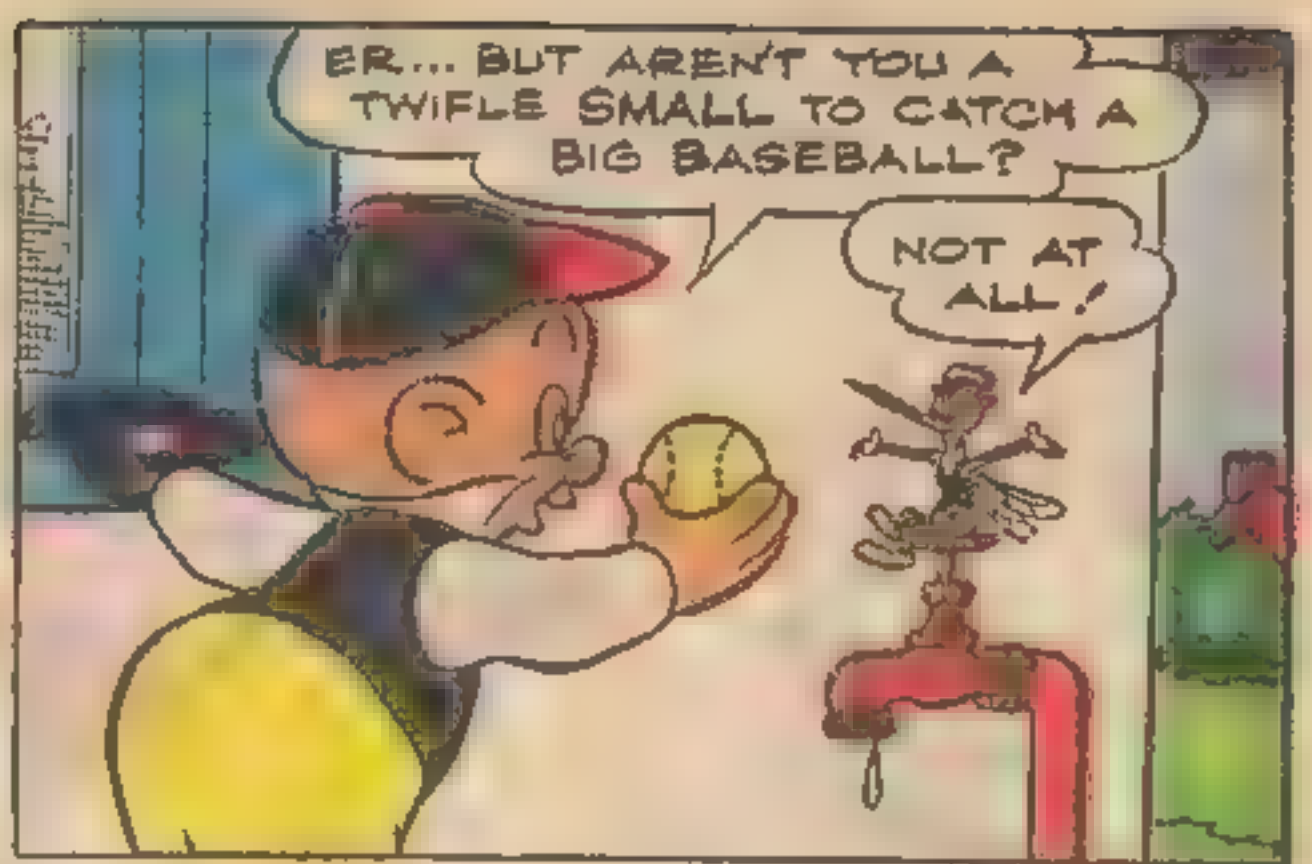
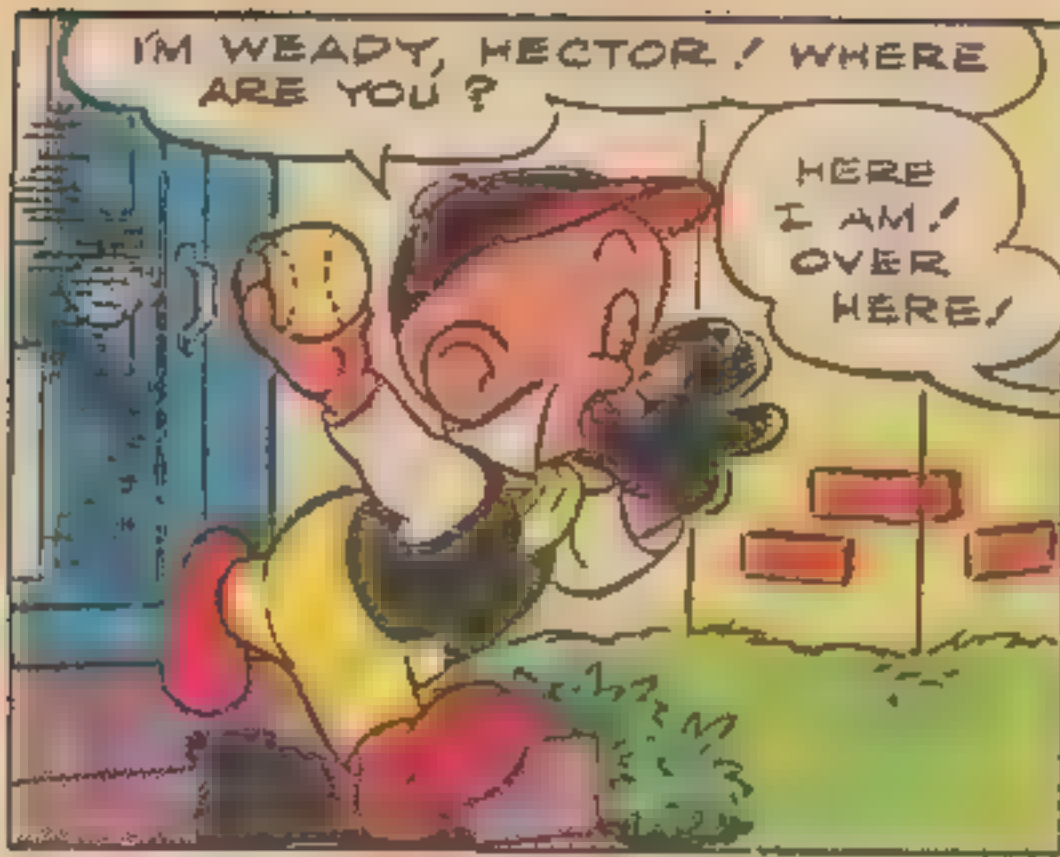


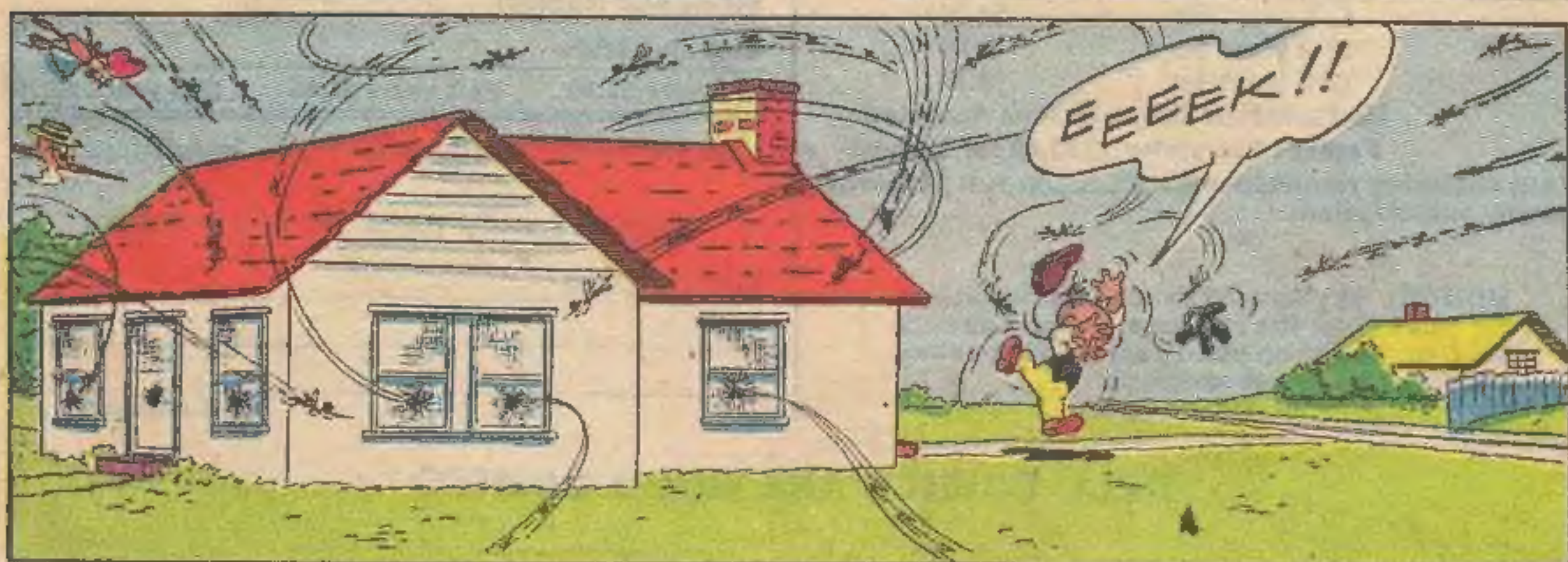
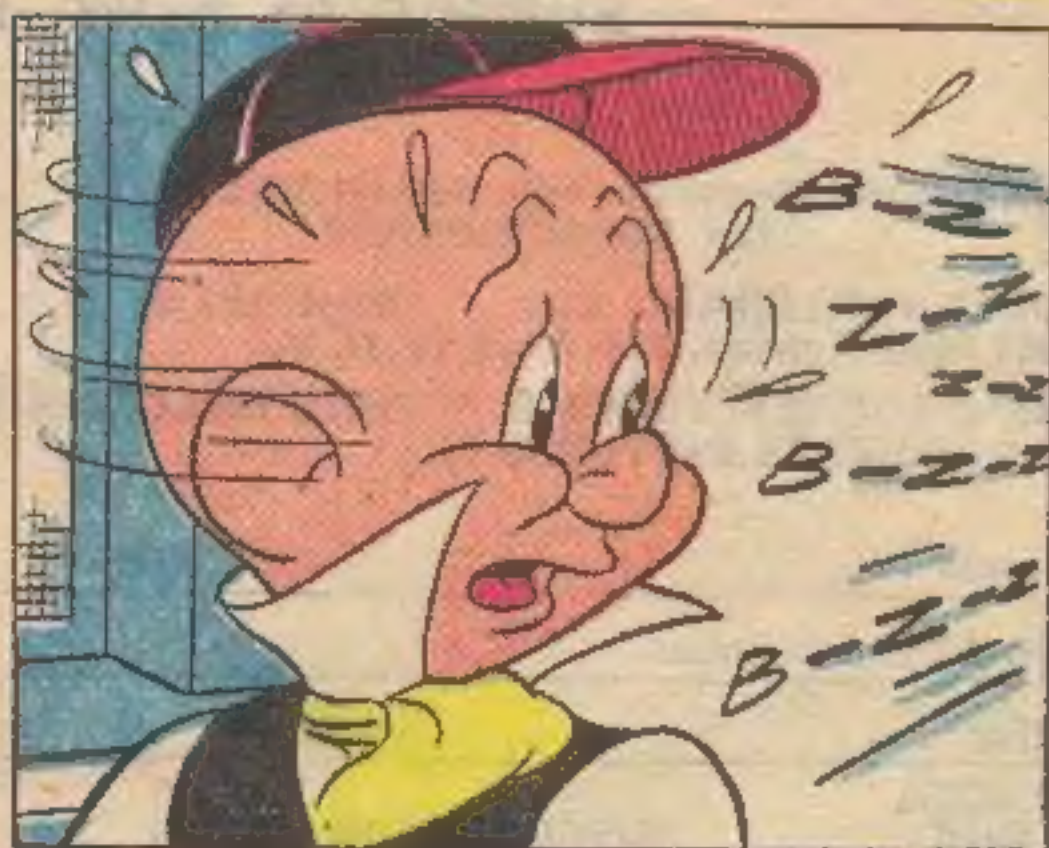
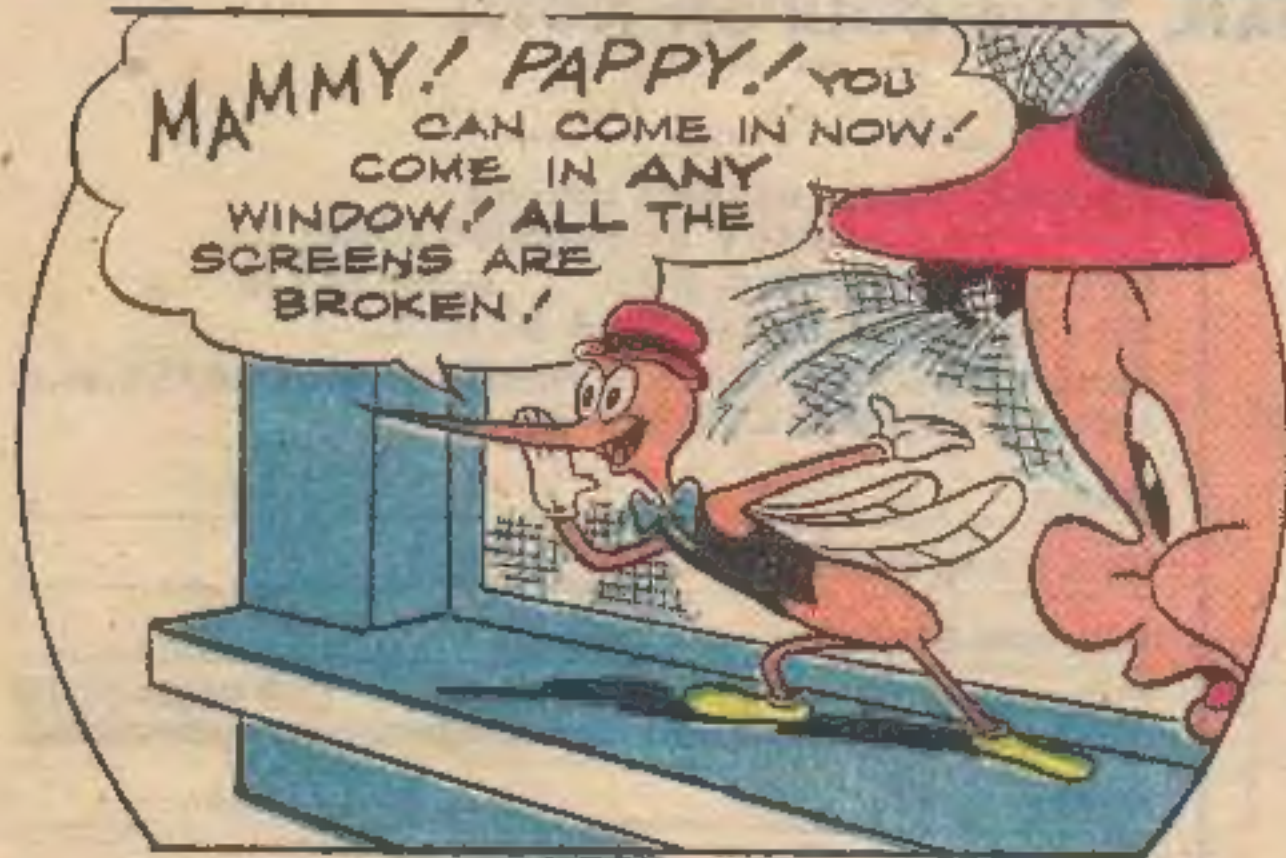
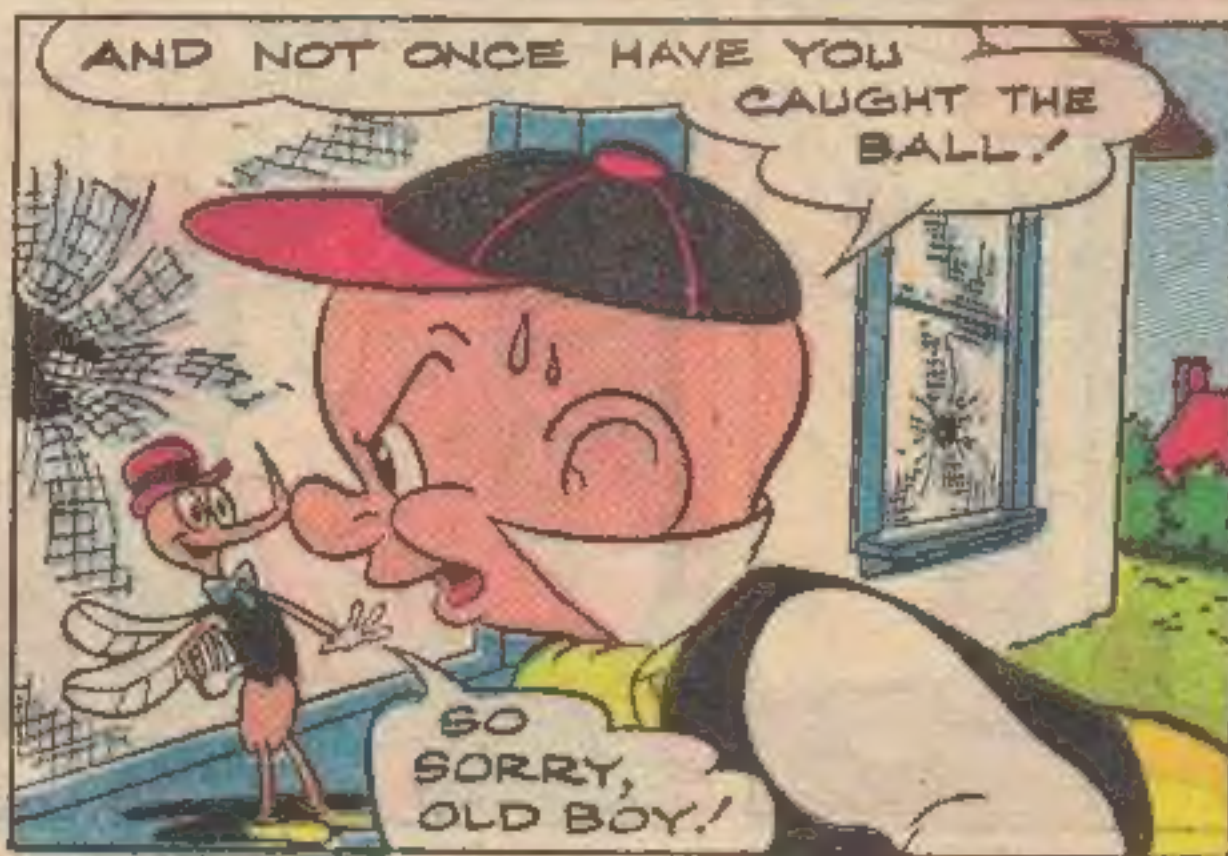
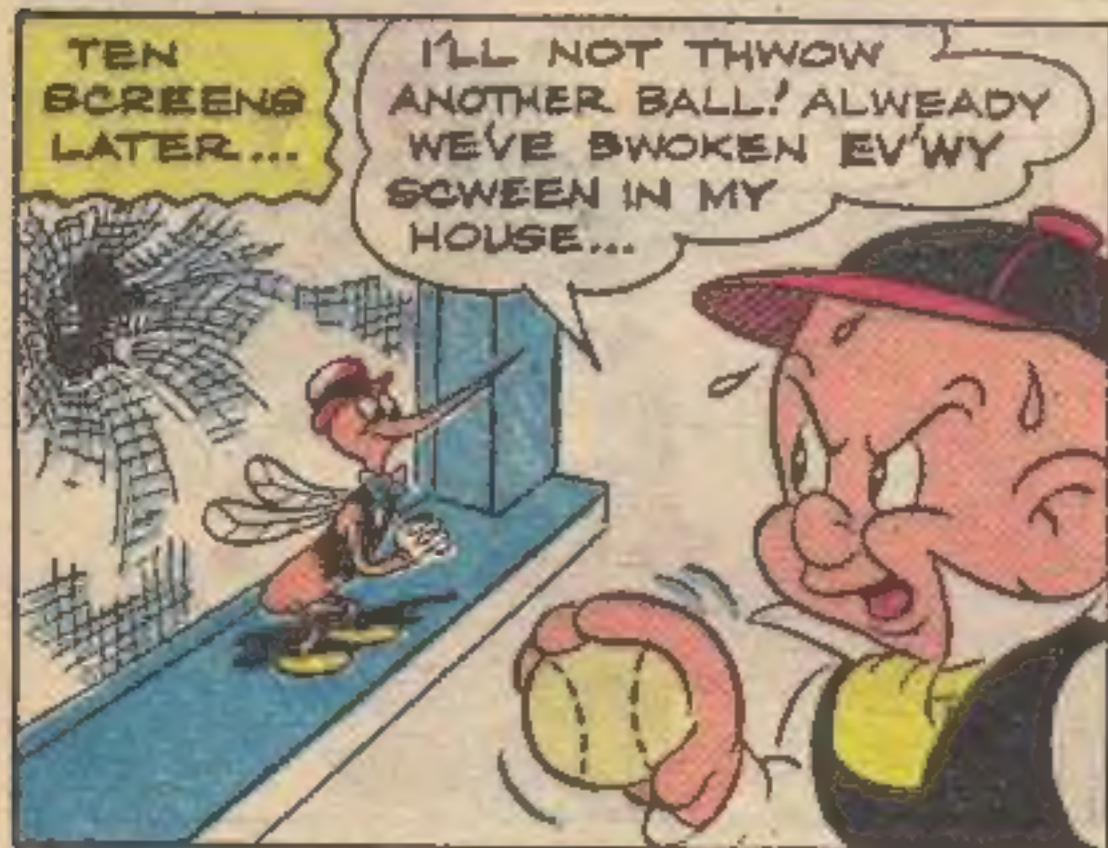
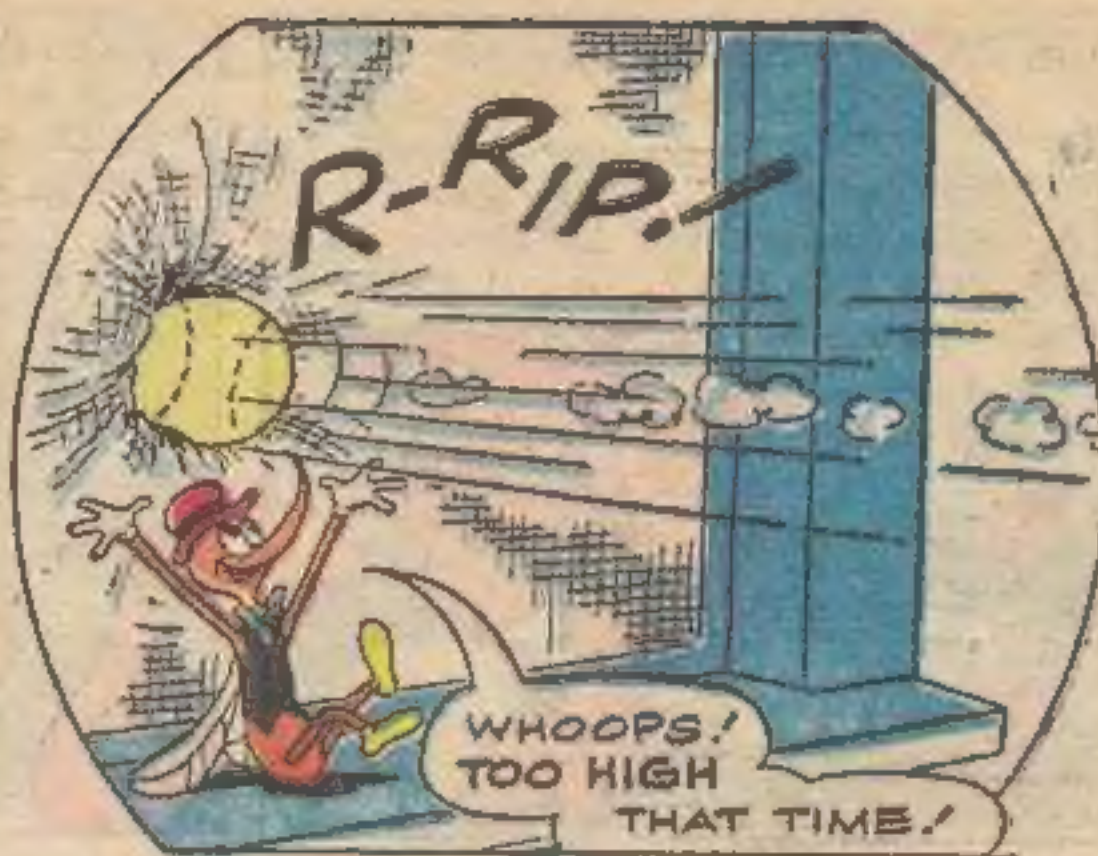


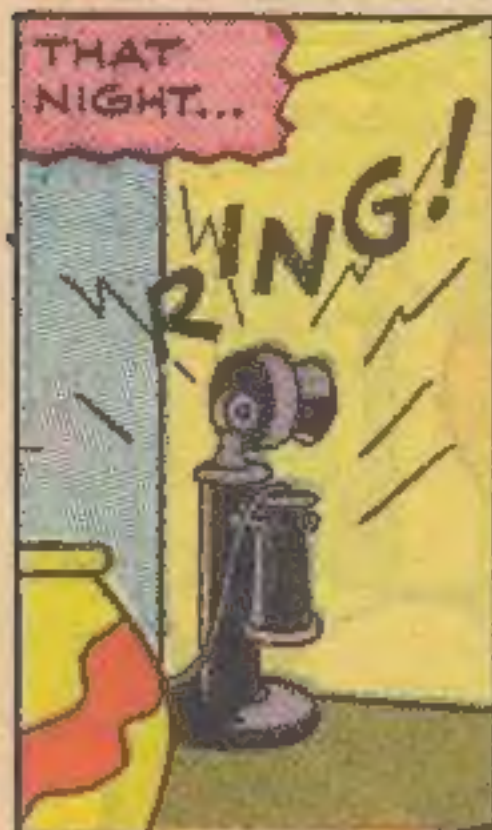
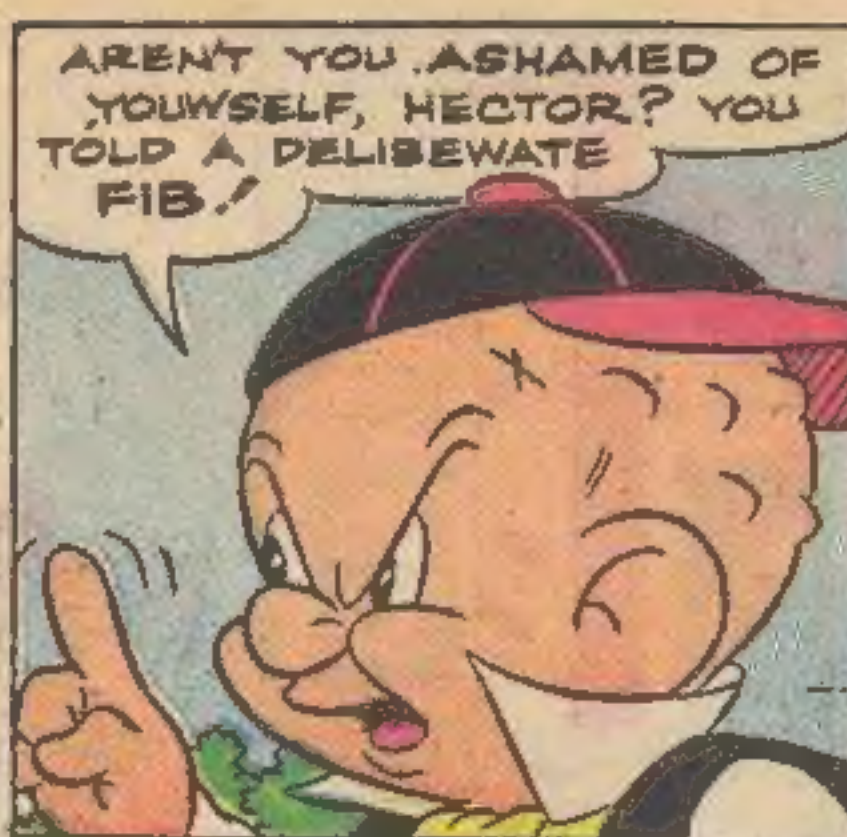












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PETUNIA PLAYS DETECTIVE

(Continued from inside front cover)

little cousin, Cicero. "You're SO funny, Porky. Imagine Captain Kidd bein' scared o' Black Bart!" He eyed the sandwiches Petunia was piling on a platter. "Ummm... Those look awf'ly good, Petunia."

"Thanks," said Petunia, "but you can't have one till later."

She covered the sandwiches with a clean dampened cloth and was starting for the refrigerator with them, when the front doorbell rang. She handed the platter to Porky. "I'll answer it," she said. "Will you please put those in the icebox? Cicero, you come with me."

When Porky was finished, he snapped the light off and left the kitchen. A couple of minutes later the back door latch clicked softly as if someone were turning it from the outside.

An hour later, the party was in full swing, with the guests playing musical chairs. Petunia, who was not in the game because she had to play the piano for it, tried to guess who was who as she watched the players. Except for Cicero and Porky, she was sure of only two of them. Ruthie Rabbit was the old witch and Jimmy Coon was the minstrel man. She thought the tall clown was Bugs Bunny but she had no idea who the short clown was. Nor who the Four ghosts were. Nor—Petunia gasped. And stopped playing. The players scrambled for the chairs. Porky was left without one. When Petunia saw that, she beckoned to him before she started to play the piano again.

"D-Did you want m-me?" asked Porky coming up to the piano.

Petunia nodded. "You can play 'Yankee Doodle,' can't you?"

"Y-Yes," Porky grinned. "I can play it loud, too!"

"Good!" said Petunia. "You take over here. I've got something awfully important to do. I'll try to be back before this game is finished."

Petunia came back just as the game ended. But she was not alone. Porky's eyes almost popped from his head when he saw Officer Riley with her.

The big policeman stood in the living room doorway and held up his hand for silence. Then he said, "I'm sorry, folks, but I'll have to be askin' you all to take off your masks. I've got reason to believe—" He broke off as one of the ghosts suddenly started to run for the dining room door. Drawing his gun, Officer Riley pointed it at the ghost and shouted, "Halt, or I'll fire!"

The ghost not only halted, he raised his hands. His sheet fell off.

"Gloomy Gil!" exclaimed Officer Riley when he saw the dark, scowling face of the erstwhile ghost. Hurrying forward, he snapped shining handcuffs around the crook's wrists. A quick search of Gloomy Gil's pockets turned up a glittering array of gorgeous jewelry. Officer Riley smiled at Petunia. "You'll be sharin' the reward with me, Miss Petunia. 'Tis plenty smart you are, spottin' this criminal an' comin' to find me so I could make the pinch—arrest him, that is."

"I didn't actually spot him," said Petunia. "I only suspected he might be here. After all, a masquerade party is a wonderful place to hide."

"But, P-Petunia," said Porky, "what ever made you s-suspicious?"

"Because I counted noses while you were all playing musical chairs," said Petunia, "and, Porky, I knew I hadn't invited THIRTEEN people! That's bad luck."

"Yeah," groaned Gloomy Gil. "Bad luck—for ME!"



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